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BEATRICE WITHERSPOON AT
THE AGE OF TWENTY.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

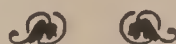
Emma Beatrice Burton

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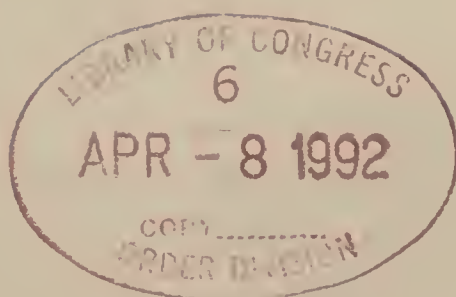
Written during her first mission to the South Sea Islands, from the year 1896
to the year 1900

Revised and Completed in 1914



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To the Dear Memory of
My Husband



A Loving Tribute to
MRS. M. WALKER

To whose urgent request the writing of this autobiography is due

And also to

MRS. DANIEL MACGREGOR

To whose enthusiastic appeal I am indebted for its republication in book form

Affectionately subscribed

EMMA B. BURTON

Preface

This work appeared in *Autumn Leaves* eighteen years ago. It then embraced a lengthy childhood and continued into the first mission to the South Sea Islands. In 1914 it was revised, at which time it seemed more profitable to drop the childhood and also cut down much of what had been written in order to add more of the life among the natives. Yet I have given only brief sketches of our missionary life in the islands.

At the first writing, I had little indeed to guide me except memory, therefore did not claim to give circumstances in the routine of their occurrence, but if there were mistakes in regard to time, there are none in the circumstances or incidents. They are all true. I have kept the thought in mind that I must in the hereafter meet my written record, and do not fear to do so, for I know of no falsehood or fiction on its pages. True, I have not set forth all my faults, nor all the mistakes in life; those things are common to all, and I am no exception, but who would be profited by a rehearsal of such? Those are the things that are to be left behind, overcome, and forgotten while we give the bright side of life that will cheer and encourage.

In summing up the years of our missionary life, I find that it embraces twenty-six years; that is, from 1882 to 1908, thirteen years and six months of which time was spent south of the equator.

E. B. B.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON

CHAPTER 1

EVERY LIFE is in one sense a book, and every individual is in the same sense, an author. Some of these books are more extensively known and read than others; yet none are altogether hidden from other eyes. Leaves from many apparently obscure ones have floated out into the world, some bearing peace and consolation to the weary and disheartened—a sweet, restful peace.

Some in their high-wrought aims, lead the thoughts to dwell, at least for a time, on the grandeur of the creations of God, causing the human to assimilate more nearly with the divine nature, and thus making purer and better all who come in contact with them.

Some of these living books are strictly religious; some are partly religious, and partly a novel, but withal true; while others are nearly all fictions and more or less false. Others again have so much that is evil mixed with the good that it is dangerous to read them; and yet the world does read them more or less every day, and the impress is left for weal or for woe.

Most persons would prefer reading an interesting book rather than a dull, prosy one; so why not fill up our pages with interesting items? It may not be in the power of everyone to stamp great deeds or heroic acts thereon, but it is in his power to record words and acts of kindness and love that will banish sorrow from some weary heart, and bring sunshine in its place. And if it be that one's life must be passed almost entirely within the confines of one's own home circle, let that be his world in which to do good. Who has greater claim on one's time, love, care and attention than one's own? And who will appreciate it more? Surely, of all the pages of our life book, none are so interesting as those whereon are written the little acts of mother love that made children happy and home attractive; where we have helped our little ones to bear their little burdens in life, or to conquer their faults.

How very few *live* their lives! We go on from day to day with a sort of hand to hand battle with the duties and cares of this life, trying to clear them out of our way, so that we

can have time to enjoy life, seldom heeding the golden opportunities that are all around us, and just passing away, and they are opportunities that we would give much to recall after it is too late. We are looking into the future for a time that may never come, forgetting that it is the present with which we have to do, and that all the future glory in this world and the world to come, depends on present acts.

I propose to reproduce a few pages from the life book of one whose earth record dates from May 20, 1844, that sad year in which the Saints of God were made to weep and mourn. And angels, too, must have wept when they beheld the Lord's anointed ones smitten and slain because of the testimony which they bore, the testimony that again an angel had come from the courts of glory to the earth with the tidings that the gospel of Christ was again to be preached on the earth in its fullness. But men in their blind zeal rose up against those who proclaim this message, and smote and slew many, while yet others were driven and scattered. Was it the lingering knowledge of that tragic event that caused the newly-arrived spirit—with its tiny body—such dire lamentations as it entered upon its earth life? Or was it sorrow because of leaving the bright mansion above, the Father's house, to take up its abode in this sin-polluted earth, to encounter and perhaps be overcome by the powers of evil? For it is a contest that may well give sorrow to any who possess less than a divine nature.

Whatever the cause, this much is true, that the child as it now was, mourned and would not be comforted. At length its tiny strength was exhausted and she fell asleep and was carried to her mother.

The first sleep did not end the crying, but seemed rather to have given strength for a harder one on waking; so frequent were these prolonged cries that she won the name of being a very cross baby. But as the months slipped by she became better natured. One beautiful afternoon in July, the three older children obtained permission to spend the afternoon with their cousins who lived a short distance away. Consequently the house was very quiet. After setting her house in order, Mrs. Davison took her sewing and sat down by the cradle. She thought her baby looked unusually sweet as she slept. She had more than once remarked that the little face was her redeeming quality. Had her looks been

as disagreeable as her acts, she could not have had so much patience with her. Yet at this time the long-drawn sobbing breaths that occasionally escaped the little sleeper, made the mother feel almost sad.

"Poor little thing!" murmured the mother. "She seems to have a world of sorrow. I wonder what her life will be."

As she gazed upon her babe, she recalled the earnest desire she had felt, and the prayer she had offered up to God while the child was yet unborn, that it might be the instrument in his hands, to do a good work, to convert souls to Christ, even to proclaim the message of salvation to the heathen in foreign lands. And with a tinge of sadness, she recalled her disappointment on learning that it was not a "man child" that was given her. And her prayer—what had become of that? Did the Lord not heed it? If he did not, whence came that comforting influence that pervaded her very soul, which she had accepted as evidence that her prayer was heard and recorded above? And that same influence had scattered the dark and heavy clouds and had helped her to bear more bravely her trying situation. Whence indeed came that influence if not from God?

The clouds of doubt began to lift, and the thought came to her that all was not lost; there was a vast field of usefulness even for a woman. A missionary's wife could do much good, and perhaps could labor as acceptably for the Master as the missionary himself, though she may not achieve so great a work. Already there were calls for more women in the far-off Indies. For a moment the future opened to her view; a light flooded her soul; the world seemed to be all astir. A terrible conflict was going on,—a grand, a glorious conflict. The powers of God were arrayed against the powers of darkness that had held sway for so many centuries. The gospel message was being proclaimed to every nation; a message that caused the world to tremble. Men and women were laboring in the glorious cause; a bright light had shown into the world's darkness.

Ah, yes; all unknown to her the angel had flown in the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel, and it had been restored in its fullness "in the midst of the earth," and women should go forth with their husbands in bearing that message to the inhabitants of the earth.

She saw and her heart rejoiced, though she comprehended

not; but kneeling beside the cradle, she dedicated her child to the Lord, praying earnestly that she might as a missionary's wife be instrumental in leading souls to Christ, that she might be one of the vast number in that mighty conflict.

She arose from her knees, feeling comforted, satisfied more than before that the Lord had accepted her offering and would in his own time bring about her desire.

(Before that mother departed this life, the dear Lord permitted her to see that he had not forgotten her prayer.)

I have learned that I was named by my Uncle Robert, father's brother, and the name was Beatrice Witherspoon.

"Not a very pretty name," said my uncle, "but it is for a pretty little girl, the daughter of a rich merchant in New York, with whom I have been trading for years, and who knows but what she may get a fortune some day for her name?"

"Beatrice Witherspoon!" repeated my mother, "sakes alive! I can never call her by either of those names; you must think of something easier spoken."

"No," replied Captain Robert, "if I name her at all that shall be the name."

"Well, I will wait till her father comes home, and see what he says about it. Her Grandmother Holmes thinks I ought to call her Hasseltine, for Mrs. Judson."

It so happened that father liked the name. He to, was acquainted with the little miss whom he had often seen with her father and he respected Mr. Witherspoon very highly, so it was decided that Beatrice Witherspoon should be the name.

My mother thought that both of these names were too long for everyday use, so she added "Emma," as she said, to call her by. How strange, that by chance on her part that she should have selected the name of one of the noblest women of her day, she who was the wife of the Prophet of the most high God, one who possessed a faith like unto the notable women in days of old!

Is there anything in a name? If so, I was favored.

It is not my purpose in this sketch to dwell on the childhood of my life. When I was near seven years old my father concluded to abandon the sea and try farming. He had secured a farm in the lower part of Cornwallis, a thinly settled place bearing the French name of Pereaux, on the western side of the Basin of Minas, with a broad strip of

that great basin in view from the house. To this place he moved his family in the early spring of 1851. The place was not at all like the village of Hantsport, and where nearly everyone were more or less related to each other; nor was this big, unfinished house like the well-finished cottage that they left. But there was more room both indoors and out. Although improvements on the farm were lacking, the location was really pretty, situated as it was on the footlands of a long range of mountains, commencing at Cape Blomiden on the east, and stretching away to the west so far as the eye could reach. It arose abruptly on the side towards Pereaux Valley, and the most even and beautifully wooded mountain I have ever seen, with no spot of unwooded land to be seen on the whole long side. There were also a few acres of thick woods at the immediate base, where trees of almost all varieties grew, and in the autumn, when the leaves put on their gorgeous colors, it was beautiful to look upon, and the view of the broad, placid waters (when the tide was in) was a source of comfort and company to the homesick mother to see the shipping of all kinds that passed to and from the Avon River that led up to Hantsport and Winsdor, and that, too, near enough to be recognized.

We children enjoyed the whole, especially the upstairs, with its smooth, white pine floor, and no partitions, and the big barn with its broad, board floor, where great loads of hay were driven in through the wide-open doors to be unloaded. I was the most robust of the girls—two older and two younger than I—at the time of our moving, and in a year or two was about the right age to do light chores about the farm. My brother George, the oldest of the family, was afflicted with sore eyes so that he could not be exposed to the sun and wind; and as I grew I had to take his place in many things. I liked the out-of-doors work and the out-of-doors play. I thought it decidedly preferable to be dressed light and cool, and “hie me away to rake and turn the new-mown hay,” to being in the stuffy, warm kitchen. I learned to drive the old farm horse without lines, to make loads of hay, and also to mow it away in the barn, to cut seed potatoes, to drive oxen, and withal become rather tomboyish. Then in winter time we three girls occasionally had the pleasure of going to the woods with father on the ox sled and seeing him tap the maple trees. We would drink the

sweet sap, make birch bark troughs to hold the sap, and gather quantities of birch bark to take home, and have a good time in general wading about in the deep snow.

There were no free schools at that time in our land, so what schooling I got was mostly in winter.

When about fourteen years old, Father gave the farm out on the shares and went to sea again, after a long siege of rheumatism. I had been at school during the winter, but when the summer term opened it was with a young lady teacher and mostly juvenile scholars. A question arose as to whether I should remain in school or not. The decision was largely assisted by the visit of one Mr. Benjamin Eaton who had been persuaded by his wife to come to the house and solicit my help in his household, and was very urgent in his request, assuring mother that I should be treated as their own daughter, and that hard work should not be put upon me, also that I should have the same Sunday school privileges as their own children.

So it was deemed wise to give some of the younger members of the family the benefit of the summer subscription, and I went with Mr. Eaton. Both Mr. Eaton and his wife were leading Christian people and members of the Baptist Church. I was not naturally a lover of study, and much preferred going to work than to be shut up in the stuffy schoolhouse all the long days of summer, so the change was very agreeable to me. Farther than that, to be able to earn enough to clothe myself was an item to be considered just then, for father's rheumatism would claim his entire attention for months at a time, consequently fortune sometimes frowned upon us.

I was pretty well acquainted in Conning, where Mr. Eaton then lived, and enjoyed myself well. Mrs. Eaton was a model housekeeper in every respect, though a delicate lady, and could stand but very little work. Mr. Eaton ran a prosperous blacksmith business and usually had two or more hired men in the shop. Then there was the family of five children, from twelve to two years. These, with myself and frequently others who came and went made a large family. But with her help in the busiest times of the day, and her systematic way of working and planning the work for me, it was done without any trouble and what is more, there never seemed to be any work about the house, except on washing and iron-

ing days. I never saw a room in disorder while I was there.

Late in the autumn, Mr. Eaton and family removed to a small village three or four miles distant, known as Sheffield's Mills. There were nearly as many mills and workshops in the village as dwelling houses. I accompanied them to this place, and remained with them a length of time. All were strangers to me in the village except Mrs. Eaton's two sisters. My brother George was there still working at his trade, so I had an escort, and some one to introduce me.

Singing school opened a night or two previous to our coming. I immediately connected myself with it and soon became acquainted with the young people of the village. The school was large and very interesting. We had a splendid singing master, so the winter passed very pleasantly, as did the succeeding seasons. The big mill pond afforded the young people keen enjoyment, and innocent amusement, both in summer and winter. In the latter season it was a skating resort, and there was also an ice boat upon it for those who could not skate or preferred sitting still.

In summer, two good-sized rowboats, equipped with oars, rested upon its glassy surface, and often when the day's work was done, both for those indoors and out, and the sun had sunk below the horizon, a half dozen or more of young people would step into those boats and enjoy the twilight hours in rowing leisurely over the lake, often lingering till the silvery beams of the moon rested upon the quiet waters, while frequently the voice of song rang out on the evening air, echoing back over the water in harmonious tones of melody, enjoyed by the matrons sitting by their open doors or windows.

This was a retired country village, and it was seldom indeed that any but its own inhabitants were within hearing at those hours, and the voice of song did not seem rude, or improper to them. At other times, when the moon was in her brightness, a little company of those young folks whose aim was innocent enjoyment, would go for a quiet walk, and occasionally by way of a treat, several teams would be gotten up, and all would start off for a drive, and a sleighing party if in the winter time. There were parties of course—outside the village—where dancing was indulged in, but I attended very few of them, and never danced. I had been baptized when I was eleven years old, and though I often

felt that I was only a church member by name, and had lost my interest in trying to be a Christian, I had too much respect for the church and the wishes of my parents who were greatly opposed to dancing, to take part in it.

It was hard for me to resist this temptation, for the sound of dancing music set every fiber of my body in motion; it would ring in my ears for days, and when there was no one to observe, I would go about my work in dancing measures. But the strength of this underlying principle of duty, as well as respect for the church, that my parents had, with much care and anxiety, and, doubtless many prayers that I knew nothing of, instilled into my mind, kept me while in the slippery paths of youth, from doing what I knew to be wrong and would grieve them, though I sometimes wickedly wished that I was not a church member so I could dance. But those wishes were kept to myself and no one knew but what I refused because I did not want to dance. My excuse usually was, "I never danced in my life, and don't know how."

"Then you can not learn younger," one would reply.

"But I don't intend to learn."

How glad I am now that I steadfastly refused! Glad that I was loyal to duty and principle even against my inclination! I can see, too, that it was good for me that I was a church member, even though I entered under religious excitement, for it kept me from the pursuits of worldly pleasures that perhaps would not be a joy to look back upon, and I might have wandered farther from Christ without this "school-master," and it is far easier to remain out of a wrong path than to retrace one's steps after once having entered.

Some may say they can enjoy the dance without going to excess, or without being injured in health or mind. It may possibly be true, but it is the exception, and not the rule. Such persons do not know how many may have been hurt, or hindered in better things by their influence, and if they were church members, how many might have been helped had their influence been cast on the other side.

It is a joy to me now, in looking over my youthful career to know that all the amusements in which I took part, were innocent and healthful—nothing that caused a sting of remorse.

None of my girl friends of the village were religiously inclined, though all were of pious parents. All were church-

goers, and respected religion because of their parents. There were no Saturday afternoon church meetings where I used to have to take part, or refuse, like at home in Pereaux, for each one was called upon to do so, therefore my pleasure bark glided smoothly along through the coming and going seasons.

I remained in Mr. Eaton's family as "maid of all work," but treated as a daughter, till the fall of 1859—with the exception of one winter home at school—and now again I received word from my parents that a new schoolmaster was expected, and a good school anticipated for the coming winter, and they wished me to come home and attend.

I can not say that I relished the idea, though I knew that I sadly needed more schooling. The love for the amusement of young and pleasure-loving company had developed within me. Working away from home did not debar me at all from mingling with the best families, and though scarcely sixteen, was at the zenith of innocent society, a leader; urged on by all my associates. I did not like the thought of leaving that goodly number of young people, and shutting myself up in a schoolroom where young people were few. Besides, there had come to my mind a sort of foreknowledge or presentiment of the future. I did not know just when it came or what caused it, but a feeling that I did not then welcome, had asserted itself, and the more I said, "I will not! there now!" the more I felt bound by it. The presentiment was, that during the winter I was to meet the man who was to be my future husband, and that it was some one whom I had not yet seen. When I heard of the new teacher that had been engaged and who had never been in the place before, I thought surely it was my fate, and I had no desire to meet him. I had pictured him out in my imagination as a thorough vegetable man; a cabbage shaped head, with carrot colored hair, garlic eyes, and reddish nose, with a wisp of bristly mustache. After viewing the mental picture I said most emphatically, "Mr. Schoolmaster, I *am not* going to have you!" Still it was with a little flutter of anxiety and assumed defiance that I prepared to meet him when I learned that he was in the sitting room. My presentiment and my rebellion against fate embodied in that coming young schoolmaster had been duly confided to Sophia, my older sister, and what a laugh we had when we got by ourselves after his first visit! He was not of the vegetable type at all. His thick, black hair was

combed right down over his ears and came nearly down to the collar of his coat. His heavy beard grew nearly up to his eyes and so profuse that one scarcely knew where the hair stopped and the beard commenced. A razor was not used. He was a bachelor, about forty years old, a thorough pedagogue, and of a mild intellect. Some said he had missed his calling and should have been a clock doctor.

However, I saw that my fears were all groundless, so set my mind at rest about any stranger coming to claim me, and went to school like a good girl, finding pleasure in renewing friendship with many of my old schoolmates, especially Priscilla, (whose real name was Roxanna) and Esther.

The Christmas holidays had passed, and school had commenced again, when one night during the first week in January while the inhabitants of Pereaux slept, the incoming tide bore on its bosom quite a large-sized vessel of brigantine rig, which was steering for Pereaux River. The night was moonless, and the captain was not acquainted with the river, nor with the lay of the land, only having seen it from a distance. He thought to have reached his destination in time to sail up the river, or creek, in the daylight; then he could see the wharf and pilot his ship to it; but not making as good time as he had expected, was obliged to anchor and wait for the night tide, which happened to be the highest tide in the month. By the hand lead, he managed to keep in the channel, there being shallow flats on each side, but the treacherous tide bore them past the point around where the wharf was. Oh, yes, and past the other points still farther up the river.

The tide was at its highest that night which made the river appear broader than the captain anticipated but, thinking he must be about opposite the wharf, he changed his course and stood in towards it as he supposed. He had only sailed in that direction a few minutes when the keel of the vessel grated on the bottom and the ship came to a full stop. How the water fairies must have laughed when they had pushed their burden upon that bank and in their wild sport had gathered up what ice was handy and almost made a wall around her. Then they rushed down to where the tide hides when it goes out and invited all the ice cakes that could crowd in the river to come up the next tide and help keep the vessel away from the wharf.

When the daylight broke over the quiet neighborhood and the dwellers therein had crept out of their warm beds and scratched the frost from the window panes sufficiently to look out, their eyes were greeted with a novel sight. A larger vessel than had ever before sailed up the creek that far was high and dry on the bank close to the upper shipyard.

"Whose vessel can it be?" asked father, as they all "gazed and wondered." "It is somebody who is not acquainted with the river to get away up there." Then we discerned two tall men walking around the bows of the vessel. They seemed to be looking first at their ship, then at the ice. They would take a few steps, then stand and look again as if there was no help for it, and we could imagine the surprise and annoyance the captain must have felt when daylight revealed the situation.

"I believe," said father, "that tallest one is Captain John Will Holmes. It walks very much like him."

"If it is," said mother, "he will be over here in the course of the forenoon. So we will hurry and get the work done up." As for me I took very little interest in the affair. I had been on the sick list for the past three days, spending most of my time on the couch in the sitting room. This morning I had come downstairs while the family were eating breakfast and discussing the probability of the strange vessel being Uncle John Will's. After getting what breakfast I wanted I went into the sitting room where I sat moping in a corner nearest the fireplace in which father was endeavoring to keep a cheery fire. I had taken no pains whatever with my toilet that morning.

I knew the room did not look as tidy as it should, but I did not feel ambition enough to go to work and set it in order. I knew one of the other girls would when the breakfast dishes were washed.

Presently mother came bustling into the room, setting it in order as she passed along, saying Uncle John Will was outside talking with father and a gentlemanly-looking young man was with him whom she knew to be a stranger, for she saw Uncle John introducing him to father. "You don't look very presentable," she said, looking at me.

I had no more than made answer that I looked as well as I felt, when the door opened and father brought them into

the room. I was truly glad to see Uncle John Will, the same dear uncle that used to bring us presents from sea when we lived in our pretty little home in Hantsport, but as to the young man whom he introduced as "Mr. Burton," his mate, I took very little notice of him (or tried to). Of course, Uncle John was welcome any time, but I wondered why that stranger came with him so early in the morning, and I was a little annoyed because he came. Still I mentally argued that I did not care if I was a little untidy, that if people made calls in winter mornings as soon as folks were out of bed they must expect to take them as they found them, and I felt tart enough not to take any pains to conceal that fact.

Uncle John's¹ visit was a rare treat. We had not seen him for a very long time, nor had we heard from our native village for some time either, so there was so much for him and father and mother to talk of, that the quiet-looking young man sitting at the far side of the room was almost overlooked. I did not take part in the conversation. Once I ventured a glance at the occupant of the other side of the room and met him squarely in the eyes, which cast just the ghost of a discouraged expression over his face, as though I knew he was making a mental calculation as to what extent my appearance might be improved if those two large frowzy curls were divided into four or five smooth ones and my dress were close fitting. I assumed a little more of a "don't care" look and resolved to avoid another encounter. Presently father said, "I'll leave you, captain, to talk with the women folks a little while. I have not got all my live stock outside fed yet," and he went out.

In a little while mother was called to the kitchen. Then Uncle John Will (we always called him by both names) turned his attention to me, and I saw by the twinkling of his eye that he was going to keep up his old game of plaguing me. I stood my ground, giving him as good as he sent as far as I was able, which provoked a smile or two from the young man in long rubber boots whose work-a-day clothes looked neat and tidy as if he had dressed for a party, but whose presence I was endeavoring to ignore.

They did not stay more than an hour or so, for the captain was anxious to get back to his ship to see if anything could be done about getting her in the stream next tide.

¹Mother's half brother.

After they had taken leave, father said, "I wonder if that young man was the Reverend William Burton's son?"

"Was it 'Burton'?" asked mother, in a tone of surprise. "I thought he said 'Burden' (Borden). Why, of course, it must have been, if his name was Burton; for there is no other family of that name that I know of. If I had known who he was, I should have made some talk with him."

"You will probably see him again," said father, "for they will not get off of there this tide, though they may to-night."

The incoming tide brought in a solid field of ice. Besides that, the water did not come up so far as the night before. Was it because so much of it had consolidated into the great masses of ice cakes that came floating in? The captain looked at them in dismay, knowing his ship must remain where she was for several days; which was almost exasperating to Uncle John Will's consciousness of his laudable seamanship. There is no adversity so hard for a sea captain to bear in his line of business as to do nothing, whether in a dead calm or hard aground; so to help while away the time he spent his evenings in the hospitable farmhouse on the little hill, which little hill was kept in place, or seemed to be, by a stone wall in front, and as often as he made ready to go thither, he invited his mate to accompany him, which invitation was accepted of course. Those evenings were spent very pleasantly. Sometimes the young man accepted an invitation and went with us young folks to spend the evening at a neighbor's where other young folks had gathered.

Whether at our own bright fireside or elsewhere, it made no difference; young folks will be young folks all the same.

In due time the good brigantine, *Alpha*, was, with much difficulty, gotten to the wharf and safely moored, but the "open" spell in winter weather suddenly closed up and froze over. The vessel had been chartered to take a load of potatoes to New York and as it was out of the question to move potatoes without freezing them, the captain discharged the crew and went home himself overland, leaving the mate to keep ship, and he was to board at our house. Were there ever circumstances more favorable? The young miss who had armed herself so vigorously in the fall against an imaginary foe in the capacity of a schoolmaster had thrown aside her arms and forgotten her fears, and while in this unguarded state the stranger came, rallied his forces, and took the citadel. Ere the ship was ready for sea we had plighted our troth.

CHAPTER 2

The Midnight Supper

THE ICE was scarcely out of the river when the good brig sailed away, not to return for some months. When she did return it was June, beautiful June, so sweet and fresh, laden with delicious odors, flowers, leafy green trees and bright red berries, all gladdened by the song of birds. Never did the day dawn on a fairer, sweeter June morning than that which cast its rays over a secluded little nook on the outskirts of our land, yet one that was endowed with a natural beauty that could not be excelled by the brush of an artist, nor can it be more than poorly described by my pen.

There were the shining waters of the broad Basin of Minas, fringed by green fields, level, green dyke joined by the many emerald acres of the famous Grand Pre, together with promontories, and points of land between which miniature rivers and creeks threaded their serpentine way like so much liquid silver. Over these lands were towns, villages and hamlets, scattered in a most picturesque manner. As a background to all, rose the high, wooded mountains, some near and green-looking, others were far away, enveloped in a hazy blue, altogether forming one of nature's masterpieces.

At early dawn, a homeward bound vessel of brigantine rig, had left the heaving and tossing of the great ocean and sailed into the smoother sea of the Bay of Fundy, rounded Cape Blomidon, passed the mouth of Pereaux River, and was heading for the Avon River, and Hantsport beach. Lightly and peacefully she sat upon the sparkling waters that reflected the deep blue of the canopy above. Her square sails rounded out in the morning breeze, and with the aid of the incoming tide she was skimming the waters at a pleasing rate—pleasing to those on board whose throbbing hearts were reaching out with eager anticipation of meeting their loved ones, wife, children, brothers and sisters, or sweethearts.

With what gladness they hailed the day, feasting their sea-satiated eyes on the restful scenery that greeted them! When they left those shores the trees stretched forth their leafless branches, sear and brown, and the earth was covered with snow; but now, what a change! Both earth and trees were green and beautiful, and over all brooded the hallowed

peace of the Sabbath morning. Yet with the gladness, there was that inward fear, lest the breeze should die away, and the tide turn ere they reached their destination. But fortune favored them beyond their expectation, it being still morning when they rounded the bend, and came to anchor on Hantsport beach.

A captain can spring ashore as soon as his ship is at her moorings, but not so with the mate; he must remain until the sails are furled and stowed, and everything put in order about decks. This particular mate was my lover, and knowing that his visit would be short with his fiancée because of the long distance he had to drive (twenty-five miles), he had kept the sailors busy about decks all morning getting done as much as could be done, before they arrived, so it was not long before he, too, stepped ashore and hastily made his way to the village. He was tall and slender, and called fine-looking. He had not the easy rolling gait that sailors usually have. He stood straight and stepped firmly. He knew where there was a fast horse, and light buggy to be hired at a round price, and made his way straight to the place. The owner of this rig chanced to be in his yard, and without hesitating, the young man stepped up to him and said, "Mr. Faulkner, I want to hire your horse and buggy till to-morrow morning."

"Well," he said slowly, "I don't know about letting my team go this morning, M. Burton. There are two other horses in the village to hire, I think you could get one of them."

Now Mr. Faulkner knew where this young sailor man was going, and that he had not long to stay, and would not stand at a few extra dollars for the sake of having a fast horse. His demur was simply thrown out as bait, and the sailorman knew that this friend of his could not resist yellow coin.

"I know I can; but I don't want either of them; one is lame, and the other is lazy. I want yours," and slipping a yellow coin in his hand double the ordinary price, he said, "Come, Mr. Faulkner, get that ready as soon as you can."

That gentleman lost no time in letting the money fall into his pocket, and went to the barn, gave the horse a feed of oats, and proceeded to oil the axles, brush the horse, and put the harness on, while he was eating his feed, and thus we leave them.

It was our custom at home for all to attend Sunday school,

and church if it was practicable to go. My father, who was a sea captain in his early life, was now in his farming life deacon of the Baptist Church in that community, and of course the deacon's family must all be at church unless some were sick. But none were sick on this beautiful morning. The church building was a mile distant, so some must needs walk for all could not be accommodated even in the family carriage. But walking was nothing unusual, and this morning the air was cool and sweet. The Sunday school opened at 9 a. m. and I for one enjoyed the morning walk. This was my seventeenth summer, and though very girlish in many ways, I was enjoying the happy importance of being regarded as a young woman, and also dignity of being engaged to one who was called a "fine young man" by all who knew him. Therefore the summer was to me, like none other had been.

Sunday school was over, and the intermission also. I had marched out with my class of little tots, and though the children had gone in with their parents, I still lingered in the shade of a large tree, and followed the last group as they entered the church for service. As I stepped inside the door, and was about to go up in the gallery, I saw an uncle of mine who was a sea captain of fifty years and more, standing with his back to the wall as if waiting for some one. His good-natured bronzed face that supported an unusually generous nose, was all beaming with smiles as he caught sight of and beckoned to me, letting me know that he wanted to speak to me. As the last one had passed through the door into the auditorium, we stepped towards each other. He said in a low tone, "Do not go away anywhere to dinner to-day."

"Why not?"

"Well," said he with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I saw a certain brigantine going up the river early this morning, and you might have company."

I felt the warm blood leap up into my face, and turned quickly towards the stairs saying as I glanced at him over my shoulder: "Oh, Uncle Whit you are only joking," and ran softly up the steps and took my seat in the choir.

This uncle always made much of me, but more so when he learned of my prospective marriage with a young man that he esteemed very highly, and was not willing that I should lose any of the visit that I was sure to have.

All unknown to either uncle or me, the "company" referred

to was already on the grounds, feeling assured that the deacon's entire family would be at church. He tied his horse some distance above the other horses that were already there, so as not to be blocked in by other horses that might come afterwards, and waited till all had entered the church, then he went quietly in and took a seat just inside the door as the minister arose to open the meeting. He had a good view of the deacon's pew at the side next the pulpit, and saw that most of the family were there, except the one he was looking for. But he would wait till after the singing for perhaps she was in the choir. Such were his thoughts, and he had not long to wait till he heard the voice that bespoke its owner. The brief conversation at the foot of the stairs had attuned the voice, and it rang out full and clear. How I wished I had been the only soprano voice in the choir, so I could sing with all my might, as a sort of valve to the pleasurable excitement within.

As soon as the sermon was over, the young man withdrew as quietly and unobserved as he had entered. As I came slowly down the stairs, pausing occasionally for others in front of me to move on, I began to calculate as to the time I might expect my company, provided what Uncle Whitman had said was really true, and concluded on early in the afternoon.

As I stood for a moment in the doorway and looked across the congregation grouped in front of the church, I saw a young man sitting in a very black, shiny buggy in the road just opposite the door. The buggy was much smaller and of lighter build than any in the place, and I was just about to wonder who it was, and who he was waiting for there in the road, when instantly I knew, and without speaking to anyone, I passed quickly through the crowd, took the proffered hand and sprang lightly into the buggy, took the place made for me on the seat, and we were off with a bound, before anyone had time to question. (But not so quickly but that what I had time to congratulate myself on having worn my most becoming thin blue dress made in summer style with "shortcomings" about the neck and arms to be forgiven, the former partly covered by the long ringlets that danced and rippled in the breeze.) How pleasant that drive was! Facing the cool breeze from the bay added to it not a little.

My lover was a lover of nature, also, and not having passed

over that road before in summer time he was not insensible to the beauty of the landscape view that stretched away on either side, notwithstanding his lover-like compliments to the girl by his side. But that one mile was all too short, and we were obliged to rein in at the big gate that stood open, and alight at the home door.

While the minister's son was putting away his horse, the deacon's daughter busied herself getting dinner, as the midday meal was called in those days. It was the rule in our dear old home never to heat up the house by cooking on Sunday. Ample preparations were made on Saturday, so that to boil the kettle for making tea, or perhaps boil a few potatoes, was all that would be needed.

When the horse was put away and the young sailor returned to the house, he did not accept the invitation to "walk into the sitting room and make himself at home," but seated himself on father's old sea chest which occupied his favorite nook in the kitchen.

When boarding at the house the winter before, he had sat in the same place many a time and watched the same girl while she was getting a meal, much to her confusion oft-times, and she had wished he would go into the sitting room with the folks; but not so this time. I was glad he preferred to stay in the kitchen where we could talk together while I spread out the lunch.

The dried-pumpkin pies and strawberries and cream were most tempting dainties to the eyes of a sailorman who had not seen anything but seamen's fare for months. He fairly smacked his lips at the sight of the sweet, red berries, and of course any girl would have done just as I did: pick out several of the nicest ones and drop them in his mouth. But the enjoyment of our pleasant visit with each other was soon interrupted by the arrival of the well-filled family carriage. "Blucher" the farm horse was noted for his deliberate movements, but this time he seemed to have gotten over the ground very quickly.

Both parents and children were very much pleased to see "Burton" as they all called him. Since all were in the sitting room together, all took part in entertaining for about two hours, then conversation flagged, the room was warm and stuffy. Father dropped off to sleep in his chair. I could not invite my company into another room, for my married sister

occupied the other part of the house, but wished for a change in some way. Glancing at the young sailor who was now so near, and yet so far, I arose and went into the kitchen, then the coolest room in the house. Mother was there about as soon as I was, and not more than a minute later my lover followed with three-year-old sister Ida holding his hand, and my two little brothers, five and seven years respectively, brought up the rear. When he entered the kitchen I was saying something about fearing there was not half strawberries enough for supper. Turning to me, he said, "Do they grow near here?"

"Yes, in the burned land just beyond the pasture."

"Let's go and get some. I would like to pick strawberries once more; I have not seen them in the field since I was a boy."

What a happy suggestion, thought I, for it would necessitate a pleasant walk in the fields before we got to where the berries were and glancing at mother, I said in a playful way, "Would it be *very* wicked?"

Mother smiled and said, "I don't know what your father would think!"

I knew father was very strict in the observance of the Lord's Day, and upon ordinary occasions would not have thought of such a thing as going picking berries. But the eyes of my lover were pleading to go, and I said, "We will get off before he wakes, and then he will not know anything about it," and forthwith donned my sunbonnet. Then the two little brothers put in their plea to go, too.

"Can't we, mother?"

"No, no; they won't want you along."

"Oh, yes, mother, let them come, they will help get berries you know."

Holmes J., the eldest of the two, gave a little squeak and a bound by way of expressing his delight, since there was no place for him to turn a somersault or stand on his head. Bert skipped up on a chair to get his tin cup that hung against the cupboard, and little sister Ida began to cry because she had been told that it was too far for her to go. All these acts and words were considered to have been done in a quiet way, yet it was more confusion than was customary on Sunday; and just as we were ready to start, there stood the deacon in the doorway looking on the group

in blank amazement. To see his daughter with a big sun-bonnet on, and a pitcher in her hand, and a young man by her side with a bowl in his hand, and the children with tin cups was very suggestive of the purpose they had in view.

"Why! Are you going strawberrying on Sunday?"

"Oh, no, father, not exactly that, but this sailorman, you see, has been so constantly on the ocean that he has not seen a strawberry field since he was a boy, and may not be home in strawberry season again for years, and he just wants to go and get a few."

"Oh, well, I suppose that might make a difference," said father, very slowly and seriously, "but the children, are they going, too?"

"Oh, yes, father, it is no more harm for them to go than for us," I said.

So we started off. How those boys did circle about us. To walk by our side was not close enough to express their gratitude. Holmes got in front of us and walked backwards so he could look right in our faces, and between the two they kept up a continuous rattle of talk. I had thought they would run off by themselves, but they seemed to have no notion of doing so, and I began to think my company was going to be as much monopolized here as in the house. But a sailor is equal to almost any occasion, and after we had gone a little way he said, "Bert is a smart little fellow, but I believe Holmes could best him in a long run. I believe Holmes could get to the top of that hill first." The words were no sooner spoken than the boys were off for the race! Each tried so hard to beat that they were glad to sit down and rest till we came up, instead of coming back to meet us, as they would have done if the distance had been shorter. We were then more than half way. Holmes was jubilant because he had won the race.

"Yes," said Burton, "that was because it was up hill. But Bert can beat getting to the burned-land fence," and away they went again. And Bert regained his record. This fence was recently made of nice new poles. My lover took down the top pole and let one end rest on the ground, then gave me his hand and I walked the pole till on a level with the second one, and sprang to the ground on the other side. There was a nice bed of berries just where we had entered, and all began to pick.

"Now, boys," I said, "it won't do for us all to pick in one place; we will pick these, and you go to the other side of the lot, and hunt another bed." They obediently went, and presently called back saying there were a nice lot of them over there.

"Very well, pick all you can, and when we get all we can find on this side, we will go there." Thus the unsuspecting little brothers were kept at a comfortable distance.

It was a pleasure beyond expression to the young seaman to see those bright, red berries nestling in the tender, green grass, looking so clean and sweet, and tasting so delicious. He came near forgetting that he had taken any other receptacle than his mouth.

The afternoon's outing had been one of keen enjoyment. The tea table was already laid when we returned. It was gratifying in one sense to know that the summer evenings were short, and the children would soon be in bed which would make a few less to entertain my visitor.

At ten o'clock mother came in from another part of the house, and said, "Your sleeping room is ready, Mr. Burton, whenever you wish to retire."

The young man smiled, and said, "I don't wish any sleeping room to-night. I have to leave at midnight."

"What," said father, "no sleep at all? Why, there are two hours before midnight." The young sailorman smiled still more deeply, saying that the time allotted for that visit was far too limited to waste any in sleep, and, "With your permission I will sit here with Emma till it is time to leave."

The deacon and his wife very graciously accepted the implied invitation; and with a merry twinkle of the eye, bade the young man good-night, expressing a hope that neither of them would be lonesome, and retired.

When left to ourselves we soon abandoned the breath-heated room, for the front entry; drew our chairs together and sat in the open doorway, enjoying the cooler air, and the moonlight that shone brightly upon us.

How quickly those two hours sped away! We were making very pleasant and interesting plans for the near future, when the clock admonished us that it was half past eleven. "Is it possible," said he, "that I must leave in half an hour? I think I will go now and see if the horse has eaten

his feed and put the harness on, and come in again for a few minutes."

"Very well, I will have a lunch ready for you by the time you come in; I have some strawberries in reserve that have got to be eaten before you go." So while he was out, I spread the cloth on the kitchen table, stepping about softly so as not to wake the sleeping ones. I arranged the table to look just as dainty and tempting as I could, remembering that it was to be the first meal by ourselves, and wishing it to be a reminder of what was in store later on when the table we would sit down to would be our own. I had no mercy on mother's cream, took the top off of the largest pan of night's milk for our berries, and stirred the other together to fill our glasses. The bread was sliced with care so as to be smooth and even. I discarded the print of butter that had been cut into, and got a whole one; then there was a plate of "puffy-up-cakes," as the sailorman was wont to call them, and a large pumpkin pie. These with our dishes of strawberries and cream constituted our midnight supper. I had arranged the places opposite each other, and so placed the chairs.

It was evident that he only expected to see a bit of a lunch put on the table, so when he entered that plain, but cozy kitchen and saw the table set for two, his handsome face was radiant, but the lover-like expression that fell so quietly from his lips may not be written here; it was only only intended for the one, who heard it.

The supper was the crowning of that happy visit. Not because of what we ate, but the happiness enjoyed while eating that made the feast. We sat at the table talking prospective future till the clock announced the midnight hour; then we arose from the table and took the parting hand. When the good-bys were said, I stood in the back door and watched the young sailor drive away in the moonlight, and could not but wish that I could have accompanied him on that twenty-five mile drive.

I have said before, that the summer was to me as none other had been, since I had not reached the age of being "out of my time" or "my own mistress." And since this was to be my last summer as Miss Emma Davison I was released from many minor obligations in regard to household duties, and was privileged to appropriate a large portion

of my time to my needlework in making my trosseau, and enjoying myself generally. The little children of whom there once seemed to have been so many, were every year growing older without any more taking their place, and so the house was becoming more quiet; and every lady therein more at liberty. Ida, the youngest, was about three years old.

It is the summer twilight hours that linger in memory still with all their sweetness enhanced; time having obliterated all that may have been otherwise, and in fancy I view again the scenes incident to those occasions; the house is set in order after the tea dishes were washed, and doors and windows thrown open to give it a thorough ventilating, while the family betake themselves to the open air. The three little boys with Ida seek their favorite resort for play. Eliza and Lucindia are perhaps enjoying a ramble in the pasture next the "woods," where they often went with two or three of their girl friends to gather evergreens, ferns, moss, and wild flowers, and bring the cows home as they came back. George is still away from home. Tamza, the eldest sister, lives just across the road. She has one dear little girl, Cleda. Mother repairs to her kitchen garden where she enjoys working an hour or so at the close of day in weeding, and other ways making it comfortable, while father visited and scrutinized every tree in his thrifty little orchard, the work of his own hands, and he nourished them with tender care.

Sophia, the sister next older than I, was away from home for the most part of this memorable summer, so I spent those hours by myself, frequently sitting in a cozy little bedroom upstairs that looked out towards the east, stitching away on some delicate piece of embroidery designed for bridal attire. The view from this window was varied and pleasant indeed. There was the broad stretch of the main channel where navigation was kept up, with broad waters beyond. There was also some wooded land near by, and a more thickly-wooded mountain beyond. As the twilight deepens and I can no longer see to ply the needle, I fold my work and lay it aside, to be resumed for an hour or so in the early morning before the family was astir—and give myself up to the quiet of the moment. My thoughts correspond with my gaze at it wanders far out over the silent tide, then hovers about the gloaming of the woods, then

rests upon the great yellow moon that has come up apparently out of the distant waters, across which it is casting its broad beams of liquid brightness, ever changing, sparkling, and shimmering like a sea of diamonds. While thus lost in thought, I have heard dimly the two girls come in the house, walk through it and go out again, and call to father that the cows have come. Then I hear father's peculiar short, heavy step as he goes into the pantry after the milk pail. Presently I go downstairs. Somebody has gathered a mess of green peas. Tamza and her husband (Robert) have come over from across the street for a few minutes as is their wont at the twilight hours, bringing the little Cleda with them, and we all sit around the bucket of peas, shelling them out for the morrow, and enjoy a social chat.

Oh, how those eventide scenes come floating back to me, undimmed by the intervening years. I recount the pleasant hours with many of the acts and words that made them pleasant.

During the early part of the summer an effort was made by a young minister to get up a revival, but which did not prove successful to any great degree, though a season of very enjoyable meetings were held in which I seldom failed to take an active part. I enjoyed doing so, for during the previous winter while at home, and with my religious schoolmate, Roxanna, I had more time to think, and the dear Savior whom I had once felt the need of, and again had neglected, came whispering into my thoughts, and became very precious to me. I felt that he was indeed my Savior and my Redeemer.

While thus spiritually renewing my covenant, I dedicated, as nearly as I knew how, my life service unto him, resolving that I should never let anything deter me from that purpose.

The summer had ripened into September, the month in which an event took place that came near bringing my life story to an abrupt close. My sister Sophia and I were in bathing one lovely afternoon, and both came near being drowned. I was the farthest gone, so that from fifteen to twenty minutes I was unconscious, but by the vigorous efforts, urged on by my mother who would not give me up, life gradually returned. I have no words to convey to the

understanding how terrible was the sensation of strangling and swallowing such quantities of salt water as I was forced to do every time my head rose above the water while alternately sinking and rising.

In the hour of need, how quickly we turn to Him in whom alone there is deliverance. As my head came above water the first time, I cried out with a loud voice, "O God save us!" And did he not hear and answer? Those words were the means of bringing the needed help. Mother was near enough to hear them distinctly, and gave the alarm that brought help to recover us from the deep water.

While struggling in the water, I did not touch bottom at all, and only once, when my strength was almost gone, I felt my foot come in contact with the bank. We had dropped down off of the marsh flats into a deep hole, and knew that we were drowning. When I felt the bank, oh, what a desire for life that one touch inspired! To know that land was so near! The instant I felt that touch I summoned all my strength with the intent to bend my body forward and grasp it with my hands, but failing to reach it, and with the agony of despair, I felt my body bending backwards, but still with the thought of trying to reach the land, and knowing that it was my last effort. Then a drowsy feeling came over me, and I thought, "It is not worth the trouble; I am so tired." Action ceased, and my body commenced to gradually sink and float out with the tide till just one foot was visible and by that I was rescued by a young man who, arriving on the scene, stepped down into the deep crevice between the banks, and brought both ashore. Sophia first for she still showed signs of life.

The process of coming to life again was quite as distressing as drowning. It was the work of many hours ere we were considered out of danger and warmth was restored to our deathly cold bodies. It was days before we were able to go about the house again.

We lay in one large bed in a pleasant room, weak and exhausted; looking out upon what was going on about us, as one in a dream. The frequent calls, and the reiteration of the painful circumstances, were tiresome. Gradually, however, we regained strength sufficiently to resume our light work.

One day as I watched the incoming tide and thought that

it was about time for the return of the *Alpha* I saw Mr. Burton drive into the yard. Needless to say that he was a welcome visitor, and the enjoyment of the occasion was intensified by the intruding thought of what might have been, had I been left a few moments longer in those dark waters.

When we were by ourselves, just before taking his leave, he said in great tenderness, "I am getting afraid to leave you, darling; twice now you have come near slipping away from me. How I wish I could take you with me; but I would not have you share the accommodations I have as mate. I will be back again in November, and the vessel will be in port longer then for she will have to have some repairs. Be all ready for an early marriage when I return. I hope nothing will hinder next time."

We were to have been married at that September homecoming, if all had gone well, and the vessel in port long enough.

So it came about that we were married the sixteenth day of November, 1860. It was a pretty wedding, with two bridesmaids, all three in white, and two best men: my brother George, and my husband's brother George. Young as I was, I made my entire trousseau—and it was a liberal one for those days in that country place, also my household linens, without the aid of a sewing machine. Mother aided in cutting and fitting the dresses with her unerring chart.

In two weeks' time my sailorman, my young husband, had to leave me again to learn for the first time what real loneliness was.

Why such a prize in life's lottery came all unbidden to me, I knew not, save that the Lord saw, and knew that I needed just such a loving heart, and steady hand to guide my wayward steps through life, and in all its vicissitudes his "sheltering love" has been my earthly haven.

(Since the above words were written, my bark has had to outride its darkest storm without the shelter, or haven.)

CHAPTER 3

I HAVE now reached the period in my "life story" where, in giving my own history, it will be necessary to outline that of another, since the events of both lives are from henceforth inseparably blended together. I will resume my narrative after about one year and a half of our married life had slipped away. I should scarcely have said "slipped" away; for many, many of those lonely days and weeks in which I waited and watched for my husband's return from sea seemed almost years in duration. And when at length he came, the few brief days that he could remain at home was as a dream when past. For all those visits at home during that year and a half, when added together, only counted eight weeks. I shall not attempt to picture those partings, tortured as I was each time with the thought that he might never return again. I tried to be brave, but what a sickly attempt it was! And after he was gone, oh, the deathly stillness of the house that had for the few days previous fairly rung with shouts of merry laughter! There was no one to speak to, and thus break the oppressive silence. As I wandered from room to room, in every echo the walls or the shutting doors gave back, I heard the one sad word ever repeated—*gone! gone!* In whatever direction I turned my eyes in the vain hope to find "surcease from sorrow," they met some object which rendered my loneliness more poignant. At times I sought to divert my mind by visiting the occupants of the other part of the house, but that did not relieve, only suspended the gloom. There was no relief. I must simply endure till time had worn the sharpness away. I tried to reason with myself that father had been going to sea and coming back again ever since I could remember, and why should I be so fearful? But I knew that everybody did not come back who went out on the treacherous waters.

The winter of 1861 and 1862, at which time I take up the thread of my story, there were many disasters at sea. It was now long past the time that my husband's vessel should have arrived in New York from the West Indies, whence he had sailed in the fall (he was then captain of the *Alpha*); and there had been a prolonged gale of wind on the Atlantic coast. Ah, me! When is there not a gale of wind on the Atlantic coast in winter time? How eagerly and hopefully I

went to the post office each day, only to come back again sad and disappointed. One day when suspense became almost unbearable, as I was scanning the "shipping news" in a lately arrived weekly newspaper, I read with bated breath a paragraph thus:

"Spoken off Cape Hatteras, brig *Alpha*, of Windsor, dismasted, laying to in a gale of wind, laboring heavily. All well on board."

For a moment it was a joy to read those last words, "all well on board," but the joy faded when I took into consideration the time that had elapsed since they were "spoken," and no news yet of their arrival, together with the chances of weathering the gale in that disabled condition, knowing as I did that the *Alpha* was a clumsy vessel at best—a slow sailer, and somewhat leaky. The suspense that weighed so heavily upon me was now displaced by a great anxiety. I was not alone though.

Mr. Burton had made a flying visit of one week at home in October, when our little Frank was about six weeks old, and had made all necessary arrangements to have us moved from Hantsport, where we had located shortly after our marriage, back home to board at father's, where we would be well cared for during his absence for the winter. So I had mother's sympathy and father's counsel. The latter having sailed one voyage with my husband, had all confidence in him as an efficient shipmaster, and extolled his skill in navigation.

Heavy snowstorms about that time often prevented the mail from reaching us for days at a time. Oh, the restless anxiety those delays would cause. And when it came I could scarcely wait till some one could go to the post office and back, so sure was I that there was news for me. But, alas! for a long time none came, and the high-wrought eagerness would be followed by disappointment, and a relapse of the gloomy unrest of suspense. At length father became seriously apprehensive, and remarked one morning unknown to me, that if no news came that day, he should about give up all hopes of ever hearing from them again. But that evening a telegram was brought me of their safe arrival at Saint Thomas—one of the Virgin Islands.

In due time a letter came, giving an account of the heavy gale they encountered when within twenty-four hours' sail

of New York; of their being dismasted, and how they made every effort to reach New York; but when the ship could bear up against the wind and waves no longer, they changed their course and were driven before the wind across the Gulf Stream, into fine weather; and in their disabled state they drifted back to the West Indies, and put in to Saint Thomas for repairs.

It was during this voyage that he, Captain Burton, made the effort to save the lives of the crew of the bark *Pandora* for which services the English Government presented him with a fine telescope glass. The article was given in *Autumn Leaves*, under the caption of the "*Alpha's Log*, No. 2."

After arriving at New York the ship was chartered for another outward bound voyage, which would occupy the most of the summer. But all were well, and there was no further need of anxious thoughts concerning them; so I soon regained my usual cheerfulness. And my little boy was much company to me. I still remained in father's family.

The warm, summer months had given place to delicious September, laden with the juices of ripened fruits and blueberries, too. Party after party had gone out for a day to the Aylsford bogs, and come back with full buckets and baskets of berries, bringing the report that there were still bushels of them remaining unpicked. Then my brother George set about making up a little home party. Preparations were all complete for an early morning start. With a little encouragement from mother, I left my year-old baby with her, and joined a party of young people, and went blueberrying. How strange not to have the baby, for in the whole year I had scarcely left him an hour. Yet I enjoyed the day of freedom and outdoor rambling with all the zest of girlhood, notwithstanding the fact that I was an eighteen-year-old woman. It was about dusk when we reached home. The drive had rested us, and all were in buoyant spirits. The folks in the house had not lighted the lamp, preferring to sit in the gathering shadows. Besides, they had a surprise awaiting me, and wished to make it more complete by "keeping dark." All unconscious of their plotting, I hastened into the house. The door between the kitchen and sitting room was open, and I heard little Frank making a weary-sounding little whining noise; and responded, "Yes, my baby, I'm coming!"

Leaving the parcels I carried on the kitchen table as I

passed it, followed the sound, almost bounding to the far side of the room, where I saw dimly some one holding him whom I took to be father. As I essayed to take the baby from him a strong arm was thrown about my waist. In another instant I was aware it was the baby's father who held us both.

Upon inquiring as to whence he came, learned he was bound for the opposite shore, having some flour to discharge there, and since he had only rounded Cape Blomidon when the tide turned, he dropped in to "White Waters" and anchored. It being only a few miles below our place, he came ashore for me to go over with him. I had often murmured at the long absence of the tide, when a homeward bound vessel was expected; but now how glad I was the tide stayed out so long, or he might have gone again before I reached home. One of the bright, bright pictures that remain on memory's wall is our drive to the shore in the early morning while the dew was yet sparkling on the grass.

The ofttime lonely, dreary past had fled away like a mist before the sunshine, for the world was all bright now.

All appeared to be quiet on board the *Alpha* as we neared the water's edge opposite to where she swayed lazily with the pulsation of the tide. The captain hailed once and again before the answering "Aye, aye, sir!" echoed back over the bright waters. Then followed the usual hurrying to and fro, till the boat was manned and sent on her way to the shore. How beautiful it all looked! The placid waters almost dazzling in their brightness. The boat setting so lightly upon their surfaces, and the oars dipping and flashing in the sunlight. Presently we heard their sound in the rowlocks, as we sat there in the carriage, a sound that had a peculiar charm for me.

Father drove his trusty steed a little way out in the shallow water to meet the boat before she should ground, and we both stepped from the carriage into the boat and were borne back to the ship while I sang,

Row away, row
O'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather I floated
In my gum-tree canoe.

To stand upon a ship's deck, inhale the scent of tarred ropes,—and even the greasy, smoky steam that oozed from the cook's galley,—feel the gentle motion of the ship beneath my feet, hear the rattling of chains, and the overhauling of ropes, heaving the anchor, and shaking out sails preparatory to getting under way, was to me in those days an almost intoxicating delight at any time, without the happy addition of the presence of a newly-arrived husband. But now with such addition, I will leave the readers to comprehend, if they can, my keen enjoyment of the situation, as the sails were unfurled to the gentle breeze, and the *Alpha* glided leisurely over the sun-bathed tide across to the landing of "Shiveree." The captain's jolly brother John, with his wife and babe, and her two sisters were on board also, as passengers from New York, who might have added to the pleasure of the trip, if more could have been added.

It was the intention of the captain to land what cargo he had for that place, and leave on the next tide; but lo, there was not enough tide the next time to float her, and the consequence was she was "beneaped," and all had to remain there for a week, which was not a desirable situation for a young captain; but since it could not be helped, we did not make ourselves unhappy about it.

Mr. Burton resolved to leave the *Alpha* at that time, and wait an opportunity of getting something better. We soon went to housekeeping in a part of Father's house.

During the winter he accepted a berth as mate of the bark *Wild Horse*, and sailed on the first day of January for New York, thence to Matamoros, leaving a very lonely young wife behind him.

Pereaux, now Delhaven, was too remote from the general thoroughfare of shipping interests, and shipping news, to suit those whose interests lay in that line of business, and so I laid my plans for moving back to Hantsport as soon as the weather opened. I located in my native village again, in a house all by myself, only a little way from what used to be our home. The weeks and months dragged slowly along, still I was not always lonely. Neighbors were near, and most of them were the same families that were there when I was a child. Good Auntie Davison, or "Aunt Emily Ann," as we more often called her, was like a mother to

me; and Cousins Barbara and Annie came in and cheered many an otherwise lonely hour.

It was Aunt Emily Anna who, on the morning of the third of the ensuing July, placed a tiny little baby girl in my arms. The hour was too early for getting up, so I remained in bed with her, and so happy and content was I with my little charge, that I scarcely heeded the days as they slipped away. Precious indeed to me was that wee form as she lay by my side, sleeping all the day through, unconscious of the yearning mother-love that was almost forcing me to give her a more vigorous hug than the delicately organized little frame justified. When the baby was about eight days old, another ray of brightness fell across my pathway in the shape of a newsy letter from my long-absent husband. The *Wild Horse* with her crew had arrived safely in New York; would be home in less than two weeks, after which the captain, who was then sailing her, would leave, and my husband was to take charge. The next voyage would be to Glasgow, Scotland, and for me to be ready to accompany him. This piece of news fairly overflowed my already well-filled cup of happiness. It would be the first visit since our marriage that would not be haunted by the knowledge of an early separation.

One bright morning about two weeks after this letter was received, while mother and I were taking our cozy breakfast, and talking over our plans concerning the anticipated voyage, a lad came bounding in the house and almost electrified us by imparting the news—in a breath—that the *Wild Horse* was coming up the river, and would be on the beach before noon. How we hastened to get the work all done and a tasty dinner prepared! We knew there was plenty of time for more deliberate measures, still we could not help hurrying. Perhaps we thought the tide might hurry a little also upon such an extraordinary occasion, but it did not. Long before noon the children had been dressed as pretty as possible, especially our little daughter whose presence was not yet known to her papa. With my own toilet I took scrupulous care, wishing of course to look my best upon such a happy occasion. Knowing my husband's admiration of the long black ringlets that it was mine to possess, I arranged them in the most becoming style, caught back with the tiniest of little bright red, half-opened rosebuds that peeped be-

witchingly out from their glossy bed; both of which contrasted well with the delicate surface which temporary sickness lends for a time to both hands and face—at least before the bloom of youth has fled—and was satisfied with the effect.

“Vain,” do you say? Perhaps it was. But who of my sister-readers would not take pains to look their best, and make their husband’s home-coming as bright and joyous as possible, even by adding a few simple artistic touches?

“Did it add to his joy?”

Had you seen the love-light in the eyes, and heard the half-whispered, half-audible words of the—shall I say it—handsome young sailor, as he held his wife at arm’s length for a moment, before letting her head rest upon his bosom, you certainly would have had no further doubts. But those words may not be written, save in a romance. Oh, sweet youth-tide! Why should it ever ebb away!

How he loved to hold our baby daughter in his arms, and she in turn, seemed quite content to be thus rocked. But our happiness was soon overshadowed. In a few days our little Jennie was smitten with diphtheria and was a great sufferer. My husband had been put in charge of the ship, and had taken her across the bay to load with “deals,” leaving us all well; and now how anxiously I waited his return. He came a day or so before she died. On the ninth day of her sickness, after all had been done that could be done, we could but watch and wait for death to release her. Dear as she was to us, we heartily wished the messenger would hasten and end her sufferings. But it tarried. While we watched and suffered, too, with each laboring breath, my husband drew my head down against his shoulder, and to divert, in part, the torturing moments—repeated some beautiful poetry that I never heard except on that occasion. I can only remember the strange blending of feelings, while filled with sorrow seeing the little life ebbing away, and listening to the beautiful words rendered in voice and accent that made them sound still more beautiful. A voice so calm, gentle, and yet so deep; so loving and so loved. It seemed a mingling of heaven’s sweetest peace, with earth’s bitterest sorrow. When at length the pure spirit had fled from its earthly tabernacle, we hung over our baby’s form for a few moments, then my husband led me gently away to another room, out of sight of all. Oh, the “aching void,”

when a mother's arms are left empty! Only a mother knows who has lost a treasured little infant.

The little bright flannel dresses that had been made to wear while crossing the ocean were folded and laid away, all bedewed with tears. And now, in looking back, I realize more fully a loving Father's watchful care, and how tenderly he dealt with me is that I was not alone, but had my husband's presence and strong arm to lean upon in my first bereavement. Nor was I to be left in loneliness, which latter thought was a solace indeed. The hasty preparations for our voyage helped to divert my mind for the time; and were it not for the sadness of leaving our darling behind, the voyage would have been one of unalloyed happiness. Not being troubled with seasickness nor nervous fear, I gave myself up to the keen enjoyment of sometimes gliding smoothly over the sunbathed waters with only breeze enough to fill the sails; and again of bounding over the foaming, tossing billows, now mounting the very crest of the waves, and again dipping deep into the trough of the sea, only to rise again and plunge through another. It was a new life to me, and exceedingly pleasant. I could scarcely realize for a time that the lonely hours would not come creeping over as in the past few years.

And how I love to remember the hour when we would kneel together for evening prayer. My husband was not a church member at that time, and at first it was a cross to me to broach the subject of having evening prayer; but his ready agreement to the proposition helped me much. When "eight bells" was struck, I would go to our room to prepare for our evening worship. And when the first watch of the night was set, and the man at the wheel relieved, the captain would come below and immediately to our room, where he knew I was waiting his presence. He took part by reading the chapter; and when we knelt together, and he placed his arm around my waist, it strengthened me in my little trial and cross-bearing, and gave me the assurance that a loving Father's arm was also around us, even the ship to bear her up amidst the storms, and to preserve us from danger.

Our little Frank was a great pet with the sailors, who took pleasure in teaching him ship customs and phrases, to which he seemed to take quite naturally, and soon became an interesting feature on shipboard.

It was on a Saturday afternoon when we dropped anchor off Greenock, Scotland, glad enough to get in port, for a bad storm was making up. All day Sunday we lay at anchor, while the wind howled and the cold, drizzly rain made everything look dismal. But the sights were all so new to me I spent most of the day looking from one window; first at the town, then at the commotion of the shipping in the harbor, at the great ships that rolled and pitched at their mooring, and occasionally others being brought in by tugboats. For a time it was quite exciting, but as the afternoon hours waned the novelty had given way to monotony, and everything looked dreary and dismal. The captain, with his little son Frank locked in his arms, was on the bed fast asleep. No one in the cabin, and such an unusual stillness about the decks, that to me the very air became almost oppressive. And then for the first time since our leaving home, a never-to-be-forgotten loneliness settled down upon me, and a great yearning to go to the far-off lonely grave of our sweet babe. And from that time to this I can never think or hear of Greenock without its being blended with the memory of that sensation of sorrow and loneliness, and also the gentle, soothing words of the husband who was wakened by a deep-drawn sob.

All was astir on board our ship early on the following Monday morning of our arrival off Greenock. The storm had spent itself and the morning had dawned clear and bright. In a little while the tugboat was alongside, and soon we were being towed up the beautiful River Clyde, towards the city of Glasgow. As we glided along, the custom house officer pointed out to me many places of note; among which were Loch Lomond, and other lakes; Ben Lomond, a mountain, and Dunbarton Castle—a gray, somber-looking edifice hewn out of or into a solid rock. The fort, the cannons, and cannon balls were all new sights to me. “Within the castle,” said the aged Scotchman, “is the sword of William Wallace.” His description of its size and weight interested us so much we resolved to come back and view the interior of the castle and handle the sword of Scotland’s hero.

My pen would fail me, aye and my words too, were I to attempt to describe the beauty of scenery that continually greeted the eye on either side of this artificial river. The

fine residences, the ornamental trees, the beautiful flower gardens, the green sloping lawns, and the picturesque background, all linger in my mind as a dream of the beautiful land. Glasgow being the first city I had ever visited, almost every object excited interest. The business and wealthy portions of the city, and the great suspension bridge, also the Crystal Arcade with its attractive contents, were to me sights of grandeur and magnificence beyond description. But those did not stir my feelings like the distressing poverty that I then witnessed for the first time.

My readers know that I was not cradled in the lap of luxury, still I had never dreamed of the wretchedness, filth, and suffering of the poor that swarm the streets and alleys of large cities. I was made uncomfortable after my first visit ashore by my thoughts being haunted with a vision of one of the pitiable objects I saw on the sidewalk. A gray-haired woman walking wearily along, heedless of anything that was going on about her, with only a bit of a tattered shawl about her shoulders, nothing at all on her head; her skirts all begrimed and damp with the "Scotch mist" hung in rags at the bottom and dragged in the mire of the streets, and over her bare feet. The last-named was simply shocking to my sight and thoughts—an aged woman without anything to protect her bare feet from those cold, wet, dirty pavements; and country girl that I was, my sympathies were drawn out in her behalf. I thought she must be *somebody's* mother, and how I would feel if my mother were in like condition. Then there was a young girl,—poor, pale, tired,—carrying a baby that looked blue, pinched, and half starved; one scarf made to serve for wraps for both. I bestowed a lingering look, accompanied with a feeling of pity on the poor, sickly-looking, little creature, as they passed, as well as on many other dirty little urchins as they were jostled about on the sidewalk. After a time, though, I became accustomed to such sights.

When in port, sea captains always go ashore to their place of business and seldom return till after business hours; until their ships are chartered and all arrangements made for the next voyage. After which, perhaps, they are at liberty for a day or so—while she is being loaded—and perhaps not. The latter was the case this time, so we did not get our visit to Dunbarton Castle.

I think it was the morning following my first visit ashore, while standing on the quarter-deck, looking about, after the captain had gone, that four or five half-starved, cold, hungry-looking little children came wandering down towards the vessel. The eldest, a girl of perhaps nine or ten years, was carrying a four- or five-months-old baby in her small arms, and notwithstanding her continual boosting it up, they looked as if they would give way beneath their burden and let the baby fall. They looked wistfully on board as they came near, and without a thought of anything but to make that cold, hungry-looking baby more comfortable, I stepped out across the "gangway," took it in my arms, telling the children to follow me down in the cabin, where they could get warm. A little later when the steward came in the cabin he gazed for a moment in astonishment; all the ragamuffins were standing about the stove in a contented manner, eating bread and butter, and I had the baby in my lap, feeding it from a saucer of soaked crackers with milk and sugar, of which it ate with a relish. As soon as the steward could recover his breath he said, "Oh, gracious! Mrs. Burton, this will never do; you will have all the little beggars in the city down here if you go to feeding them."

"But see, steward," I said, "how hungry the poor little creatures are."

"Well, now," said he in his slow, easy manner, "you'll have a nice time of it if you go to feeding all that come here hungry. When these go ashore they will send a dozen more down. You had better send them ashore before the mate finds them out, for he will frighten the life out of them if he does nothing worse."

"Well," I replied, "as soon as I am done feeding this poor, famished baby, they must go away and not come any more, I suppose."

Next day I saw them hanging around at a little distance astern of the vessel, and watched my chance when the mate was out of sight, and threw them some hard bread. But the mate saw them after awhile, and picking up a cudgel, made after them with such yells and gestures as though he was going to beat them all, that they never came back any more.

From Glasgow we brought a cargo to Halifax, Nova Scotia; thence to Windsor, and loaded with plaster for New York.

The cold winter weather was now upon us and we found ourselves icebound in East River, New York, for a length of time. In January we sailed again for Matamoros which charter was to bring us back to New York. Taking all things into consideration, I perhaps would have acted more wisely if I had gone home instead of undertaking the voyage. But to me, any risk, while under my husband's protecting care, was preferable to the dull loneliness of a winter at home without him, saying nothing of the terror of going back on the coast again in a small vessel. Besides, there appeared to be very little risk of our not being home before July, even with the knowledge that there is no certain average of time in crossing the Gulf of Mexico. One might be treated to repeated squalls or prolonged calms. Our passage across was longer than had been anticipated; but we hoped for a good "run" home, though we could not hope for a quick dispatch at Matamoros, where all shipping has to lie at anchor outside and reload cargo by means of the few lighters that were in service, even if work could be kept up all the time. But there were times when the sea broke so heavily over the bar, that even those did not venture out.

And again, each vessel had to wait its turn, and ours was long in coming; so there was nothing to be done but wait and watch—watch the lucky few who by having got there before us, were being loaded or unloaded, together with every other movement we could discover on the anchoring ground; and sometimes watch ship's boats that ventured in over the breaking bar and capsized in the act, and more or less of the crew drown, which claimed a greater degree of interest from us by bringing to mind a similar circumstance, and the narrow escape of my own sailorman while there in the same bark the year before. It happened in this wise. When they were nearly ready for sea, on their homeward-bound voyage, there came a day when the surf rolled in over the bar heavily, and no lighter ventured out. The captain not wishing to lose a day, thought it a good chance while the mate—it will be remembered that Mr. Burton was mate that voyage—was not busy taking in cargo, to get the water casks filled. He told Mr. Burton to lower the long-boat and take a couple of water casks, and what men he wanted, and go ashore for water. To which the mate made answer that the bar was unsafe to cross. But the captain did not remand

his order, and to refuse to obey would be mutiny; so he prepared to go, taking with him the best swimmers, though a poor one himself. They were being watched from the deck of many a vessel, as they neared the breakers, to see the success or failure of their daring undertaking. While going in over the first roller, the oar by which the mate was steering, broke—as is often the case—and the boat breached to and capsized with the mate beneath her. At the time he wore a pair of long-topped rubber boots, and quickly becoming aware that they would soon take him to the bottom, his first thought was to get rid of them; and then and there under the boat and under water too, he nimbly performed a remarkable feat, which was to double up and pull his boots off. And in so doing, got out from under the boat. Not losing his presence of mind for one moment, nor forgetting that the men were in his care, he called to all hands to get hold of and climb upon the boat, which was floating near them, but bottom upwards; and while they were busy obeying orders they were not so sensible of their danger. Fortunately all had gotten on by the time another roller reached them; and thus astride of the keel, holding on for dear life, they went over it—or more properly speaking, it went over them. When that had passed, the mate said, “Now all hands drop into the water and let’s right the boat.” Telling two to hold to the gunwales on one side and two on the other, while he would hold to the stern and steer her over the next roller; after which he thought they would be in shallow water where they could walk her ashore. The men were true to their officer, and with his help had accomplished the order, and taken their places when the next breaker struck them. All held fast to the boat while it passed over. But they were still in deep water, and, fortunately, for them, were being drawn out by the receding waters, faster than borne inward, and ere long were outside the bar again. They had not long to remain there though, for strong, willing hands, impelled by kind hearts, were bending to their oars “to the rescue,” and all got safely on board the stranger boat; after which they bailed out their own boat—which, though floating, was full of water—and took her in tow while they picked up their oars that were floating about on the sea. Then they boarded their own boat again and went in quest of, and picked up their empty water casks, and re-

turned to the *Wild Horse* with no further loss than that of the mate's rubber boots.

And now again it was the season for "northers," that is, sudden gales of wind from the north, almost hurricanes, that blew right on shore and were very disastrous to shipping. The fear of those, together with the danger that had to be encountered at each going ashore, both from the bar, and also the "smallpox" which was then raging in the little town of Elsinore kept me in a state of unexpressed dread most of the time. The captain did not go ashore any more than was really necessary. But as captain, it was necessary to go a great deal, at least until he got his ship chartered. He never once sent his men ashore; and always went himself in the lighters, having our men row him to whatever vessel we saw a lighter at work. At such times I would watch him from our deck till the naked eye could no longer discern his features, then resort to the spyglass and watch the lighter till it was safely over the bar. After which the hours were long and wearisome until the sun would begin to get near the horizon. And then again I would strain my eyes, and nerves too, scanning, with the aid of the glass, every movement of boats on those inhabited waters; and also every far-off ship, to see if there was not an ensign in the main rigging, for that was the sign by which we knew that the captain had come to that ship—he came on the lighters to whatever ship they went, and our mate sent the boat for him. Sometimes it failed to appear at all, for it was at times needful for him to go up to Matamoros on a steamer that plied the inland river—and if the steamer was late in the day on starting he could not get back again the same night. At such times the waiting was one of restless anxiety; for I never knew till he came on board again, just what was detaining him, or how long he might be detained; or if a norther might burst upon us, and we have to weigh anchor or slip the cable and go to sea without him.

Apart from those unpleasant diversions on my part, the days and weeks passed on in a monotonous routine, by us and all others on the mooring ground. Both England and America were represented there by their man-of-war ships. The one carrying the British flag lay so near to us that by observing we learned the routine of duty about deck both morning and evening; also the features and uniform of the

quartermaster, and never failed to hear the clear notes of the bugle that called the flags from the masthead each evening just at the moment the sun sank from sight. The occasional cannonading of targets set in the water, which usually took place on Sunday, was considered a pleasant break in the tiresome monotony of those long weeks and months that dragged so slowly away. Upon one occasion a real excitement was gotten up by several men deserting the British man-of-war. The incidents in detail were so like those described by Brother E. Stafford, when he with others deserted his ship, that while reading his, they assimilated themselves in my mind as being one and the same. They, too, took the time when the quartermaster was at breakfast. From the time he went below we discerned that something was wrong about the deck, and watched with intense interest. The boat was hastily drawn up at the side of the ship towards us, and the men tumbled in, in a most disorderly manner, and had gotten out of the reach of pistol shot before they were discovered. They, too, pulled warily among the vessels to protect them from sight, and also from the shots of the pursuing officers, and thus kept their distance. Shot after shot was sent after them, while both boats were in the clear space before reaching the breakers, but none fell. We saw they were pulling for Texan waters. It was a wild chase, watched by all with bated breath. The sea was not heavy on the bar, still the officers did not attempt to follow them after they reached that point. We saw the boat rise and fall with the swell several times; then saw her drifting about without occupants. Whether they were upset, or left her and swam ashore, we did not know. It was reported that two were drowned and the rest reached the Texan side, and thus were safe from their pursuers. But since it was all we had to talk about for so long, we each made the very most of the affair.

In process of time our cargo had been discharged and a portion of a return cargo taken in, when it became necessary for the captain to go ashore again to see what detained our being farther loaded, and perhaps would have to make another trip to Matamoros.

It was a bright, beautiful morning when he gave little Frank and me the parting kiss, and disappeared over the ship's side into the boat—to be rowed to Captain Wood's

vessel, where there was a lighter nearly ready to go ashore—saying at the same time in his usual cheery way, “Keep a good lookout to-morrow for an ensign in the rigging, and send the boat for me.”

This was said to the mate as well as to cheer me, though I was already unusually cheerful that morning. It was one of those mornings that are too glorious to be of long duration; but while they do last, all creation seems to smile and partake of its glory and brightness. So we smiled and waved handkerchiefs till the boat had steered its way among the vessels, and was hidden from view for awhile. How glad I was that the morning was so bright. It will help me not to be lonesome, I thought, for who could be lonesome on such a glorious day; and to-morrow I shall be watching for his return, and so the time will slip away. Presently the boat came in sight again, and with the aid of the telescope,—presented to my husband by the British Government,—I saw him very plainly as he stepped from the boat on board the lighter. Then I watched the lighter till they had crossed the bar and landed safely on shore. And now that he was out of sight, it was as though a cloud had shut out the light of the sun. A reaction of feelings set in, a gloomy dreariness that I vainly tried to fight off. Before noon the sun was indeed obscured, and a long swell commenced to roll in from far out at sea. Mr. Coalfleet, our mate, knew those omens indicated a “norther.” I feared as much, before I learned the fact; and a storm meant that all communication with the shore would be cut off. Can anyone imagine how depressed and restless I was? Rendered more so, too, by the electricity that fills the air when a storm is gathering. Mr. Coalfleet was a distant relative of mine; and when not at sea, lived in the village of Hantsport; a man in whom we could repose all confidence. The second mate was my husband’s brother; so it was better for me than if those officers had been strangers. All was done that could be done to secure the safety of the ship and those on board before the storm was really upon us. Fortunately it was not so severe as many others had been, so we were not compelled to go to sea. But it was a dreary, anxious time with us on board; and oh, so anxious for the captain on shore.

The steamer had not left for Matamoros when he saw the approaching storm, and so he did not go, but took his station

at the "lookout," and by the aid of its far-sighted telescope could discern much that took place on deck until the darkness shut us from view. It was a night of painful anxiety for both parties. I had become accustomed to storms, and did not so much mind that—it was the fear of having to go to sea without the captain. With the early light of the morning he and Captain Wood were again at the lookout and rejoiced to see that both their ships had held their anchorage. Two smaller vessels had commenced dragging their anchors, and were nearing the bar, when they slipped their cables and put out to sea. I do not know now just how long the gale lasted, or that the wind continued to blow after the gale was spent, but for several days afterwards the sea rolled in and broke over the bar, too heavily to be met by outcoming boats. At length it commenced to subside, and we hoped by the next day the lighters would come out. But the next day proved to be a rough one, which put an end to our hopes of seeing the captain for a day or so more.

I had previously exacted a promise from him never to attempt to come out when there was the least apparent danger. Sometimes when there was no storm at all, the sea broke so heavily over the bar that it was quite dangerous. And now since he had been gone so long, I feared more lest he should attempt to come too soon, than that he would not come; for with the glass we had seen one and another come out towards the bar and then go back.

On a Sunday morning, before the water was smooth enough on the bar for the lighters to resume work, we saw just one leave the shore, and eagerly watched it till it reached Captain Wood's vessel. Captain Wood was a Nova Scotian and an acquaintance of ours. In a little while the ensign was hanging in the main rigging. How almost wild with delight I was after the many days of weary watching and suspense, often wondering if he *ever* would be with us again! and sometimes even trying to school myself to the situation, if he never should come back. The mate remained on board, faithful to the charge that was left to him, and sent the second mate and two men with the boat. I saw a slender, well-dressed man step in the boat (my husband was a slender man then), and the thought never occurred to me that it might be some one else. But when they drew near enough to see the face, it was that of Captain Wood. For

a moment I felt riveted to the spot; and my heart felt like lead. The mate was sitting by the rail near where I was standing, and may have heard me say, "It is not Joseph." I turned and walked slowly down in the cabin, utterly void of thought or feeling, except that there was something dreadful coming to me, and I wanted to get as far away from it as I could. I heard the boat when she struck the side of the ship with a low thud that sounded like a dismal knell; heard Captain Wood when he stepped on the deck; and heard him and the mate talking in a low tone (I was not deaf then), so much lower, I thought, than they were accustomed to. I could not catch a word; and oh, how long it seemed before they started to come to the cabin; and yet how I wished they would not come.

When the agony of suspense to which I had wrought up my feelings were becoming unbearable, they descended the companionway. The door was opened and hooked back against the mizzen mast that went up through the cabin, and I was sitting on the lounge just back of the door. As they got just inside the door—but still hid from my view—they halted, and I heard Captain Wood say, "Is she asleep, do you think?"

"No, I guess not," said Mr. Coalfleet, as he peered around the mast.

These words confirmed for the time, all my fears, and I took in the fancied situation, viz, they had lingered on deck because they could not bear to break the dreadful news to me, that he was either drowned or sick with the smallpox. Still I sat there and kept on breathing. They walked rather demurely into the cabin. I did not rise to greet Captain Wood, nor did I speak at all. But as he passed along to the far end of the cabin, I watched with bated breath every movement and expression, inwardly pleading for him not to tell me. Probably my staring at him in silence tended to disconcert him, for he sat a moment with downcast glance, toying with the side of the table. But how long those few seconds seemed to me! Then in a quiet way he said:

"I suppose you are not aware that Captain Burton—"

At these words I bent breathlessly forward, and it seemed as if everything was about to whirl into a chaos of blackness; but still I caught the words—"went up to Matamoras yester-

day to clear, will be down this afternoon and come off in the steam lighter in the morning."

What a reaction after that terrible mental strain! And now it was their turn to be alarmed. I suppose it was more like a groan than a sigh of relief that this piece of news brought. My strength left me and I drooped forward. Neither Mr. Coalfleet nor Captain Wood knew what to make of my strange manner. It had not occurred to them that they had given me such a start. In a few moments though I recovered myself again, and in answer to their look of inquiry said, "You frightened me so! I was sure the captain was either drowned or sick with the smallpox."

"Why were you frightened?" they asked.

"Oh, your coming without him, and your manner was so strange when you came in the cabin," I said by fragments, through the trembling, falling tears, and feeling very undecided whether to cry or laugh, or both.

"What leather-heads we were," said Mr. Coalfleet impatiently, who because of my delicate state of health had been both vigilant and careful during the captain's absence, especially that nothing should occur on board to cause me unnecessary alarm. "Come to think of it we did come down here like a funeral. We thought perhaps you were in your room or asleep, and did not wish to disturb you."

"I am sorry we frightened you so," said Captain Wood, pleasantly, "I shall be more careful next time how I bring good news. I thought that look you gave me, when I came in was because I was intruding. Captain Burton wished me to come and let you know that he was well. It was only yesterday that he learned there was no more cargo for him, and he thought best to go up to Matamoros and 'clear,' then he would not have to go on shore again."

The prospect of getting away from that dreadful place was cheering. All were anxious for a quick passage, that they might step foot on land again; and I, more than they all. But such was not in store for us. How wisely the great Creator has shielded his creatures from looking into the future of this life at least!

When about half way across the gulf the light breeze that had accompanied us so far dropped away altogether. There is nothing so much dreaded by seamen as a dead calm. But it was borne with cheerfully for awhile. When the

days merged into weeks though, the cheerfulness gave place to a restlessness that was tedious to bear. Yet we hoped that each day would bring something better. But each day's reckoning showed that we were still in very nearly the same place as the day before.

The time would have hung far more heavily upon us, were it not for our little three-year-old Frank, who lived in blissful ignorance of the increasing scarcity of food and water. The weather was fine, so he could be on deck all the time, and he enjoyed himself each day to the full extent of his childlike playfulness, and was the chief source of amusement to all on board. Sometimes though he got into serious mischief; such as striking "eight bells," to bring the sleeping portion of the crew on deck before their "watch" below was half over; or go to the second mate's berth and shake him till he awoke, saying, "Uncle Eben! better you turn ober."

After such pranks, he would not be in favor with the men for awhile, and would have to stay on the quarterdeck as a punishment.

The water that we had to drink was brackish when brought on board (and which cost two cents per gallon), kept getting worse all the time. It got thick and ropy like some soft-soap I have seen—break off a dipperful and the rest would fall back in the cask in a jelly-like mass. The cook boiled it and set it to cool. But ah me, nothing nor nobody could get cool—night or day in that tropical heat—and such bad tasting, bad smelling, lukewarm water was very unsatisfying. I used to sit for hours, yea, days, under the awning that shielded off the burning sun, and long for a good drink of cold water, thinking of the clear, running brooks at home, or of a cool spring at the mountain's base, shaded by thickly woven boughs of stately trees, where often we had slaked our thirst, and wondered if such a luxury would be granted us again; and if so, would I ever lose sight of our present condition so as to forget to thank the great eternal Father for the boon? How we wished for a rainstorm! One came at length. It was only a squall, though, and was over so soon that we only caught one pitcher of water, and two men and the old colored cook were tramping about on the house in their bare feet reefing the mainsail, while that was

being caught; after letting it settle we drank it as a sweet beverage.

Our small stores, too, were getting scarce, so our daily fare was not tempting; but that I did not mind so much as the lack of water, which had ultimately become so offensive that when compelled to drink, I held my nostrils together to keep from smelling or tasting it. One day we heard a joyful shout from the mate while down in the hold. He had been in search of, and found a cask of good water. He said when he opened the cask, a little cloud of insects flew out, and the water was clear and quite good. In time each cask of water purified itself in the same way.

As the weeks that were numbered into months of that terrible calm wore on, my expectations, then *hopes*, of getting home to prepare to receive the expected little stranger, faded gradually away; and had there not been a more serious matter staring us in the face, would doubtless have caused me deep distress. But as the days passed away the provisions did also. All that remained was a barrel of dry salt beef; a little flour that had soured with heat and dampness; some hard bread that had heated and steamed so it had to be taken out of the locker and dried every day to keep it from mildewing altogether.

During the early part of the voyage I had by way of diversion studied navigation until I could work up a day's "reckoning" and get our position on the chart. But latterly when the outlook was so gloomy, the restlessness gave place to a sort of mute despair.

We had drifted rather than sailed into the latitude of Key West, off Florida, the extreme southern point of the Southern States, and were getting light breezes occasionally. It was evident we had not provisions enough to last us into New York, so as we neared the track of the West India traders, all eyes were scanning the "waste of waters," in the hope of sighting a sail. The hope was at length gratified. How reviving was the cry—that day especially—of "Sail ho!" A sort of reassurance that there was somebody else alive in the world besides ourselves. 'Twas a tall-masted brigantine, clipper build; was on her way from the West Indies to some of the Southern States; had all the canvas spread out to the light breeze that could be crowded on, and was skimming along gracefully. Would cross our

bow at no very great distance from us. As she drew near, the *Wild Horse* (*balking horse* would have been more significant) was hove to and the ensign put half mast. They answered the signal and was bearing down towards us; but in a few minutes she changed her course and stood off before the wind; leaving us directly behind her. Oh, what a feeling of despair swept over me at this sudden downfall of our hopes! The captain and mate were standing together on the "quarter"; both countenances fell. "It can not be possible," said the captain, "that a mariner will disregard a signal of distress! especially when he is so near, and in smooth water."

The mate replied—rather bitterly—"I hope when he is in distress he will remember this day's act."

It seemed that we were going to be left to our fate, and in my heart I cried unto the Lord to move their hearts with compassion and cause them to return. How merciful is the Lord our God! I had not kept up the evening devotions spoken of in a previous chapter, and had been unfaithful in many ways, but in my hour of need he heard and answered. Again we saw the sails being "shaken up" to the wind, and the bows of the majestic little ship turned toward us. We could have shouted for joy. Before getting too near she "rounded to" with yards laid "aback." Our boat was launched, manned, and sent to her for provisions. While at a distance the captain hailed to know what was wanted, and was quite relieved to learn that it was provisions. Told the mate that as he started to run down to us, he began to fear we were privateers (for it was during the American war), and had used the signal of distress to decoy him towards us. And since about all he was worth was in that vessel, he thought he would keep his distance and so stood off again. But did not feel right in doing so, lest possibly he might be leaving some one really in distress, since it was no unusual thing to be becalmed two or three months in those regions. And even if we purposed evil, he felt quite sure he could run away from us. He was not well enough provisioned to furnish an ample supply, and still secure himself against a long trip should he, too, be overtaken by a calm, but gave some of all the mate had orders to get. And when Mr. Coalfleet told him that the captain had his wife and three-year-old son on board, he added a can of

condensed milk, and as a present sent some raspberry and lemoned cordial—two bottles of each. We felt lonesome when the clipper filled away and glided gradually out of our sight—apparently of her own accord—while we were creeping along at such a snail's pace. But being fortified with new supplies, together with a good cup of coffee with milk and sugar in it, we bore our loneliness better.

Not long after this incident our calm, fine weather terminated with a vengeance truly. About sundown on the evening of the twenty-seventh of June, the air became oppressively still, and the waters beneath and about us assumed an almost inky blackness; the ripples on the surface seemed eager to cuddle around the ship, would lap her sides, and fall back with an empty-sounding splash, as if they themselves felt uncomfortable, and were seeking to escape from the monster seas that would soon be chasing and pressing hard upon each other. All on board were aware that a storm would soon burst upon us, and made the necessary preparations; but none too soon. A vivid flash of lightning, a tremendous crash of thunder, and the squall was upon us; which squall swelled into a gale of wind, while the rain-clouds emptied themselves upon us. The saying, "It never rains but it pours," was true in this case. After our long famine for water it now came in abundance. The sea at times came pouring in over the rail, and the rain poured down from the clouds; and that was not all—it poured down through the house in every direction. The boiling, blistering sun that had beaten down upon us for the past six months had blistered the paint, stewed the pitch out of the seams, and warped the wood; consequently there were leaks everywhere. The sails that had hung and flapped from side to side, or against the mast, as the ship rocked to the bend of the undertow, were now strained to their utmost, as our *Wild Horse* was driven before the gale, rearing and plunging uncomfortably. All the light sails were taken in; others were reefed down, then furled, till only the storm trysail remained, and she ultimately was hove to under "bare poles." At about nine o'clock in the evening she took on board a heavy sea about midships. The main deck got the most of it, but enough came over the quarter-deck and down the companionway to burst the cabin door open, splitting the panel, and so came with a rush into the cabin. I

did not know whether we were on the water or going under. I had gone to bed, and my room door was closed, so I did not realize very much of it, and paid little attention to it, my thoughts being otherwise occupied. I was glad that our little Frank had gone to sleep without a thought of fear. The second mate and cook set to work bailing out the cabin, at first by bucketsful on the lee side, and then with a bailing pan. Shortly after this the captain came below. How glad I was that at length he could be spared. I never called upon him in a storm, for he always made it a point to come to me as soon as he could leave the deck, if it was only for a minute, to cheer and reassure me, and answer all the questions I had to ask of the probabilities and possibilities of our situation. The sight of his face at such times was as cheering as sunshine; and this time, how I wanted to cling to him to be soothed and comforted, but his oilclothes and "sou'wester" were all dripping wet. When he saw how uncomfortably wet the bed was, and that I really needed his presence, he said, "I'll be back in a moment," and going to where he could speak to the mate who stood near the companionway door, said: "Mr. Coalfleet, have the cabin stove sent down here to dry some of this water up!" The order was simple enough, but it sent a shiver of unworded fear over the kind-hearted mate; and as he afterwards said, his teeth fairly chattered when he repeated the order to the men at his service, for he knew what it all meant.

When the stove was put up, the fire made, and all had left the cabin but the mate, he turned a very inquiring look on the captain. To which he replied by giving some instruction concerning the ship, saying he might not be on deck during the night.

"All right, sir," said the mate; "give yourself no uneasiness about the ship. I will take care of her."

He thought since no medical aid could be procured I must surely die, and expected the captain to display a nervous anxiety; but saw no signs of such, nor was there any manifested during the night; perhaps, because it was in the nature of his calling to be master of the situation, no matter what the emergency might be. He was calm, self-collected, and even cheerful. He ingeniously formed a canopy over the bed with the oilcloth from the table, so arranging it that the leakage it collected would empty itself on the floor beyond

the bed with the rolling of the ship. And after repeated changing and drying the sheets and quilts, the bed was made passably comfortable. 'Twas a fearful night though. The ship had not cargo enough to keep her steady, so she rolled and tossed. The spray flew over and the rain poured down. There was an inch or two of water on the floor in our room that continually swashed, swashed from side to side, with the rolling of the ship. At half past seven in the morning, while "seven bells" were being struck, the man at the wheel was startled by hearing a tiny wail ascending from the cabin, which mingled as a chime with the tones of the great iron bell, and another little daughter was sent to us to take the place of the one that had flown.

We were then off Cape Hatteras. The captain, though only twenty-five years old, was fully equal to the task of rigging a vessel of any class; but when this little specimen of humanity presented herself to be "rigged," he almost had to own he was beaten. When the patient was able to leave her bed, he used to fix up such a temptingly comfortable resting place on the lounge, then carry her out in his arms and place her upon it, and with the little one by her side, survey them both with an air of pride and pleasure. With loving care his own hands prepared the repast as daintily as could be, with the few articles of food reserved from that procured from our oceanic benefactor, which loving care and tender nursing was duly appreciated, and both were content and happy. And thrice happy when we reached our destination; for our provisions were about gone.

It was July 4, 1864, that we were towed into New York, amid the report of guns and firecrackers, and floating stars and stripes everywhere. Our baby was ten days old, and I was able to be dressed and sit up on the lounge.

Since Frank nor I had been ashore since we left New York in January, he had evidently grown to think that all the rest of the world were men except his own mamma; for when a lady friend came on board to see me, his eyes opened in the greatest astonishment, as he said, "Why! is there *another mamma!*"

Two weeks after our arrival in New York we reached Hantsport, to the great joy of friends and owners of the vessel, who had about given up hope of ever seeing us again, until they heard of our arrival in New York.

Seven months had elapsed since I had stood on land, and now its rigid stillness tired me, and made poor little Frank seasick.

In a short time my husband sailed again for Glasgow, Scotland, but not until he had seen us comfortably situated in rooms of a house owned by one Captain Shaw whose lonely wife and two little girls were glad enough to have us in the house for company. Being wearied with the hardships of the last voyage, I thought I should now be happy with my sweet babe, and interesting little boy, and was at least, peacefully content during the summer months. Our little darling Josephine—named by her father before we left the vessel—was a never-failing source of delight, and pleasant, too, it was to watch the three children, Frank and Mrs. Shaw's two little girls, as they played contentedly on the soft green grass of the yard, or walked hand in hand around the flower garden. Frank showed a decided preference for the younger of the two, who was one year older than himself, and was very gallant in his deportment towards her. "Edna," said the four-year-old lover one day, "do you like me better than anybody else in the world?"

"Yes," answered the little maiden, half shyly.

"Well, don't speak a word of it," said the young hopeful, "for fear somebody might hear." And drawing her closely to him, pressed a kiss on her lips, and away they ran hand in hand, as happy as lovers ever were, not knowing that mamma had witnessed the betrothal.

But the summer months passed away, and the dreary, cruel pangs of loneliness that for the past year had almost been lost sight of, now returned at times with double force; especially when the chilling blasts of rain and wind beat against the windows and bespoke the coming winter. Mrs. Shaw used often to make long visits from home; then the house would be very quiet, and the evenings very long.

In the early autumn my boy was stricken with a severe and prolonged illness of inflammation of the brain. It was while this sickness was coming on that I had the strange experience of the spirit leaving the body. I had felt very lonely all day—a dark, lowering, dismal day, in which the wind by spells shook the house and made a moaning sound through the trees.

And when night came on I felt unusually depressed. Mrs.

Shaw had taken her two little girls and gone away for a few days. So there was a deathlike stillness in the house after I had put my little boy in his crib and sat rocking my babe, while my thoughts were far over the sea. The evening hours hung heavily upon me; no one with whom to exchange a word. How I longed for my husband's society. His ship was then in Glasgow, and it would be long ere he would be at home again. Becoming more dismally lonesome every hour, I took my babe and went to bed to seek forgetfulness in sleep. But sleep seemed to have deserted me, for I lay hour after hour thinking, thinking. The clock that kept up its unwearied tick, tick, had struck eleven some time ago; it must soon strike twelve now. Would I ever go to sleep? Did I sleep? I don't know; but what followed was as real to me as any reality ever was.

I was within a few steps of the end of the dock in Glasgow, at which my husband's vessel lay, and going towards her. The night was thick and dark; but the lights that gleamed forth from the tall lamp-posts were sufficient to discern every object about the dock. Everything was quiet. The policeman was on his beat, back and forth along the dock, where he could overlook the decks of the ships; and as I crossed it I passed immediately in front of him, and wondered, as I did so, that he did not take notice of me. I stepped from the dock down on the vessel's rail, and down on deck, as easily as if they had been steps of a foot high, instead of four or five feet, and passed across the deck to the cabin. While thus passing, more quickly than an ordinary walk, and as motionless as a shadow, I saw everything about the deck as plainly as I ever did. Everything was snug and in order, and the ship's watchman who was one of the crew was on the forecastle deck. I passed down the companionway and through the cabin. How homelike it all looked in that room that had been my home for over a year. There were my friends—the lounge, the table, the sharp click, clack, of the patent lever chronometer, and the peculiar smell of the ship's cabin, were all familiar to me, and I smiled as I passed along, noting how everything was just as when I left.

The door of the captain's room was open and hooked back against the wall, a small lamp was burning in his room; he was asleep with his face towards me as I stood in front of the bed. What a feast for my eyes to look upon that face

even if it was unconscious of my presence! I stood looking at him for a few seconds, and was about to stoop and kiss him, when I heard a rapping, and knew that it was on my bedroom window in Hantsport, which was on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean; and knew too, that I had to go back in answer to it; and I thought to myself, "That's too bad, just as I have got here!" But I had no choice in the matter, go I must. Still I lingered a few seconds looking at him, till the rap was repeated. I turned and passed swiftly through the cabin, across the deck, stepped up on the rail, and on the dock, and through the door into my bedroom.

Just as I merged through the door, or doorway, I knew not which, I stood for a moment with my back to the door. Immediately in front of me was the window, and I saw the dark, bushy face of a man almost pressed against the window glass. I saw little Frank asleep in his crib, and the three-month baby—how pure and innocent she looked—sleeping on the arm of that clumsy, logy-looking mass that I knew was *me*, or the part of me that must be made to answer the call; and I dreaded taking up the cumbersome weight again.

All this took but a moment, when the rap, rap, rap came again on the window, accompanied with the words, "Is there anybody living here?" I saw the man's hand when he gave the first rap, and was conscious of making a hasty movement towards the bed, and as soon as the words were out of his mouth, I sat up in bed bodily and answered very impatiently, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

At any other time I might have been frightened, for both the voice and the heavily bearded face were strange to me; but as it was, I was simply annoyed. There was no need, however to have been afraid; for the man only wanted to get into the other part of the house to land some flour that he had brought from Windsor. While rolling the barrel of flour in, he asked what time of night it was. I looked; it was ten minutes after or of twelve. "Is it possible it is so late?" he said; while I was thinking, Can it be possible it is no later? I was in hopes it was near daylight.

All through the month of October Frank was very sick. His life was almost despaired of. But owing to his robust constitution, he outlived the disease and recovered speedily, after it had spent itself. In the meantime I had had letters

from my husband saying he was to return to Yarmouth; would be there in the first part of December if he had a favorable "run across," and wished me to be there to meet him on his arrival. It would be a nice opportunity to make the long-talked-of visit with his sisters. Would spend Christmas and New Year's there while the cargo was being discharged, then I could return with him in the bark. I was to leave home in the latter part of November.

I call to mind how very reluctant I was to go, for I should have to leave little Frank with his aunt. Yet how fortunate for me that I was not at home during that fearful winter and the weary waiting. Yarmouth was the birthplace of my husband, and also that of my mother. We had numerous relatives there on both sides, and I had long desired to visit the place; but I shrank from undertaking a journey of one hundred and twenty miles in an open buggy at that late season of the year with a six-months-old babe. Father Burton had volunteered to take me as far as Bear River, and it was through his efforts and perseverance that I was persuaded to go. Owing to unfavorable roads, we were four days making the hundred and twenty miles. And baby was so good, no one would have known that there was one in the buggy. The Reverend William Burton had traveled that road many times before, and had preached in various parts of the country, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him, especially those of his own denomination; so we did not lack for hospitable entertainment by the way, either at noons or at nights.

I felt somewhat lonesome and timid too, when he handed baby and me in the little ferryboat, with only a boy to row us across the river that was eddying around the piles on which a suspension bridge was being built. I was to take the rest of my journey by stagecoach and he to drive back. At ten in the morning I found myself seated in the stagecoach for a sixty-mile drive. We traveled steadily till two o'clock at night, only stopping to eat dinner and supper and change horses. Sometimes I had the inside of the great lumbering coach all to myself, and sometimes one or two men took passage, but never a woman. The morning that was soft and mild for the season, turned cold and disagreeable; freezing hard in the afternoon, and the coach jarred and rumbled over the frozen ground, while the cold wind swept over, and

whistled around us. At night a fine, frosty snowstorm set in. When the last passenger—except myself—got out at twelve o'clock at night, he let a quantity of cold air get in; and from that on the empty coach became very cold and uncomfortable. But I kept my babe warm, and was glad that she slept quietly through it all. It was two in the morning when we reached the stage office, from which I was taken in an open sleigh to my husband's sister, who had to be waked up to let us in the house. I was thoroughly benumbed with cold, and too tired almost to speak. But Sister Hannah and her kind husband soon had a glowing fire and something hot to drink, as well as something to eat, and then snuggled away in a warm bed, where I slept like one utterly exhausted until nine o'clock in the morning. Hannah had come and taken the baby up, kept her awhile, and brought her back again without my ever knowing it.

CHAPTER 4

THE stormy winter had now set in in good earnest. The creeks, rivers, and harbors became icebound; and roads blockaded with snow. But worst of all, the continuous gales of wind were adverse for my husband's vessel, whose arrival was expected shortly after my own; and by the fierceness of the gales, and storms on the land, all knew they must be terrible on the ocean. The days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months, and yet no tidings from the absent ones. And again I passed through a season of anxious unrest, searching the shipping news of every available newspaper to see if perchance the *Wild Horse* had been spoken; but all was silent; so I was left to quiet endurance. Nor was I the only captain's wife in that town who was in distress of mind, on account of the prolonged absence of loved ones who were crossing the stormy Atlantic in the dead of winter.

Although deeply distressed at times, I did not give up hope, but continued daily to pray for his safety and return. It was not so much my own prayers though that I had faith in, as those of my husband's brother-in-law, Reverend James Stubbart.

One morning when others had well-nigh given up hopes, while Mr. Stubbart was earnestly entreating the Father in their behalf at family prayers, a faith stole over me that all would be well. Nor did I entirely lose sight of it even when I learned by a letter from home that the owners of the bark had given up all hopes of ever hearing from her again, seeing she was old and leaky, and more than one stanch ship had gone down during that terrible winter. At length, after three months of weary waiting, a telegram came saying the *Wild Horse* had put into a small harbor some miles distant from Yarmouth for provisions and repairs, and the captain would be in Yarmouth in a few days. Oh, the power of a few words either for joy or sorrow!

It was during that voyage of lonely, dreary days and nights, while they were being almost hopelessly driven hither and thither on the tempestuous sea, that my husband had in his deep distress of mind gone to the Lord in prayer, perhaps for the first time since he lisped them at his mother's knee and found a comfort and consolation altogether new

to him; and it was a new joy to me, that on his return we both could join in prayer of thanksgiving for our Father's care over him, and that we were given to each other again. It used to be such a cross for me to take up alone, that I often left it untaken.

On my husband's arrival in Hantsport, he was duly congratulated by the owners for bringing their *Wild Horse* home again. But he left her and remained in the neighborhood of home during the following summer to superintend the building and rigging of the brigantine *H. J. Burton*—named for our little daughter Hannah Josephine—that was being built for him on the Kenuttcook River, and in which we owned a share.

On our return from Matamoros, we had purchased a building lot on which we intended at some future day to erect a handsome residence; the ell of which was built that summer, with deep gothic roof, full pediment, finished with heavy ornamental pieces. Two large rooms and four small ones, three upstairs and three down. It was a pretty little home, large enough for an ordinary cottage, and I loved it dearly, being the first home we had had of our own. But I locked it up when the new vessel was ready for sea, and with our two little children, I started on another sea voyage. I shall never forget the first twenty-four hours out in the *H. J. Burton*. It was in the latter part of October. The afternoon had a dull, threatening look, and with the night came one of those winter northeast gales, accompanied with a snowstorm, making a sea that can only be known and appreciated (?) in the Bay of Fundy, where the tide runs for a premium (?). What a terrible night that was! The new brig was deeply loaded with plaster. The wire rigging all new, could not be properly adjusted until set up several times, consequently it became slack with the heavy rolling and plunging of the vessel, and so she carried away her fore and maintopmasts, together with the foretop, topgallant, and royal yards. She had been rolling at such a fearful rate that I often thought she was on her beam ends, and would never "right-up" again. And when the spars fell with a terrible crash and shock that struck terror to the heart, I felt sure that we had been driven on the rocks or shoals that the Bay of Fundy abounds with. The spars fell overboard, but were held by the wire rigging, and

the bumping and grating against the sides of the ship, together with the extra commotion on deck, the captain's commanding voice ringing out distinctly above all other noises, confirmed for a time my uncomfortable apprehensions.

All was done that could be done in the darkness and blinding snowstorm, to cut away the wreckage, still much that was attached to the foremast remained. The danger of approaching it in the darkness when ropes, blocks, and other destructive missiles were swinging and beating about, was too great to risk. After the spars were carried away, she did not roll so heavily; but the sea broke right over her and swept the main deck of every movable thing, and much that was considered immovable, such as the water casks and boat; both of which were thought to be securely lashed to heavy ringbolts. What a power the sea is when made angry by the winds!

All night long the pumps had to be kept going, and it was feared that even that would not be sufficient to keep her afloat, for the tarpaulins had washed off the main hatch.

Most of the night I was left alone to my own conjectures of what was going on on deck, and would have suffered more from the terror of the situation if I had not had the task of comforting and allaying the fears of little Frank, who was in his own little room adjoining ours, and the door fastened open so I could talk with him, but dared not leave the baby long enough to try to get him in where I was. But after awhile his papa came down and put him in our berth, so as soon as he was close to mamma he lost his fears and went to sleep. I managed to get both him and little Josie sufficiently propped with the bedclothes to keep them from rolling clear over, or being thrown from the berth, as I was, in the early part of the night with the baby in my arms; after which I sat most of the time on the floor, where I could brace myself or hold to the side of the berth—it being near the floor—and mind the children.

Occasionally the captain came in the cabin, after the spars had been carried away, to see how we were getting along. During one of those brief visits his brother, who was second mate, came in also and said:

"It is no use, Joe," speaking as brother would to brother, "the men are worn out at the pumps; we may as well let

her go down first as last; the water is above the plaster in the hold now, and we can not expect to keep her afloat."

But the captain soon vetoed such a proposition as that; said the water that was above the plaster was what washed in through the main hatch. And with orders to change hands often, and keep the pumps agoing, he went on deck again. He spoke kindly and cheerfully to the men, urged them to be men and do their duty; that it was only cowards that forsook their post in time of need or danger; to hold on till daylight, and then there would be some change.

"Aye, aye, sir. We'll do our duty!" was the hearty response.

What a blessed thing it is that the longest and darkest nights only last a certain number of hours, and then the day comes. And so it dawned on us. But oh, what a distressed sight it revealed! Discouraging indeed to a young sea captain. But no oath or word of faultfinding or complaint was heard. The weather was moderating, and the sea going down fast. As much of the spars and rigging as remained and could be made serviceable, was hauled in, and the rest cast adrift. The daylight showed that the jib boom had gone also. Some jury masts were rigged up, and all the sail put on that she could command, and the captain essayed to put in to Portland, Maine; but could not "fetch," in our disabled state, so drifted on to Boston, where we obtained sufficient repairs to reach New York.

Between Boston and New York we were again blown off shore nearly to the Gulf Stream; but no damage done. At New York all necessary repairs were made, and we sailed from there to Lisbon, Portugal. The *H. J. Burton* proved to be a fine sea boat, and fleet on the water—her first disaster was owing to being overloaded before her rigging and sails had got properly set.

One incident on that voyage stands out in bold relief on memory's walls. It was the Christmas Day of 1865. We were running past a group of islands, on one of which is the very high point called the peak of Pico, that towers among the clouds. The highest point is seldom visible. But on this day its dark head rose to view above the fleecy clouds that rested against it some distance below the summit. The voyage up to that time had been rough, so that all appreciated the clear, bright day. And all on board tried

to partake of, and shed forth the spirit of Christmas, even that of "peace and good will."

The town of Lisbon is very ancient in style, and very hilly, and not pretty. But it was to me very interesting. I saw many things in reality that heretofore I had only seen in pictures. Among them were the old-fashioned little wind-mills for grinding flour. These were stationed on almost every hill; and also the much abused, but very useful little animal that has long floppy ears—the donkey. Every day long trains of them would come in from the country so heavily laden with produce that they sometimes staggered beneath their burdens. I saw one fall to the ground, and it could not rise again till some of its burden was removed. Often the saddle-chair would be placed upon the already heavily-laden creature, and the driver would ride in the chair. I had in my possession at the time a picture of the place at the time of the notable earthquake in 1775, and saw that it was a fair representation of the harbor, and their fishing and other small sailboats were still built and rigged in the same ancient style.

On our return home, or to Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, we parted company again. I with my two children went home, and my husband went forth again on the trackless ocean. I thought to content myself to remain at home, now that Frank was old enough to go to school. And in many respects I was very happy, but at times the old loneliness would come over me, then the days and weeks would drag wearily along, and life seemed not worth the living. But however slowly the wheels of time seem to move, they move steadily. The summer passed away and the autumn came, with its deep blue sky, and crisp morning air; when the ripened leaves on the forest trees put on their beautiful colors; when all nature enjoys a little season of repose and recuperation after the toil and heat of the summer. Such was the morning when the *H. J. Burton* came skimming over the waters of the Bay of Fundy. And again our home was made joyous and happy by the presence of husband and father. So happy, that for a few days its inmates could scarcely believe there could now be any sorrow in the world. In those few fleet-winged days, we forgot there was any more separation; purposely forgot it. Neither thought we of the past, nor anticipated the future; but lived in the present

only. But the reaction came, and my very happiness mocked at me. The demon of loneliness whispers of the days, weeks and months of dreary wretchedness that hovered over my path when these bright hours were at an end, and I was alone again. And doubly dreary now, for the winter would be soon upon us. The thought made me shudder and sob convulsively, even in the midst of happiness. "Why remain here alone?" said the husband. "Come with me."

"How gladly I would go," was the response. "But I could scarcely take three children! Baby Dora only three months old seems young to take away to sea. But most of all, Frank must not be kept out of school."

The next proposition was, "Let us take a drive down to your mother's, and if she is willing to take the care of little boy during our absence, we will make her a compensation, and he can go to school there, for it may be a year or more before I am home again."

Now the flush has returned to the cheek again in the eager, hasty preparations for a short visit at the dear, old home. Oh, the charm of going home!

And the great treat of a long, pleasant drive of twenty-five miles; through country, towns and villages; over dykes, and across the famous "Grand Pre."

On the following morning we started early for the parental roof. The day was beautiful, and we enjoyed the drive with a childlike gleefulness, notwithstanding the conflicting thoughts, for I scarcely knew whether I wanted to go and leave Frank, even if mother was willing to take him. But such was the result of our visit. Frank was willing to stay, for he loved his grandma, and he had not altogether forgotten that other trip down the bay. So when the vessel was ready for sea, his grandma came and got him. My joy in going forth that time was not unmixed with sorrow, at least until I learned through letters that he was content and happy.

At Philadelphia we took in a cargo of petroleum for the Mediterranean, and were to call at Gibraltar for orders. How well I remember the keen enjoyment of that bright, pleasant day, when we sailed out of the roughness of the Atlantic, into the deep blue, placid waters of the Mediterranean, and came to anchor off the town of Gibraltar. I should like to have pressed the soil upon that rock of fame,

but business required haste on the captain's part, and the little ones required care on my part, so I feasted my eyes on what I could view from the ship's deck, of the towering brown rock, with its town at the base, and terraced up against its side, nestling in green trees and foliage, and the formidable fort above it all; and yet those seemed to occupy but a few steps in comparison to its great height. This is England's stronghold upon the Mediterranean waters. It is said that the town is continually provided against a siege of many years' duration; and also that each year the supplies are taken away and replaced with fresh ones.

This call at port, brief as it was, was an exciting relaxation from the monotony of sea life, and in a few hours we were again skimming the waters of the Mediterranean with heightened spirits, all sharing in the captain's somewhat elated feelings on learning that Captain Coffell of the brigantine *Ptosa* had not yet arrived. He towed out of Chesapeake Bay at the same time we did, and was going to beat us on the passage across by several days. We were pleased, too, that our orders were for Naples.

As we neared our destination, a few days later, all on board were—by unfailing indications—made aware that a severe storm was at hand; and rejoiced to see the bluff headlands at the mouth of the harbor; thinking when once within the "placid Bay of Naples" on safe anchoring ground, we should not experience any inconvenience from the storm, since the entrance to the bay was comparatively narrow. And rendered more so by a heavy "breakwater" which extended two thirds the way across the inlet to protect the harbor from the effects of the sea, when upon rare occasions the wind blew in the direction to drive the sea towards it. But we had not been there many hours before we became aware that the effects of the storm-troubled waters without were being very unpleasantly felt within. The sea was steadily increasing, and the shipping at anchor in the bay began to roll and pitch about at a frightful rate. And as night set in we all wished that we were far out at sea, where there would be no danger of coming in contact with the land. Or what was better (we then thought) to have been fortunate enough to have arrived before the storm set in, so that we could have been moored within the inclosed docks at one side of the harbor.

The main street of Naples extends along the sea wall, and faces the entrance of the harbor. A reef of rocks had been formed by skillful engineering to extend some little way out from the sea wall, to protect it from the wash of the sea and the street from being dashed with spray in time of storm. But no storm like the one we witnessed was anticipated; nor was it probable that such a thought was ever entertained of a vessel being dashed to pieces upon those rocks.

At midnight the sea had increased to such an extent, and the gale became so violent, the captain fearing one anchor would not hold, let go a second one. But its cable soon parted, and we were left still with one. I had retired in the evening, but now got up and dressed in thick, warm clothes, not knowing what emergency might be forced upon us. I also took the children up, dressed them and put them to bed again. And more than once called upon Him who is almighty, to watch over and protect us. I was reading words of consolation from the Bible when the captain came down and said a large bark had gone ashore, and seemed to be breaking upon the rocks, and by the lights from the shore he could see that the sea was making a clean breach over her. After awhile he said there looked to be more than one. The shore was lined with lights and people; but he was quite sure no aid could reach them. This cast a deep gloom over us, for apart from our sympathy with the perishing ones, we knew not who would go next. The captain then had the "kedge" (a small anchor) made ready, attached to a heavy hawser, many fathoms in length, and everything in readiness in case our vessel should drag her anchor, or part her cable—to hoist the necessary sail and run close in shore at one side of the harbor, and trust to the kedge.

The sea as it rolled in so short and high, was not only lifting our good little brig to the full extent of her chain and jerking heavily, but occasionally was breaking over her. And now a new thought came, "Would she bury under?" Oh, that terrible night! would it ever pass away? While the dull hours so laden with suspense were slowly passing on, I felt to look death square in the face, and consider my past life, and measure the future by it. And although life was precious, I did not feel afraid to die, after the first wave of terror and agitation had passed over me. I realized that I had made many mistakes in life, had trifled

away many precious hours and opportunities; but I believed I had an advocate with the Father. And being wearied with anxiety and watching, I laid down by the children and went to sleep. Daylight came at last, revealing some of the havoc made by the storm during the night; the wind was still blowing hard. Two vessels had been driven ashore, and the breakwater at the entrance of the harbor was mostly washed down. During the forenoon the brigantine *Ptosa* came in and anchored perhaps a little farther from us than the usual distance, but immediately between us and the entrance of the harbor, so the sea was not so heavy upon us; the force being somewhat broken by coming in contact with her before it reached us. All day the leaden clouds hung low and ragged, though both wind and sea went down considerably in the afternoon, and Captain Coffle, being a friend and relative, came on board. All thought that the storm had spent itself, and the sea which then was much less, would soon run down. He had not been in the cabin more than half an hour when we were made aware by the motion of the ship that the sea was increasing again. He sprang into his boat at the side, where his men were in waiting, and made all haste back to his vessel, and yet it was a hard pull against the sea that came tumbling into the bay. It was so sudden that one might almost think the earth had given a cant that way, and a large portion of the Mediterranean was being thrown in upon us. In a little while the gale was at its height again, and remained so all night, the second night being worse than the first. Our windlass bit was broken, and the windlass torn out, and other damage done.

In the early part of the evening, while reading a statement of the beloved disciple: "And if we know that he hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petition that we desire of him," a new faith sprung up within me, and I prayed to the Lord as if I was addressing some one that heard. And then laying hold of the promises contained in the word, I felt bouyed up by them, and realized that the Lord, or the angel of the Lord, was nigh unto us; and by his power we should be held and delivered; and it was even so.

While viewing the wreckage after the sea and storm had abated again, the common expression was, "I do not know what could have held her." I inwardly acknowledged it to

have been the hand or power of God that held us, and with thanksgiving praised his holy name.

During the latter part of the afternoon of that, the third day since the storm commenced, the portions of blue sky that had peeped out between the clouds and gladdened our hearts, began to disappear, and the somber, hazy clouds to overspread, and the "swell" was coming in from sea again. Oh, how depressing it was! The captain requested me to make myself and children ready as soon as I could, for he thought it best to take us ashore, since our ship was not in so good condition to outride a gale as she had been. I wished to remain on board; saying, "If she goes to the bottom, let us all go together."

"I do not intend to go to the bottom," was his cheery reply, "but you will be more comfortable ashore; and if we are going we must be off as soon as possible."

So I hastily got ready, knowing if worse came to worst, he would have a much better chance to save himself and others if unencumbered by me and the children. I felt desolate enough to cry when he bade us good-by at the hotel and hastened back to his ship. All were strangers, and their customs so unlike either England or America. But the son, and two daughters—young ladies—could speak English, and were very kind. Still from anxiety of mind, together with the strange surroundings, I slept very little that night; was ever listening to hear the wind.

At early dawn I arose and looked at the trees that surrounded the place to see if the wind was blowing hard, but greatly to my relief I saw that they were only swaying moderately. I was then ready to have a sound sleep, but in a little while the city was astir, and our ears not being accustomed to that kind of a noise, the sleepy gods were forced to yield to the clamor.

My husband came to the hotel a few minutes during the day, to let me know that all was well with them. Little else was talked of but the storm and its effects. The oldest inhabitants of the place had never seen anything like it. We learned that gallant efforts were put forth to save the lives of those who were driven upon the rocks. The captain of the bark had his wife and little boy; but all were lost. After this stormy introduction to serene Italy, her skies became as

sunny as ever, and the deep blue waters of the Bay of Naples as placid as of yore.

Sitting on the deck of a ship, while riding at anchor on the bosom of this world-renowned harbor, one might almost think they were in the arena of a magnificent floral amphitheater. The beautiful buildings, villas, and residences,—conspicuous among them is the king's country residence,—with their ornamental trees, green lawns, and bright flowers, towering one above another in terrace style on the hillside that rises abruptly in almost semicircle shape around the harbor. Stretching away to the right, is Mount Vesuvius, with her pent-up fires continually sending forth a column of smoke by day and a glare of fire by night. On account of the quantity of fire and smoke that were belching forth at that time, fears were being entertained of another eruption. We spent one day in exploring the ruins of Pompeii. Among the notable sights were the petrified bodies of three persons—supposed to be father, mother, and daughter. Some portions of these bodies were smooth; but for the most part they had the appearance of being brought in contact with the melted lava, and portions of it adhering to the body making a rough and jagged surface scarcely distinguishable from a rude human form hewn out of granite rock, except where the bone was seen protruding from the petrified flesh. On the fourth finger of the left hand of the slightest of the three forms—and therefore supposed to be the daughter—was a very valuable and beautiful ring, so imbedded in the petrified flesh that the circle was scarcely visible; but nothing had adhered to the setting. The joint of the finger immediately above the ring was bent at right angles, and about one half inch of the bone was bare, and looked white and natural. The first joint of the finger was gone. We also saw the room in which they were found. It had a floor of inlaid marble, unique in design, composed of very small pieces and various colors. The ceiling and walls were of a glossy cement of a creamy color, with patterns on the walls, and colorings around the ceiling.

But the sight of deepest interest to me, was the great Amphitheater, where the gladiators fought with wild beasts in the days of ancient Rome. "Helenias Household" was vivid in my memory, and I gazed upon this well-preserved relic of horror, with feelings of awe. I went into the dens

where the wild beasts were kept, and from thence walked to the far side of the arena, and pictured myself standing on the very spot where the brave Glaudius stood and encountered and slew the lion after he had fought with and slain his human antagonist. The whole scene came vividly before the eyes of my mind, and with such I beheld the immense crowd that thronged the place, rising tier after tier above each other in a countless multitude. And the child "Marcus," pleading with his father "Labeo" to rescue the brave gladiator who lay exhausted and bleeding upon the ground after vanquishing his two foes.

So absorbed was I in this mental vision that I was not aware that our party was ready to move along to another scene, and gave a nervous start when my husband called to me in an amused way and asked if I was waiting for a combatant.

Our native guide took us into a subterranean passage that had been discovered, which merged into daylight at another part of the city. While winding around in those dark underground passages, I again had mental visions of the catacombs, and other mysterious hiding places in olden times, accompanied with uncomfortable apprehensions of having a key turned on us, and never seeing daylight again; but in due time we were ushered into its dazzling brilliancy.

Naples is truly the art gallery of the world. Art, in sculpture, statuary, and oil paintings greets the eye at almost every place.

From Naples we went to Messina, Sicily. The first evening out, at about eight o'clock, the captain looked down the companionway and called to me to come on deck and see the town of Rhegium (now called Reggio) where Saint Paul stopped on his way to Rome. I was not long in gaining the deck. How well I do now and ever shall remember it! The evening was clear and fine, the moon in its first quarter, and a good full-sail breeze blowing, that made my teeth chatter. The captain was beating his way down the straits of Messina, so stood in quite near the little town,—which I infer has not changed very much since Saint Paul's day, but what there was of it looked to be all alive with glimmering and sparkling lights. We had passed Syracuse—the other place that Saint Paul speaks of—early in the morning. How I wished we could drop anchor and remain at Rhegium one

day as did the apostle, and trace his steps up the landing. One landing could be seen very plainly from our deck by its lights and steps; perhaps it was the very same place if not the same steps. We gazed upon this little spot of sacred history with awe and interest, and was sorry when the captain gave the order to "tack ship," for in a few minutes it all was left in the distance, and shivering all over I returned to the cabin.

Early next day we entered the very small, round harbor of Messina. While at Naples we gazed daily upon the smoking crater of Vesuvius, and now at Messina we could daily view the snow-capped Etna. One Sunday a company of us went over the mountain where we could look out on the sea on the other side of Messina and there had a good view of Stromboli. It is a small, round, black-looking island standing abruptly in or out of the sea, much in shape of a large loaf cake from which both fire and smoke were issuing. Our stay in that port was very pleasant indeed. The bright days, pleasant temperature of atmosphere, feasts of nice fresh eggs, and most delicious oranges, pleasant drives occasionally, and walks in the king's garden among the rare and beautiful flowers, a pleasant evening's outing occasionally when we would attend the opera, all hold their place in memory, and as making up our visit in Messina.

There was for me a charm, a fascination about theater and opera going. The rich dressing, the excitement, the gorgeous surroundings, gilt and glitter, and above all the martial music that fairly electrified me. But notwithstanding all of these, my early training had been such that the impression remained, and I never entered those places without a sense of wrongdoing, but quieted the inward monitor as best I could by affirming that I was married now, and my husband wished me to go. But an incident soon occurred that made a great change in our lives, both at sea and in port.

From Messina we went to Baltimore, the most pleasant "run" we ever had across the Atlantic. No gale, no storm, no calm, but just a lovely breeze all the time. On our arrival we learned of the death of the Reverend William Burton, my husband's father, which brought deep sorrow to my husband and sadness to me. Parents sometimes speak more effectually in their death than in their life, and so it

was in this instance. While sorrowing for his loss, my husband realized that he could no more hear words of counsel from the lips that had so often counseled and admonished him, and he determined to act at once upon what he had already heard, and lead a different life. For him to determine was to act, and so on the ensuing Sunday he was baptized and united with the Fifth Baptist Church of Baltimore. He did not profess to have at that time what is called a "change of heart." His was a subdued change of purpose. He had been brought to feel his entire dependence on the Lord, and to call upon him in earnest prayer during that terrible voyage across the Atlantic a year or two previous, but had failed to obey what we then believed to be the commandments of the Lord, and had grown careless again. But now that he had publicly professed religion, he determined to live it too, and at once undertook the religious duties of asking the Father's blessing upon us, and our food at mealtime, and also of reading and having prayer in the cabin each evening at eight o'clock. Our mate, Mr. Crowell, was a member of the Baptist Church also, and that was a help to him, and thus our new life began.

There being no "charter" in the market for foreign ports that the captain would accept, he determined to go without delay to Windsor for a load of plaster, carrying flour enough for ballast, part of which was to be delivered at Hantsport and part at Windsor. And so on the eighth day from the mouth of the Delaware River we sailed up the Bay of Fundy and grounded on Hantsport beach about five o'clock in the afternoon. The *H. J. Burton* had been recognized while coming up the river and many friends and relatives were on the shore to greet us, our homecoming being a joyous surprise to all; for I had written them that we were going right back to Europe again. Such were indeed our intentions at the time of writing.

It would take till noon the next day to discharge the flour, and that being the mate's duty, we embraced the opportunity to make a flying visit at home and seeing Frank; accordingly a conveyance was secured the same hour of our arrival, and how we surprised the dear home folk about ten o'clock that evening! Mother had company. We knew that as soon as we came in sight of the house; for the "best room" was lighted up. The grand old house (fashioned

up new) looked like a stately mansion that evening, with lights gleaming from so many windows, four in front and three at each side, below stairs, and it seemed to me that lights were shining from every window in the house both upstairs and down.

Yes, mother had company; they were strangers who had attended the Baptist association that closed the day before and had come home with mother to stay over a day. A few moments before we entered, one of the visitors had taken the album from the table, and in looking over the photos, mother had pointed out one, saying it was her daughter Emma, who was then in Baltimore with her husband, if they had not already sailed for Europe. As she finished speaking there came a knock at the door. Mother went to the door without taking a lamp with her, the hall being small was quite well lighted by leaving the front room door opened, which she did. The light from it would have shone right on our faces if we had stood close to the doorway. This we knew and stepped a little aside and I kept my veil down. We were going to make the surprise as much as possible. As mother opened the door she was confronted with two persons, a man with a valise and a woman with a baby in her arms who, with as much clatter and assumed brogue as they could manage, begged permission to stay all night. Notwithstanding the foreign accent, there was a familiar sounding tone which only puzzled mother still more, and all she could say was, "Why, who are you?" Without heeding her question we continued to give our reasons for wanting to stay all night—it was late—a long way yet down to "Doyals" (a genuinely Irish speaking family about two miles below)—we were not much acquainted with the road, etc. From where I stood at the door I could see both father and George, who were in the front room. Father's expression at first was that of perfect amazement and something of a who-can-they-be look, but at the last few words a smile of recognition flitted over his face. George had commenced to smile at our first words, which smile had been getting broader and deeper every moment; but he wanted to see how mother would get along, and when she said the second time, "Who are you?" he called out for us to come inside and let them all have a look at us. We could

not have kept "dark" any longer anyway, and so stepped into the light among joyous greetings from both parties.

To see Frank was my uppermost desire, so as soon as the greetings were over and the wraps laid aside, I went with mother to his bed where he was sleeping soundly. He was not easily disturbed, but I kissed him till he gave signs of waking, then mother insisted on us leaving him till morning. He was induced to get up unusually early the next morning by being told that some one had come to see him and he must be up and dressed and combed before they got downstairs. All were seated for the morning reading and prayers when I came downstairs. I had preceded his father a few minutes. I went over to where Frank sat, and knowing that he was not a boy to be hugged and kissed by storm since possibly he might not recognize me, being absent from him a year, I crouched down in front of him and said, "Do you know me, Frankie?" He almost smiled at first, but suddenly became more sober than before, for he was feeling quite indignant at being waked before he was ready, and leaning away back in his chair said, "No." When I told him I was his mother, and tried to kiss him, he quietly kept me at my distance saying, "You ain't my mother, for my mother has got curls!" (I had simply combed out my hair and put it in a net that morning.)

It made me feel sad to know that my boy did not recognize me, and brushing away the tears, I waited till after prayers before saying anything more. He did not recognize his father either, at first but did in a little while.

After breakfast I dressed my hair in its natural way, but did not force myself on his notice. As soon as he saw me, he said to his Aunt Sophia, who stood near. "I believe that is my *meat* mother," and came over to me with a bound. (We had brought from Naples our life-sized portraits in oil, which we left at mother's. He called this his mother, and me his *meat* mother.)

Our visit at home was all too short. We were obliged to return that same afternoon. We had brought Frank several nice presents, and his father dispelled the gathering moisture in his eyes, as we were preparing to leave by leaving a bright dollar in his hand. What a bound he gave when finding himself in possession of so much money! I can see him now, as though it were but yesterday.

From Windsor we went to Philadelphia and loaded with petroleum for Stettin, Prussia. While at Philadelphia a very sad incident took place that cast a gloom over all on board. The cargo of plaster had been discharged and a deck load of wood taken on ready to go to Point Breeze for petroleum. The wood was to stow it with. I had been in the habit of rising very early in the morning while the captain and children were still asleep. This morning I sat sewing away as usual. At six o'clock I went up the steps of the companionway and looked about a little, saw the mate about the forecastle deck, and little thought it was the last time I should see him alive. They were washing decks, and as soon as they commenced to wash the quarterdeck I went to the cabin again and took my sewing. Just then Robbie Burton, the cabin boy and a cousin of the captain, came to the pantry and got a large pitcher to go ashore for milk for breakfast. Robbie had not much more than gained the deck when I was startled by a gurgling sound and a call for help down low against the side of the ship, and thought the boy had fallen between the vessel and wharf, for he was wont to make dangerous leaps. Instantly there was a rush of men across the deck. I ran to the room to call the captain, feeling perfectly sure though that all would be done that could be for the mate was on deck; but he, the captain, was already hastening past me as I said, "The boy is overboard!" I followed the captain on deck, saw the boy there, and it seemed as if all the men were in sight, too. Some had jumped in the boat while others cast her off and were a little way downstream waiting and looking. I asked Robbie what the matter was, if anybody was overboard. He said, "Yes, the mate; and I believe he is drowned. The wood on which he stood rolled while he was drawing up a bucket of water, or when he threw it across the deck, and he fell backwards. He being such a good swimmer we never thought of his drowning, but he only came up once and sank almost instantly."

It was when he came up that he made the call. The current was running swiftly, and he was very heavily dressed and wore long rubber boots. I assure you there were not many on board that wanted breakfast that morning. Both boats were gotten out and the men dragged the stream till noon before recovering his body. All legal requirements

were complied with. Then the body was embalmed and sent home to his sorrowing wife, Mrs. Crowell.

Now I will copy a little from my jottings at the time:

"Philadelphia, August 3, 1876.—Well, we are loaded and ready to start out to sea again. Here comes the tug to tow us down the river. What a bustle and confusion leaving port days are! All kinds of small stores are continually being sent into the cabin, and the cook can't get time to put anything away, so much running and pulling and hauling to be done. Everybody seems to be afraid somebody's going to forget something. Even the watchman picked up the English captain's cat and threw it on board just as we left the wharf. Thought it was ours. Too late to throw it back; so we carry it away. Good-by, Point Breeze. Fortunately we have got a good breeze from the right point; hope it will last till we get down the Delaware. 'I perceive we have the prospects of a long passage according to the sailor's sign which is a 'list to starboard.' I feel very gloomy, and a vague foreboding of evil, doubtless though that is on account of losing our good mate. And my baby Dora has been sick, too, ever since we left home. Poor little darling, I hope she will be better when we get out to sea where the air will be more pure and wholesome and the weather cooler. And dear Frank is left behind again.

"Little three-year-old Josephine keeps well and fat. Bless her heart, how sweet she looks standing there in the breeze with her long golden curls falling over her plump, dimpled shoulders! Our crew is not a very promising looking lot,—the mate is a Dane and does not seem to know much. There is only one man among the crew that looks strong enough to pull ropes."

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In the North Sea. "Now for a few more sketches. The fair wind continued with us till we had gotten well across the Atlantic, and all went well the first week out. At the commencement of the second week I took sick. For the first three days had a fever, headache, and not strength enough to sit up; after which a pain in my left side set in and kept increasing for three days. It was terrible. The only relief I got was when wrapped up in a mustard poultice. The captain searched the medical works on board, but could

find nothing that the symptoms would correspond with. Indeed the captain had his hands full. He scarcely got a minute's rest. The weather foggy and crew not to be depended upon; two of them sick most of the time. Baby sick and very troublesome; not yet weaned, and I could not lift her at all. Josey kept well, still she, too, required some waiting on. He had the care of all these and yet seemed to be doing something for me all the time.

"At the end of those three days, the captain said if I was any worse the next day he would put back to Halifax—we were then near the banks of Newfoundland. But the next day the pain abated some, there was certainly a change; but I did not know whether for better or worse. Being sufficiently free from pain to lie quiet and breathe easily, I was left to myself while the captain ate his dinner with one little one on his lap and the other at his side.

"Presently a clammy coldness began to creep over me and increased till it felt like a death coldness. I thought of the worst and shuddered. I had never seen anyone with the ague and did not know anything about it. I looked at my finger nails, they had commenced to turn black and my fingers were white and cold as death. I was startled. For a moment a dizziness swept over me. The thought of dying there, being buried at sea, leaving my husband and little ones in that forlorn condition was dreadful. But I soon grew calm in my mind and felt that I had nothing to fear, though I should not attempt to say all that passed through my mind during that half hour that dinner was being gotten through with. I could not bear to make my condition known to the captain, so I simply waited till he came in, then put my cold hands in his so he could see the blood-settled nails, for I felt so cold I thought the breath might leave me at any moment. I was almost helplessly weak. Imagine my surprise to see something like a glad look come into his face, as he exclaimed, 'Oh, I know now what is the matter, you have got the ague!' He had not more than said the words, when a terrible shaking fit seized me. It was dreadful! And in my weakened state too, I seriously thought I was being shaken to pieces. When the paroxysm would go off, as it did once or twice before leaving me for the day, I was more dead than alive, but was soon *alive* again in every nerve and fiber of my body.

"The next day Dora had a chill. It was pitiful to see the poor little creature weak and frail as she was. She continued to have them every day and I every alternate day. Two of the men were afflicted in the same way, and the captain, too, had one heavy chill and several narrow escapes. In the midst of all this the cook got sick. What a gloomy, disconsolate looking and feeling crowd we were to be sure! No one presumed to laugh, no one felt like it. And to add to the distress one of the men stabbed the second mate. But the knife struck one of his ribs, which prevented the deed from being fatal.

"Our fair wind continued till August 30. On the 31st, I got out on deck for the first time to see the land. We were near the Western, or Lewis Islands. All on board were getting better now.

"Our course was north of the Orkneys, a group of islands at the extreme northern point of Scotland, across the North Sea, through the Sleve or Skager Rack, to the Skaw; thence down the Cattegat, out into the Baltic Sea."

(Later.) "I do not think anyone ever found the North Sea placid; go whichever way you will, you are sure to have a head wind and high sea. Our two weeks beat across confirmed all that my fancy had pictured concerning it, and am quite ready to believe that it will be far worse on our return voyage.

"A 'dead beat,' as the sailors would say, of two weeks took us to the coast of Norway, where we came across some fishermen and got some fresh fish, a treat indeed for us at sea. Were then in the Sleve, wind still ahead. A forty-eight-hour beat brought us to the Skaw, the northern point of Denmark. But had a fair wind and pleasant run down the Cattegat. It was full of little vessels, as it always is. How I enjoyed leaving them behind us as easily, almost, as if they were at anchor.¹ After passing out of the Cattegat we had another beat to Elsinore, where we anchored about noonday, waiting for a fair wind to get over the Grounds with, which fair wind came early the next morning.

"Passed Copenhagen about noon, and a fine twenty-six-

¹I am giving much of this in detail, knowing there are many young people who love to read stories of the sea.

hour run took us across the Baltic to Swinemunde, where one leaves the ocean and sails awhile among the land. After entering the narrow passage to the inland harbor, we had to stop awhile to 'enter' the ship at the customhouse and get two customhouse officers on board before going up to Stettin. I was perfectly delighted with the little Prussian town of Swinemunde and thought it the most picturesque little place I had ever seen. Pretty green trees were arranged tastefully about each place, and clean, deep green lawns. One expects to see well-kept lawns where there are fine residences, but when such are found about every dwelling house, no matter how small, it attracts notice. And again instead of having their flower gardens in front of the house, as I had been accustomed to see them, they all had their smooth green lawn, with flowers in the windows. I scarcely saw a dwelling house in Prussia but all the front windows were filled with plants of many varieties.

"Two hours sufficed for our stay at that time, and with a pilot we proceeded up the river to Stettin, a distance of thirty miles. In most places the river is not much wider than a canal, and wound in through the land, sometimes between dykes and sometimes as though it was right through broad pastures with tall, green grass growing on either side. Saw one or two vessels on the way, some ahead and some behind. They looked as if they might be gliding along through the green fields after a heavy dew; for though most of the hull could be seen, there was no water visible, in many instances, owing to the narrowness of the river, and the water being lower than the land.

"As we glided sometimes leisurely and sometimes briskly up this artificial river, we feasted our sea-satiated eyes on the beautiful scenery that greeted the view from every direction that one chose to look. The level, green country dotted both near and far with small towns, villages, and hamlets, all in picturesque Prussian style, and mostly in thatched roof buildings and ornamental trees, making the whole appear like a huge oil painting.

"Anon, as we rounded a bend, or merged from a small wooded space little clumps of houses would burst to view near the water's edge, and still nearer were the commodious washhouses jotted at regular intervals through each of those miniature seaport towns. These washing houses re-

sembled a large goods box sunken two or three feet in the water, leaving sufficient space above water to attach a rubbing board. The women came with their rolls of clothes and scrubbed away in the clear water of the river.

"We glide along. The sun is getting low, and now shines upon one of the prettiest little hamlets that fancy could paint, far enough back in the green field to enhance its beauty and obliterate defects. Four turf huts, and four or five low, square, frame buildings with their respective white barns, all having heavy thatched roofs as green as the fields about them, are scattered about in the prettiest, coziest manner possible. Most of the frame buildings are white; the largest is laid off in squares, by broad, green bars. How queer it looks! Another is pinkish color with tiled roof with a foot or more of green hedge just below the eaves.¹ How odd, and yet how tasty! These, together with ornamental trees large and small and the jagged mountain that rose at a little distance beyond as a background, complete this masterpiece among the succession of natural pictures that have delighted our eyes during the whole afternoon.

"About half way up the scenery changes; the land is more barren, rocky, and uneven. Now the eye rests upon a large lake whose waters are shimmering in the sunlight like liquid silver. This lake is about three miles wide. We enter and drop anchor for the night."

Next morning a fine breeze was blowing and we entered Stettin before noon. Stettin is an old city, and like most other old cities in the Far East, its streets are narrow and dirty; its buildings are high, narrow, and smoke-begrimed. A day's drive in the country away from the din and noise, where one could breathe the pure, fresh air, was spent with keen enjoyment. The roads were broad, smooth, and hard, with shade trees on either side for miles. No county fences or fences of any kind, to be seen, except here and there a hedge. Here we had opportunity to view more closely the eave-hedges. Trees of neat green foliage (neither cypress nor boxwood) were cultivated in an even row around the house, and trimmed to a pole up above the windows; then let grow to a neat square hedge around the house. And we

¹The German people trim their trees to make the hedge at any distance from the ground they wish.

also discovered that the city of the dead was more beautiful than that of the living.

When the cargo was discharged and ballast taken in we proceeded by way of Swinemunde to Dantzic, on the coast of Prussia. Dantzic is the oldest city in Prussia and answers well in construction to that of ancient Rome. Buildings are high and narrow, with deep projecting tiled roofs, heavy cobblestoned streets, dark and narrow,—mere alleys.

We learned of the ancient relics that were kept in Saint Mary's church, and upon an early opportunity secured an interpreter, the ship chandler, and thither wended our way.

This church building, we were told, had been standing upwards of five hundred years. It was built in the shape of a cross, and covered an entire city block. And though it has not been used for a place of worship from time immemorial, it is well kept and visited oft by the curious. The keeper not being at home, his wife, a middle-aged lady, conducted us through the various departments, almost every one of which contained something of historical note. Had I entertained the thought of ever reproducing those sights in pen-pictures for the public, I should have endeavored to secure more particulars concerning many things spoken of, and dates of their enactment. But as it is I can only give the reader a few brief sketches that I noted down at the time by way of refreshing my memory when I should want to relate it to our own home folks.

After inspecting a few objects of minor interest, we were conducted to the most famous oil painting in Prussia. Our guide unlocked and opened two doors against the wall that fitted closely together when shut, but when thrown open and fastened back formed a part of, and revealed a picture double their size. The design was that of the final judgment day. In the main body of the picture over which the two doors folded, stood the Angel Gabriel in knee-breeches, a golden girdle and scarf about his waist, with a huge pair of balances in one hand and a roll in the other. All about, and in front of him seemed to be a level place where numbers of people were standing waiting their turn to be weighed in the balance. Many graves were open and some were yet in them standing, resting their folded arms on the earth, looking about them, with a most astonished expression upon their faces. There were two already in the act of being

weighed, the one on the right was kneeling and brought the balance well down, while the one on the left was found wanting and devils were dancing about this one in high glee, with pitchforks in hand. The largest one of the cloven-footed host had his three-tined fork drawn ready to pitch the piteous-looking unfortunate one off the scale into the lake of fire represented on the left wing of the picture, and into which some were in the act of falling; while those on the right were passing up a steep, bright path or stairway that led to the shining city, at the entrance of which stood the venerable Peter with his huge bundle of keys about his waist. Though the design was painted from a distorted human imagination, not so visible to us then as now,—the painting was perfect. So vivid, so lifelike, that one fancied he heard the demoniacal laugh, the groans and cries of those writhing bodies, mingled with the seething and gurgling of the lurid flames and smoke that issued from the bottomless pit.

The Prussians claim that the picture was painted by inspiration, and is regarded by them in much the same light that the sacred vessels of the temple were by the Jews. We were informed that they were offered quite a handsome fortune for it by the Emperor of France, but nothing would induce them to part with it. At one time when France was at war with Prussia, it was seized, together with many other treasures and taken to Paris. But when they regained their independence (during a second war I think), they demanded the painting, got it back and replaced it in the church.

With nerves all attune, being yet in the days of our spiritual darkness, I almost sprang backward as we entered a poorly-lighted room where close to the door sat on a large stone, the life-sized statue of the Virgin Mary, supporting across her lap the upper part of the body of Jesus just as he was taken from the cross. Both figures were brownstone sculptures. Yet the agonized look of his countenance, the blood trickling from his thorn-pierced brow, and from the ghastly wound in his side, as well as from the torn hands and feet! also the sorrowing mother bending over her son with an expression of deepest grief depicted upon her in appearance and produced a sacred solemnity.

From thence we were conducted to the altar. As we faced that portion of the building a heavy projection jutted out.

from the wall, that I thought might be a pipe organ encased. About two and a half feet in front of this projection, the floor was carpeted with the richest green silk plush. This space was inclosed by a railing, the top of which was four or five inches wide and beautifully upholstered with the same material. Within this inclosure the guide said no foot had ever stepped. It was considered holy.

About a foot lower, coming backwards from the wall, was a broad semicircle platform with an outer railing, both covered with scarlet plush. Two steps down from this was the main floor of the building. It was around this outer railing that the communicants knelt and received the "wafer" on their tongues when the building was used to worship in. Yet neither the carpet nor the upholstering showed any signs of having been worn.

Our guide went within the outer railing, crossed the scarlet-covered floor, leaned over the inner railing and unlatched the folding doors of what I thought was a pipe organ. And throwing open the doors revealed to our gaze a rare piece of workmanship upon which I gazed with a feeling of awe, more intense than yet before. I had just looked upon the scene of the judgment day, and the body of our Lord as it was taken from the cross, and now here was the Father, Son, and Virgin Mother in glory. Immediately in front sat the Virgin Mary, with the Father on the right and the Son on her left. These figures were life size, were made of fine brass that had the appearance of gold and would be transformed into a blaze of splendor (having so much of the same metal above, and all about them in figures that I could not begin to describe), when the reflection of the lamps or the sunlight was cast upon it. I was filled with awe because I had never before beheld anything that was designed to represent the form of God, and I almost feared to look upon it. As I glanced from one face to the other, I murmured, "The express image of his father's person." How exact the likeness was here represented; the broad forehead, the rich, heavy beard, and the flowing, curling hair. All the difference being that of age, the beard being a little heavier and the tender, compassionate look more matured.

Back of these figures, and so placed that one instinctively felt to be viewing it through the dimness of time, was the scene of the Savior's birthplace. And high above were clus-

ters of cherub faces looking down upon the infant Jesus. Many other scenes were also represented within this incasement.

Our lady guide said, "When these doors were thrown open in times when the Catholics held their services in the building, the devoted worshipers would all fall upon their faces and remain so till they were closed again."

The next department to which we were conducted was the room where the ancient garments were kept. Here our thoughts suddenly turned back to the tabernacle in the wilderness. Here were priestly garments which seemed to have been made after or in imitation of those made for Aaron and Eleazer. They were made of a superior quality of material to what we have in these days of scarlet and purple silk velvet. They were white satin and white linen upon which time seemed to have no effect. The linen robes, which were smaller than those of scarlet and purple velvet, were almost entirely covered with embroidery, such as is not thought of in our day. And as I took one of those deep-flowing robes in my hands, felt the weight, examined the beautiful work around the border or hem, of most delicately shaped flowers and leaves, wrought in hard-twisted, rich-colored silk and threads of gold, I lost sight of the lapse of time and looked upon them as having been the very same as worn by the Israelitish priests, and more especially when shown the heavy linen scarf or waist girdle drawn in a sort of a roll just as if one of the high priests had taken it off and left it with the creases drawn by winding it about his waist. There were two of them. We were astonished at their weight. The linen, especially the two scarfs, had become somewhat yellowed with age, and also the white satin; but the other robes were not faded, neither showed any signs of moth or rust. Our guide could not give any information concerning their origin, how they came there, by whom they were worn, or upon what occasion. It was supposed that they were worn at some time by Catholic priests, but not within the knowledge of any of the living inhabitants of Dantzic. The tradition was that they had been in the church just as we saw them for five hundred years. Yet the garments plainly showed they had been in use at some time.

I have only spoken of a very few of the objects and relics.

of the past that we beheld while going through that great building. When all had been gone through, we stepped into an office where was desk, pen and ink, and a very large time-yellowed book in which all visitors entered their names. We registered ours also, and after depositing a generous fee in the hand of the lady for her courtesy, bowed ourselves out.

In noting customs, I saw that the Prussian men, who were large, strong, wholesome-looking men, walked the streets empty-handed, while the women, who were mere drudges, staggered beneath the heavy burdens they were forced to carry. A man considered it a shame to him (so we were told by our carpenter) to take the burden even from his wife, or any part of it and carry it himself, and yet we found them more kind and social than in any port among the English or Americans.

While at Dantzic, a gentleman from a house near by would come in the mornings and get little Josie and take her on shore to play with his little girl. Though neither could speak the other's language, they made themselves understood sufficiently to make the day enjoyable, and at night when she would be brought back, accompanied with a bottle of milk, or a new doll, she would say, "Oh, mamma, my's had suth a nith time!" and surprised me more than once by going over a lingo to me that I could not understand, whether she did or not is not known.

When in Swinemunde, though only a few hours, the wife of one of the business men whom I had never met, sent me a large loaf of cake, freshly baked and frosted beautifully. They called it a "sandapper."

When we started out to sea again it was with a new and stalwart crew of Prussians. Every preparation was made for a hard voyage. It was already November, and crossing the North Sea in December is not a desirable trip. The wind and weather was fair till we got near Bornholm, an island in the Baltic Sea; then it was contrary and not enough of it to offset the current which always runs strong near land. So the captain concluded to run in the harbor till the fog lifted and wind became fair. The northern side of this island when close to it lies in something the shape of a huge horse-shoe, with a smooth sandy beach around the bow-like shore,

but very rocky at both points, especially the extreme northern point.

It was about noon when the order was given to "let go the anchor." If my readers have ever been on board a ship that had a quarter-deck, they would know that the house is about three feet above the quarter-deck, according to the size of the ship. To enter the cabin one opens a solid little door of the same height, pushes back a slide that covers the top of the doorway and goes down three or four steps. At the foot of these steps was the mate's room on the right and the pantry on the left, which gave a hall whose length was the width of those two doors, then the door opened into the cabin. At sea the door between the cabin and forward companionway is always hooked back, that is opened, and the slide pushed back when it does not rain or there is no danger of shipping a sea. So when the duties of the captain required him to be on deck, I used to go upon the steps every little while, and without opening the door, could look about and see what was going on; have a little chat with the captain, and at the same time could hear the children if anything went wrong with them. So now when I heard the chain paying out, I ran upon the steps, and took a look around. The captain often used to call me his "almanac," because I judged—or guessed—the weather so well, a quality that I inherited from my father who was a "coaster" and had learned the signs of the weather so well that he never needed a barometer at sea. And now as I stood scanning the horizon the captain said: "Well, almanac, what do you think of the weather?"

I pointed north where the sea and the fog met and which had a greenish yellow look, and said, "I don't like the looks of that."

"Oh," said the captain cheerily, "that is nothing but the sun shining on the fog. If the wind comes from there it will be all right, for we can make a fair wind of it."

"Yes," I replied, "if it doesn't come too hard."

Eight bells was sounded, but the mate gave orders to the men to furl the sails before going below, and told the steward not to bring on the dinner till she was snugged away. It took an hour. Our German mate was very particular to have every sail furled and stowed in the most secure manner and decks cleared before letting the men go below. This

time they were too secure by far. When all was done up, the captain, mate, and myself took a sweeping glance around the horizon. There was no change, except that the yellowish-looking place in the north had shut down and looked as somber as the rest. My husband was a very slender man at that time and an unusually small eater; so before the rest were half through he had finished his dinner and went on deck. He had no more than gained the deck, though, when the command rang out in his most imperative tone, "All hands on deck!"

What a scurrying there was! The mate, whose place at the table was hard to leave till the second mate had left, fairly tramped over the second mate lest he should gain the deck before him, feeling it a dishonor to him if he was not the first one on deck when a call like that was made. I followed in the rear to the steps as soon as I could without being in anybody's way, to see what was the matter. I had learned to let my eyes serve me at such times, and not ask questions. Surely not more than ten minutes had elapsed since we had gone down to dinner, but what a change! It was all clear in the north now. Where the sky and waters met, the sea looked as if it was lashed to a foam and the roar of the wind could plainly be heard. On and on came the gale, tumbling the sea before it. Orders had been given and executed in quick succession, though without confusion. The men did not have to be told to work lively, for they knew their lives depended largely on their own acts. Four were at the windlass doing their best to get the anchor up; the rest were sent up to loose and close reef the upper topsail (our vessel carried double topsail yards), while the mate and steward set the mainstaysail, and the captain put the helm down and brought her head up to the wind just as the gale struck her. She trembled for a little and seemed held down against the water spellbound, and then as if trying to free herself from its power she rolled back and forth, tugging and jerking at the cable like a frightened pony. The mainstaysail being set, the wheel was lashed to keep her head to the wind and if possible to keep her from dragging inshore till the anchor could be gotten up and as much sail as she could bear up under to run out to sea. The captain was bearing a lively hand with the rest. While trying to set the topsail it filled and split clear across, and the main-

sail in the same way, after being close-reefed, however they made it fast so as to make use of the portion that was left. The mainstaysail proved to be too strong for the wind to split, but the traveling bar was torn out and bent back like a knitting needle.

While this was going on the scene and noise were terrifying. The roaring of the gale, whistling and screaming of the wind through the rigging, lashing of the sea, flapping and jerking of the loose sails, together with the knocking and pounding of the ropes and blocks and the mate shouting orders to the men aloft; while their voices and to us unintelligible words mingled with the gale had only the sound of a cry of distress. But notwithstanding all their efforts, the good little ship was fast dragging in towards the shore, and the captain saw that it was impossible to get the anchor, if he would save the ship and the lives therein. So soon as there could be sail enough secured to get headway on her, he gave the orders to slip the cable, and lying her close to the wind, started on a run for life or death. Having dragged in-shore some, and being disabled considerably in sail, it was yet a question if she would weather the rocky point just ahead over which the breakers were flying mast high. It was an anxious time to all. I could not bear to stay below but a few moments at a time. And to add to the distress both the children began to cry, even little Josie seemed to know that all was not right,—though she had heard them getting under way in a hurry many times,—and asked what was making that noise. I was too weak and terror-stricken to hold either of them, so fixed them a place on the couch on the lee side where they would not fall off, then looked about for something to keep them quiet. The steward had a pan of dough in the cabin to raise, I broke off a good piece and gave to each of them, and that amused them the best of anything; for as they pulled it off one hand it stuck to the other.

For a few moments during that perilous run, I lost all courage and my head grew dizzy with a terrible fear that overpowered me, when I thought of the probability of those little ones being swept from us or all dashed upon the rocks together. But in a moment or two I recovered myself again, and said firmly, "This will never do! If we are driven on the rocks our chances are small enough with all the coolness

and courage that can be brought into action. I will at least appear brave and do what I can to the last." This resolution gave me fresh strength, and knowing we must then be pretty near the rocks, I put on as cheery a look as I could, and mounted the steps again to take another look. The captain smiled pleasantly as he came toward me and said, "If we go ashore here Emma, you must not be frightened."

I answered in the same tone, "Well, I shall be frightened! so you needn't go ashore."

The good brig was conducting herself well, and dashing through the seething waters as though making all speed to get past that ugly point. The people of the island evidently saw our danger and came down to the shore in crowds. Now her bow was in line with the breakers! The succeeding moments were passed in almost breathless suspense. The only words spoken was a caution given by the captain to the men at the wheel, "Mind your helm! Keep her steady!" How like a human being she appeared as she leaped into the foam that recedes after a sea breaks. The mad waves came rushing on with all the fury of premeditated destruction. I held my breath in a terrible suspense! Would it break over her and impede her headway and thus cause her to drift leeward? If so our chance was gone; and again, would that weakened mainsail hold a few moments longer beneath such a pressure? Another moment, and she raised her proud prow with the great sea that came rolling onward, and mounting the very crest of that mighty wave crushed it beneath her; and as it rushed from under her she rolled slightly to windward with a swing of her bow rose once again and plunged forward beyond the danger into the open sea.

"Good!" said the mate, and all rejoiced together because of our deliverance. But now that the immediate danger was over and our joy spent itself a little, all began to think of our disabled condition. The gale was steadily increasing, and the sea too. The sails that were most needed in a storm were torn up, and to undertake to go to Liverpool without an anchor would be running too great a risk. So she was put under short sail and turned back to Swinemunde for repairs.

Such was the introduction to our winter passage home. And being thus detained would put us still farther into the winter months. All went well, however, till we reached the North Sea, then it was one succession of gales. It was not

really daylight till eleven a. m., and commenced to get dark again at three p. m. Round and round the compass we were driven for ten days steady in one gale. The greater part of the time we were lying to, with ropes all iced over. Ice everywhere.

"Oh, dear!" I would say, "if ever I get home again I hope I will have sense enough to stay there!" Then again I used to be glad I was with my husband. We could at least be "partners in distress." No accident happened, however. The *H. J. Burton* was a worthy sea boat and we arrived in Liverpool on January 12, 1878.

CHAPTER 5

OUR next port of destination was Cette, a seaport town in France. Does the reader wish to see the ocean billows mountains high? If so, cross the Bay of Biscay in the early spring. But oh, what a change to sail in a single day from that water-hill country to the coast of Portugal, with air so balmy, and sunshine so delicious, and be borne gently along on the even tide towards the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, where the dangers of the stormy English Channel, and the terrors of the Bay of Biscay are soon forgotten. As we sail leisurely around the famous rock of Gibraltar, it takes on another shape and another color from that presented on the inhabited side. It is barren, precipitous, and is of a light-yellowish hue.

Cette was a musty little old French town, with nothing of interest about it, where claret wine is used as a substitute for nourishing food; and should you go to market for butter, you would be treated to that made from goat's milk, and that too void of salt. All were glad when we again set sail for Messina, and from thence to Licata, another port in Sicily.

It was now just one year since we had left our boy, and the time seemed long. But no home charter offered, so we were again sent to a foreign port—to Bremerhaven. Sulphur was our cargo, so all boarded ashore while the vessel was being unloaded. Here were low lands, dykes, and stagnant water,—a very hotbed for fever and ague; and the dread malady seized upon us again. Every alternate day I was prostrate beneath its power, as was also the captain from time to time; and little Dora, too. By the use of powerful medicine the chills were soon broken up; but I was left almost entirely deaf.

What a change! How silent the world suddenly became! That one of God's gifts to man had been alert with me up to this last voyage. Whether it was the disorder or the medicine that caused the deafness, I know not; nor had I any thought then that it would remain through all these years. But notwithstanding my alternate shaky day—that left such a miserable dead-and-alive feeling in its wake for awhile—I enjoyed myself quite well in that port; made some very pleasant acquaintances, among whom were the American consul's wife, an American lady. With her I spent the greater part

of my time when not sick. Besides, there were three Nova Scotian captains in the same port—Beckwith, Brown, and Johnson. Captain Beckwith was from our immediate neighborhood, and had been an intimate friend of my father's family since before I could remember; and was esteemed by all who knew him. Captain Brown was from Yarmouth, and a friend of my husband's family. While Captain Johnson was a far younger man, not a former acquaintance at all, still he knew people and places that we did; and that, in a foreign port, is about the same as being a relative.

After the cargo was discharged, and the ship thoroughly cleansed, we moved back on board again and went to a quiet little nook to load. And now that we had got home again, the captain took up our evening worship at eight o'clock as heretofore. Both Captain Beckwith and Captain Brown were pre-eminently Christian men, and all of the same denomination. And from the first evening we were there, those three captains came on board as regularly as they ate their evening meals, and many very pleasant and profitable evenings were spent. Sometimes we had quite a little meeting, more than one uniting in prayer; then we would sing some of the good old home tunes. At other times we searched the Scriptures and reasoned on doctrine, and again, social conversation.

It was here I learned the hymn, "Sweet hour of prayer," learned it from old Captain Beckwith. He said, "Now I want you to think of me whenever you sing that tune." And for years after to remember Captain Beckwith and what he said was to me much a part of that hymn as to strike the first note. They would sometimes say, "I hope you won't get tired of having us coming here. This cabin is so homelike; the small rocking chair, the wife, and little ones with their dolls and playthings. It does not seem like a ship's cabin at all, but like a home sitting room, and it makes one almost forget he is at sea."

"I am not a religious man," said Captain Johnson, "but I had rather come here and hear you folks talk than go to a theater." And I doubt if ever those men, or ourselves either, will lose sight of that visit in Bremerhaven.

It was then the month of April, and on the twentieth of the next month would be my birthday; and we would be far out at sea. So my husband planned a surprise for me. Knowing my weakness for blue, he determined to get me a blue dress.

Took the other captains with him and selected a blue rep silk—it was handsome—and with their aid smuggled it on board. Captain Johnson kept the parcel, so if I should be where I saw them before they got it put away, he was instructed to keep it with him as though it was his own. The captain came into the cabin and passed immediately into our room and closed the door after him. While in there Captain Johnson passed the parcel through the window, and it was locked in the bureau drawer. That he passed through the cabin hurriedly was nothing unusual, but I wondered why he shut the door, since he had to reach up and unhook it. When he came out I said, "What mischief are you up to now, that you had to shut the door after you?" And anyone who knew him will not doubt that he had an answer for me that would throw me entirely off the track.

To our great joy we were chartered from Bremerhaven to Philadelphia. We had a fine run across the Atlantic, and on the way I enjoyed my birthday present just as much as I could, and looked at it every day for a week; fancying how grand I would look, some day, in my beautiful new silk. My plans were now laid for a visit at home; but I tarried after our arrival, thinking our vessel would be sent to Windsor. The captain felt very hopeful for a time of such being the case; and day after day awaited the decision of the consignees. I had never traveled alone, and much dreaded going with no one to help me with the children or hand luggage, in changing from boat to cars, as we would have to do twice on the passage. Day after day I waited, hoping to learn our destination.

The past two years that I had been at sea had been spent in supreme earthly happiness. True, we had passed through many heavy storms, with their consequent anxieties. But with a trustworthy ship, a courageous and undaunted captain, in whom I and everybody on board reposed implicit confidence, we could cheerfully outride the storms of the sea, for there were none within our own hearts. No unkind words passed between us in those two years. No misunderstandings blotted their bright pages. And now the thoughts of our separation made us both feel sad. And on my husband's part not the separation from me only, but from the children too, of whom he was very fond, never seeming to tire of caring for and amusing them. Little Josey was his constant companion

both below and on deck, too, when the weather would permit; and when it would not permit, how restless she would get if her papa was on deck long at a time, and would beg of me to let her call him down; and many times during those two years did she climb up the steps of the companionway—while the ship rolled and plunged—and clinging to the door with just her little head above, call “Papa! Mamma wants you!” And the papa never failed to come, bringing his pet along with him. But those two years of playday as it were, were about ended, and a gloom had hovered over me ever since our arrival. That foreshadowing of coming events, which is sometimes so depressing, I could not shake it off. Even in my dreams I was surrounded with difficulties on every hand. But, ah me! if I had known how much of sorrow and suffering was in store for me and my little ones in the near future, my courage would indeed have failed.

At length when a week had passed away, and my difficulties were not at all removed by the hope of the vessel going home, I resolved not to wait any longer, and had this day I now write of commenced to pack my trunks, select what books I wanted to take home, and arrange the captain’s clothes in the bureau drawers; all of which was a sad task. His very clothes looked lonesome when left by themselves; and I closed the drawers over many tears that had fallen on them, wondering when I should again have the privilege of folding away his clothes.

That evening after he had returned from business, and the children were asleep, I drew a stool up in front of where he was sitting, so I could rest my arm—or my head either—on his lap, to have a talk and arrange matters for my homeward journey. After telling him what I had decided on and what I had accomplished during the day of preparations, the dark clouds began to gather again. “Oh, Jobie!” I said, with tears standing in my eyes, “I can not tell you how much I dread this journey. It looms up before me like a cloud of darkness whenever I think of it, and I often grow weak with that vague, immaterialized feeling of coming evil or difficulty. My dreams have been as depressing as my wakeful hours. For two or three nights now in my dreams I have been trying to climb the same hill, weary and alone; climbing and slipping back. Again I would be at the foot of it, exhausted, needing help, but no help was there; and there was the hill yet that

I must get over. I feel as if I should sicken and die on the journey home, for I never got to the top of the hill."

While I thus talked, he had been rolling curl after curl over his finger, and letting them fall again. But now when I had sobbed out the last few words, he raised my head to its own place on his bosom, and tried with gentle words, and passing his hand soothingly over my forehead and face, to dispel my gloom and reassure me, said: "Don't, darling! Don't cry so! There is no need to feel so distressed. It is only because you are tired, and the thoughts of our separation of course makes us both feel sad. You have six weeks yet, you know, to call your own; and it will only take five days to go home. Then your mother will come to see you, and bring Frankie, and you will be all right as soon as you get settled and rested. I would feel better myself if I could only go with you and see you safely home; but I could not leave the vessel so long."

After a moment's pause, he spoke of how pleased Frank would be to see us again, and that he must get something nice to send him, and wondered what he would like. How well he knew how, and in what direction to turn the current of thought. Then we talked of and arranged our plans for both preparations, and when to start home. I had passed my Gethsemane, and rose up strengthened. Next day was indeed a busy day, packing trunks and valises, in fact doing a little of almost every kind of work—for I had scarcely planned on making the journey in any other way but in the vessel—and oh, how much waiting on the children seemed to require that day! It was late in the evening when all was completed, and the children's clothes in little fluffy mounds on each end of the lounge ready for dressing them in the morning, and I was very, very tired.

We were to leave the vessel in time to cross the ferry, and take the lightning express at eight o'clock in the morning for New York. My husband was going to accompany us to New York and see us safely on board the Long Island Sound steamer, on which we would go to Rhode Island, thence to Boston on the cars in the nighttime. There we would take steamer again to Saint Johns, New Brunswick, and change again to a far smaller boat for Windsor. Is it any wonder that I dreaded such a trip with two small children, no companion, and almost deaf?

During the day, though, the captain had learned that a

young man from our neighborhood—who was then in Philadelphia—intended to return home soon. He had sought and found him, and offered to pay his passage home if he would go with me. The young man refused the proffered fare; but said if he could arrange his business so as to leave so soon, he would go. While on the ferryboat, waiting for the time to start, he came on board just at the last minute, and we grasped his hand cordially, feeling indeed to thank God and take courage. Of the fatigue of the ride to New York, of repeatedly climbing several flights of stairs at the hotel, of a long ride on the horse-car where there was such a crowd that I had to stand awhile, I scarcely need speak.

The steamer *Old Colony* would leave the pier at seven o'clock in the evening, but we went on board early so as to get things snuggled away before the crowd began to gather. Our rooms were immediately off the saloon (a steamboat's parlor), and everything was very comfortable and even luxurious. No mode of traveling can surpass that on Long Island Sound for elegance and comfort. Yet my heart sank within me like lead when the captain bade us good-by. But I was determined not to let the flood gates break loose again, and choked them back.

Before leaving the boat he said, "I shall not go back to Philadelphia to-morrow, since it will be Sunday. I hear your father is in New York, so I will visit with him to-morrow, and go back on the early train on Monday morning."

How fortunate that he told me that! After the children were put to bed, I found the soft, easy chairs in the saloon so much more restful than the berths on the side of the ship, that I sat there long after everyone else had left it. While sitting there alone, a terrible truth dawned upon me. My head swam from very terror. "What shall I do? What shall I do? O, my God, be merciful! let not my fears come to pass!" was the cry of my very soul.

I took up a newspaper and tried to read; tried to forget myself; forget the horrible nightmare that was pursuing me; to feel that I was a self-contented passenger, like all the rest on board the boat. Then I almost laughed at my own fears. But in a short time they were confirmed without a doubt. Numbed, paralyzed with consternation and my forlorn condition that exceeded my worst fears, I knew not what to do, and sat there in mute despair for something like an hour try-

ing to think. At length I became sensible to the fact that I could not keep my trouble to myself, and the sooner I had some one to counsel with the better. But how was I to find anyone? The stewardess never came to the saloon unless especially summoned, but where was she? or how could I find her? On raising my eyes I saw the words, "Pull the bell cord." I did so; and soon the stewardess, a fat, good-natured looking colored woman, presented herself. "Well, well, dearie!" she said, after I had talked with her awhile; "don't feel so badly about it; we will do what we can for you, poor thing; and it won't be de first time de like has happened in dis boat, eider. I'se waited on three afore you." How true it is that "misery loves company." She could not have said anything much more comforting to me just then, than that I had been preceded by others in like misfortune, and real ladies, too.

I at once secured another, a larger and more comfortable room in the forward part of the boat, where, just before midnight, when off Little Gull Rock, I was joined by a new passenger, who shared the room with me. She was a tiny little lady that would not have weighed more than five pounds. A "little gull" the stewardess said, had flown on board on this evening of September 19, 1868. And in honor of her presence I abandoned my purpose of going on to Nova Scotia, and remained in the steamer, and returned with her to New York on the following Tuesday morning. I was assisted in reaching this conclusion by Doctor Mott Francis—a gentleman whom I had never met before but to whom I am indebted for great kindness, and whose presence on board the boat was not known till she reached her destination; who, upon learning that there was a sick lady on board, called to see me, took a fatherly interest in me and rendered me valuable assistance other than that of his profession; without the latter I probably should never have reached home. He regretted much that business compelled him to leave the vicinity within the hour. But before going he secured for me a physician whom he could recommend, and sent a telegram to my husband to meet me at the steamboat wharf on Tuesday morning.

I was alone most of the day on Sunday. Oh, such a long, lonely day! Much of that mountain of difficulty was still before me. It was uncertain whether the telegram would find my husband or not, being sent on Sunday morning when all

business houses were closed, and I knew no private address.

During the afternoon my loneliness was oppressive, and it was becoming an effort to control my anxious, restless feelings, both about myself and the little children, Josie and Dora. I had not seen them since they were dressed in the morning, and knew not where they were, or how being cared for, when the door opened, and two sweet-faced ladies came to see me. They were the mate's wife and his sister. This mate had shown no little kindness in having the great crate of trunks overhauled, and mine sent to me. Both of these stranger ladies clasped my hand like true friends. The latter stooped and pressed a kiss on my cheek. How like angels of light they were to me; delicate, and refined in every movement, and yet so cordial in manner. The maiden lady was a professional nurse with soft hands and gentle touch. I at once secured her service to accompany me back to New York instead of the hard-palmed, coarse country woman, whom the latter physician had sent to me, and who had left me to myself nearly the whole day. So kind friends were raised up to me. If the Lord did not shield me from calamity, he took care of me in it.

Such disinterested kindness as Doctor Mott Francis manifested is scarcely expected or found in a stranger. He made haste to return to Providence on Monday, and called upon me again, and mapped out the best course for me to pursue on my arrival in New York, should I not meet my husband there. Before taking leave, he said in a very honest and gentlemanly way, "I hope you will pardon me this inquiry, I do not wish to learn if you *have* money; but should you *not* have sufficient with you to meet those unexpected expenses, I beg you will accept a loan from me of whatever amount you may need until you reach your husband."

I thanked him. Informed him that I had plenty of gold; but very little currency. And since few people liked to take gold, I would consider it a favor if he would give me currency in exchange for gold. He gave the paper money but refused to take the gold,—on the plea that he did not know the price of it,—saying, "Your husband can return it at his convenience." He also refused to accept any compensation for the service he had rendered me. And here let me add that both my husband and I regret much that in all our travels we have never since met with or learned aught of

this kind-hearted gentleman, except the brief but very kind letter received from him by the captain in acknowledgment of the returned money.

Meanwhile, my telegram had given the captain great anxiety, and the intervening time dragged heavily with him. Five o'clock Tuesday morning found him on the pier, waiting the arrival of the *Old Colony*. And when an hour later she steamed up alongside, he was about to spring on board, but was detained by an officer. The mate seeing him asked, "Are you that sick woman's husband?" "Yes!" was the response. "Then come right on board!" shook hands and gave him the number of my room.

Before I was scarcely aware that the boat had stopped, I caught sight of a familiar form through the crevice of the door, just as the nurse closed the door on what she thought was some one getting into the wrong room. "It is my husband!" I cried in a momentary spasm of delight; "let him in quick!" Only three days had elapsed since we had parted company; but it seemed like months. How grand he looked! Tall, shapely, and faultlessly dressed, from the broad-fendered soldier cap on his head to glazed-tipped cloth shoes on his feet, in a most becoming suit of navy-blue Sicilian goods (that I admired so much), and finishing touches by way of tan-colored kids, and an ivory-topped rattan. Not because of his clothes only did I think him grand, but because of the character,—the life that was unsullied by the common faults of most men,—such as anger, malice, jealousy, or profanity; and because he was strong in his integrity, self-possessed in every emergency, and master of the situation, no matter what it might be. Is it any wonder that I thought him the highest type of manhood? and that I delighted myself in him? The one comforting thought among the many conflicting ones in this unfortunate situation had been that of again seeing my husband, and I was almost glad of any circumstance that would bring about such a happy result. I had pictured that coming moment of joy, and wondered what new words of endearment he would find in his vocabulary of pet names, suitable for this very extraordinary occasion, and now the moment had come.

My husband really stood before me with smiling face; but instead of hurrying to catch me in his arms (as I had pictured) he stood for a moment, while he said, with an as-

sumed tinge of reproach in his tone, "What in the world did you go and get sick for?" It was only intended as a jest. But my experience of the past three days had not been of a nature to produce a disposition for joking in that way, for I was keenly sensitive about my situation, and was waiting his words of reassurance.

But oh, what a reaction those few meaningless words produced! I had borne up bravely all through that trying ordeal; had forced back the rising tears and not allowed one to escape; neither had I given up to repining or complaining. I had received much kindness where I little expected it, but here I expected so much kindness and sympathy, that anything the least bit nonsympathetic seemed too hard to bear. Reason and judgment usually desert upon such occasions,—mine did *utterly*. My whole being seemed to come to a full stop—breath and all. I simply faltered, "I couldn't help it," and turned my face towards the back of the berth, at the same time drawing the bedspread over it. Then all the inward propellers started up again with a rush, and I was lost in a torrent of smothered, hysterical sobs. How the brain wheels flew around! He had never said anything to me so much like a reproach, and how *could* I bear it now? In a moment I knew he was trying to soothe me. Though I could not hear his whispered words I felt his lips pressing kiss after kiss on the face he had turned toward him. But all the pent-up worry, anxiety, and strain on nerve power had well-nigh broken loose; and even though I knew the nurse was witnessing this unsatisfactory meeting, I could not make myself stop all at once.

Does the reader think the man I have been describing was not master of that situation? But he was, though. It was the touch of command in the tone when he said, "Emma, Emma!" It was not loud nor harsh nor unkind, only spoken in my own ear; but it helped me to recover myself.

Well, I got my share of petting and pet names, if I did urge it on a little; and soon both faces were radiant in the happiness of looking upon each other. I think more than natural strength was given to me that morning, for I combed my own hair and dressed myself without any help while nurse was dressing the children. We had to get on shore as soon as possible. By the time we were ready, my husband had secured a small but commodious tugboat to

take me to the packet vessel that was going to sail for Hantsport the next morning. I stepped across my room, sat down in an armchair, and was carried to the tugboat, where a mattress was put on the floor of the cabin, upon which I reclined during the three hours steaming from Pier 13 North River to East River, which took three hours—seeing he had to go moderately slow.

My father came with my husband in the tugboat; so I had a little visit from him, too, while we steamed down the river. It was from him that I received a thought which was very comforting at that time. Knowing his sensitiveness in regard to the reputation of his family, I was giving him a few words of explanation by way of apology for not being at home sooner; and added, "I suppose I may expect to have the cold shoulder turned on me by some of our rigidly respectable people."

"Well," said father, "you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are in good company. Our Lord was born away from home, while his mother was on a journey; and from thenceforth there can be no reproach attached to any in like circumstances. The discomfort to yourself is all you have to worry about."

What a happy thought! Why had it not come to me before! And oh, how I felt to thank the dear Lord that he had thus been born, and that everything was made so complete in his mission to earth.

In due time I found myself on board the packet, occupying a narrow berth in a very small room. After my husband had done what he could for the comfort of myself and children, he went ashore and made sundry small purchases for us. He brought them on board and gave the cook—who was an elderly man and a friend of our family since my earliest recollections—a liberal fee to cook up dainty dishes for me at times, and keep an eye to Josie and Dora when on deck. How precious to me were those few hours that he remained with us! But they would slip away—though I lost none of the time in sleep. About four a. m. he bade me good-by again and went ashore to take the early train for Philadelphia.

I would gladly have slept then, but could not. In a short time after he left, the packet got under way and started for home. The trip to Hantsport was not a pleasant one, be-

cause of my own loneliness and the anxiety I felt about the children while running about the deck, for fear they would be knocked overboard—would sometimes hear them cry and could not get to them, nor make anyone hear if I called; and also the discomfort of myself and baby in our uncared-for condition. But after one mental storm, a most depressing storm of weeping, I tried to be as patient as possible and wait for strength to help myself.

A lady friend, Mrs. McCulloch, was on board, and during the first two days, while the sea was smooth, she befriended me much in caring for the children, and would come in my room occasionally and chat a few moments. I shall never forget the second day out. The day was bright and beautiful, and all were on deck. Utter silence reigned below, for half the "watch" were taking their afternoon sleep, to be ready for the night. While lying in that small, close room, all alone, I longed for some one to come and speak to me. Then I became very lonely, restless, and nervous,—a weird, hysterical gloom settled over me. In vain I tried to battle it off, and grasped at everything that I could think of in the future that would be pleasant or make life bearable. But like the drowning man's "straws," they all went under with me; and a feeling of utter desolation hung over me—indeed I felt to be sinking. The undefined waves were rising higher and higher; they were choking, stifling me; but I could not cry. It seemed to me that I should really die, if left to myself from this horror of loneliness! Was it that? or was it a premonition of what was yet to come to us? At length I made some one hear, and sent for Mrs. McCulloch, and entreated her to remain with me awhile and talk with me, or I should die. At first she spoke lightly of my being lonesome, since as she said, it had only been two days since I had seen my husband. She, though a kind-hearted person, was by nature too matter-of-fact and systematical to ever have been guilty of emotional feelings. At the mention of my absent husband's name tears came to my relief, and though the spasmodic nature of that weeping alarmed her, it did me good. She then thought to draw my thoughts away from myself, and spoke of a book she was that day reading—a romance, I think—of a young couple who had at a great sacrifice gone far from home and friends as missionaries. To me it was not very interesting; but it was talk, something

to listen to and draw my thoughts after. And I listened till I became so weary that I preferred to be left alone again. Then she darkened the room, and promised to care for the children, so I need not have an anxious thought, and I soon fell into a sound sleep—the first I had had since leaving the steamer. From that evening it became rough, and my friend was seasick, so I saw her no more till we arrived. The poor little children also missed her. They had to wait on themselves as best they could. Fortunately we were only eight days on the trip. But I had abandoned my room in the daytime, two days before we arrived. The demands of my little ones required it, and I was given the strength to do so.

On my arrival in Hantsport I found that both love and money failed to obtain the permanent help of anyone; so after spending one night with a relative, I went to my home—that had been shut up for two years—alone to undertake housekeeping again; but with the cheering thought that mother would be with me in a day or two. On my arrival I sent a telegram, requesting her to come at once, and bring Frank, but after it reached the office at Canning, four miles distant from father's place, it had been overlooked, and laid in the office a week; during which time I waited and watched for their coming. It was a glad day to me when mother reined "old Blucher" up to our front gate, and Frank scrambled out of the light wagon in his hurry to get in the house before we should see them. He was a bigger boy than I expected to see; but had not forgotten his mother this time. But ere the children had been together long, I realized that I had made a mistake in separating them. Josie and Dora had known no other companion in their play, and naturally looked upon him as an intruder. And he in turn, though over seven years old, was the youngest at his grandma's, and consequently the one most favored. And when at times he protested against their appropriating his playthings to their own use, or did not handle them as carefully as he thought they ought to, he would take them and put them away. Josie evidently regarded him in the light of a very uncongenial playmate, and more than once said to me, with a very wise shake of her little curly head: "That boy has never been whupped!" meaning never been corrected or made to mind. However, in time they got better acquainted with each other.

Frank was very fond of going to school, and at that time learned very rapidly, and not wishing to get behind in his lessons, after coming home, he started to school at once. He was fond of play, too; but liked a hot dinner better, and preferred spending his noonings in coming home to a warm dinner, to taking a cold lunch and having a good play. One day he said, "If I was a smart little boy like Willie Balcom (who was a fast runner), I could get back in time to have some play, but my legs won't run." Every child's first day at school is an experience—in which some incident occurs that will be remembered, and Frank's was not an exception. He always maintained an individuality wherever he was. So on his first day at school—in Pereaux—whatever he wished to say he spoke right out full and square, which made a titter among the children who had been schooled to silence. The teacher came to him and said in a kind but earnest manner: "We do not allow any talking at school; you must not speak out loud, on any condition whatever." Whereupon, Frank brought the house down—teacher and all—by answering without the shadow of a smile, "All right, sir!" in a fuller, louder tone than before. Heretofore his schooling had been on the ship, where an order given must be promptly and distinctly answered.

It had been the pride of our thought to give our son a good education; but events transpired that laid a ruthless hand upon our anticipations in that way; and few, indeed, were his school days. The winter season set in early. Our wee baby, to whom we gave the long name of "Adrienne Mercedes," and who we thought at first was too tiny and frail to stay in this rough world, lived through all the hardships of her tender days and had commenced to grow finely, but her troubles were not over. When not quite three months old she took the whooping cough. How it came to her we did not know. From her the rest took it, all but myself. I had never had it, but was mercifully spared at that time when my health and strength were so much needed in behalf of my little suffering family. When the worst of the coughing was over they, one after another, except Frank, went through a combination of chicken pox and rose rash. Neither of these were anything serious, so they soon recovered, and by that time their cough was pretty well over, too. So I hoped health would be restored to the household again; but such

was not in store for us. Up to that time my children had escaped the epidemics common to children, because of their being at sea most of their lives. But now it seemed necessary, for some reason, that they should be rushed through the whole catalogue in a single season. And ere long they were stricken down with scarlet fever and measles; both at the same time. Oh, what a terrible winter that was! Not for me and my family only, but almost every family in the village shared the same. The two diseases being so adverse in their nature, that what was beneficial for the one was detrimental to the other. So the poor little ones languished, suffered, and died; while the winter storms followed each other in rapid succession, howled and shrieked around the houses, blocked roads, and buried woodpiles. When the fatality was at its height, there were sixteen children buried from that small village of Hantsport within two weeks. It did seem as if the destroyer of children was passing through the place.

Frank was the first of our little flock to be smitten with it. We were still living in what was built for the ell, or back part of our house that was to be; consequently there was only one good, large room downstairs, and upstairs the other two were small. The larger one upstairs was my sleeping room, and already had two beds in it, and now for the sake of comfort and convenience I had Frank's bed brought in, too, where there being a small stove, we could regulate the temperature of the room, and be near all the little ones at the same time. I was not alone in these night watches. My sister Sophia, who was then a widow, came and stayed with me all through the fore part of the season, and when she had to return home, my sister Lucinda came and remained till the spring. Disease, with Frank, always galloped through his system at race horse speed, laying low all before it, and this instance was no exception. What a sick child he was! The time came when the physician could hold out no hope for his recovery, unless possibly he had sufficient vitality to outlive it. His life seemed to hang upon a thread as it were, and in my heart I had given him up to die. But before this crisis had arrived, Dora became a victim of the same malady, and was lying in the next bed.

When Frank's life was despaired of, I sent for mother to come prepared to remain a length of time; and so I had the

consolation of having her with me, and the benefit of her experience and understanding in nursing. "Oh," said Doctor Black, further on in the sick time, when asked by me if we were leaving anything undone, "I wish the many poor little sufferers in this village had half the care and good nursing that your children have! The truth is, there are not well ones enough in a house to take care of the sick." We kept baby Addie and Josie downstairs, and away from the sick ones all that it was practicable to do. But having to nurse baby, and go downstairs to eat, I doubtless took it to her in my clothes, and Addie was the next to fall sick.

Frank had outlived the disease and all the distressing features that follow in its wake, and was a long way ahead of the rest in recovering, and yet it was a slow process. He was very patient and thoughtful; seeing how entirely our time was occupied with the other sick ones, he would almost suffer from want of a drink, or whatever he might need, before he would ask for it, and then apologize for doing so. Thus far Josie had kept well; but she was lonesome downstairs with only her Aunt Lucinda, and would so often say when I came down, "How I wish I would have them measles, 'tause it would be so nith to be in that other bed." "But," said I, "I am afraid my little girl would not think it so nice if she was as sick as her little sisters are." "Oh, res," (yes) she said, "it would be nith to be up there where you are." She loved her mamma dearly, and it was hard indeed for her to be long away from me. She was one of those bright, active, restless, nervous children, that no one could understand and sympathize with as well as mamma, now that her papa was absent. And in return, all of her affection was bestowed upon me.

Before this sickness had entered our house, I was invited to spend the day at my husband's sisters. The invitation was accompanied with a request not to bring the children, except the baby. It was to be a little company of us four sisters-in-law, and the children were to have their visit at another time by themselves also. This was sad intelligence for little Josie. She did not know how she could put through the day without her mamma; and when the day came, she followed me from room to room while I made ready. When putting on my bonnet before the glass, she stood looking up at me, and clasping her little hands together, said en-

thusiastically, "Dear little mamma with turls!" (curls). And when about ready to leave she said—using the word *my* instead of I: "My tant live, mamma, else you let me clear out your workbathtit (basket)," which basket, I must confess, was in a very disorderly condition, with long ends from various spools of thread all wound and twisted together with hooks and eyes and buttons on cards and many "odds and ends" and pieces of incompleted work, such as a large work basket generally catches. Such tasks were her favorite amusement at sea, when the weather was bad, and her mind became too restless for the little body to contain, she would give me her chain to tangle up, saying, "Just as bad as you can, mamma; so I won't get it out too quick."

The work basket was all put in order when I came home. Her Aunt Lucinda said she worked all the forenoon at it, but never broke a thread. In the afternoon she spent most of the time standing by the window looking for my return. And now she preferred being sick and with me to being well and downstairs without me. When the doctor came from time to time, she would say, "Captain Doctor, don't you think *my* will have them measles pretty soon? There is another bed there all ready." Every man she saw, in a dress suit, she called "Captain," but no others,—and was delighted when told that he thought she would have them pretty soon. Poor little darling! All too soon she had to be undressed and put in the bed that she thought was waiting for her, and was never on her feet again.

It is needless to particularize as to a tenth part of what was endured and suffered by all. Suffice it to say, that scarlet fever, with its effects is bad enough when alone, but when associated with the measles it is far worse; and the time came to each—one after the other—that their life was despaired of. Twice we thought baby Addie had passed away. But three were spared, and one taken. Rheumatic fever set in in Josie's case, and soon wore out the little life. It fled from the swollen, distorted, suffering body at six o'clock on a Monday evening in the early part of March.

I now leave the thread of my story and speak of a strange coincident that my husband experienced at sea on that same evening. The wind was blowing hard, driving the scud and heavy black clouds rapidly across the sky. He was standing on the quarter-deck, leaning up against the end of the house,

in deep thought while gazing upward, where the moon peeped out occasionally and was quickly veiled again by the driving clouds, when suddenly the clouds parted, leaving a clear, bright space between them, out from which a baby angel—as plain, said he, as ever was painted on canvas—with a loose cloth wrapped about it, descended a little way and was met by one—a little larger in size—ascending. As they joined each other, the one that had descended, raised its hand at arm's length, pointed upwards, and together they fled away in the brightness, and the dark clouds rolled together again. It occupied but a moment of time, and yet so completely absorbed was he in the vision that the things or surroundings of the present with him, had passed out of his mind, and when a moment after, while he was yet gazing upward, he heard little Josie's voice, as if at the door calling, "Papa! mamma wants you!" He turned quickly and went to the door, and was in the act of opening it, before he realized that it was not a reality. His little pet was not there clinging to the door, but he was alone, and we were many miles away. Yet he could not turn a deaf ear to the call; but went to the cabin with an undefined expectation of finding us there. The room, with its associations of the past, had been desolate and lonely enough before. But now it was tenfold more so. A deathlike silence reigned that was too oppressive to endure, and he went to the deck again, where the darkness and the tempest were more in accord with his feelings, and remained till far in the night, pondering upon what he had seen, and felt assured that another of our little ones had been taken away.

Was it a delusion of the brain? or did the little one to whom we had been speaking of her papa a few moments before her spirit fled away, convey the message of my heart to him? How much I did indeed want him in that hour, weary with anxious care and sorrow. How the human heart longs at such times for mutual sympathy!

Near three months now had passed since the night lamp in our house had been permitted to go out, and fires kept up both day and night. During all this time the night hours had been spent in ministering to the suffering ones, going from one bed to another in the round of duty, tending throats with hot water, putting on and taking off drafts and poultices; in short doing all that could be done for their relief.

As for rest and sleep, we had almost forgotten what it was, and wondered when it would be ours again to undress and go to bed to sleep all night. When utterly exhausted I would sink down on the bed with my clothes on, and sleep for an hour or so. It was nearly the same with mother and sister; yet I saved them all I could, for sister had the work downstairs to attend to. Besides these things, our wood must be dug out of the snow, and both wood and coal carried upstairs. Water was brought from an open well, and much of that carried up- and downstairs. Our supplies had to be brought from the village, which would make many trips to and from, and for the doctor, too, once in the dead of night. True, one and another of the neighbors came frequently on stormy nights and laid in a supply of wood and coal, and helped in many ways; yet the bulk of all devolved upon myself, since there were few at liberty so to do, because sickness prevailed everywhere. Many husbands and fathers were absent from their families, and they, too, had claim upon neighborly kindness.

Sadly and tearfully I alone of all our household followed the remains of our bright, beautiful child to the grave, on a wet, gloomy day. The many newly-made little mounds in that sacred inclosure told too plainly of the sorrow that was everywhere. When would the gloom be lifted! And yet it was not so bad for me as for others near me. Two had been taken from several families. But at that time we knew not what the end would be; both Dora and Addie were far from being out of danger. Dora's lungs had become affected, and we scarcely hoped that such a frail little creature could live long. She lay on a cot, or sometimes propped up in the big chair, just as we put her, not able to lift even her little hands from one place to another, her principal diet being loaf sugar and new milk in small quantities. "Is it possible that child still lives!" was the common expression of those who called; and yet she did not seem to suffer from anything but weakness. When Frank and Addie had fully recovered, mother returned home.

Now that the children were better, my anxiety was turned in another direction. It had been long since I had heard from my husband. The last letter was written from Rotterdam, saying he was then chartered for Boston. His ship was now overdue, and the owners, as well as myself, were

very anxious about her. At length a letter came, but from Lisbon instead of Boston, saying he had gotten some distance on his way across the Atlantic when he encountered a series of northwesterly gales, had been dismasted and driven before the wind. Had put into Lisbon—the nearest port he could fetch—for repairs, and probably would not reach Boston till the latter part of April or early in May. It was a relief to learn of his safety; but I had been looking for him home so much sooner. The letter being written in February, and from Lisbon, too, which seemed to put him a long way off, it was a sore disappointment to me.

But as long as I remember this circumstance the memory of Mrs. Benjamin Newcomb's kind sympathy will be blended with it. She was my nearest neighbor, and we thought very much of each other. Upon entering the house while I was reading the letter through the blinding tears that kept filling my eyes—she exclaimed, "You dear! What is the matter?" and crossing the room quickly to where I was, wound her arms about my neck, giving expression to her love and sympathy, and reminded me pleadingly, that he must already be nearly home again. Before finishing the letter I found food in it for thought. He informed me that he had made up his mind to abandon the sea, and had been praying for the Lord to make the way clear for him to leave the *H. J. Burton* on his arrival in Boston, and that he might never have to go to sea again, that is, as a vocation. And knowing that I would be agreed as touching that matter, wished me to unite my prayers with his. At eight o'clock each night was the hour he appointed for me, and he would reckon the difference in time—where he was, and thus our prayers would ascend to God at the same time in behalf of the same desire. And I did so.

He arrived in Boston early in May, and was met there by one of the chief owners, Mr. J. Fish, who informed him that they—the rest of the owners—had concluded to make a change, if he was agreed. He said they had a man who would like to sail the *Burton* for a trip or two, and perhaps the change would be beneficial. My husband recognized in this request the answer thus far, to our prayers, and cheerfully acquiesced, and settled up his business with the owners and came home, bringing the gladdening news that he had

left the *H. J. Burton* for good, and did not intend to go to sea any more.

It was so restful to me to have him at home again, to help in caring for the delicate children that for a time I did not think about what he would do next to obtain a living. Little Dora was still so delicate that she had to be handled with the greatest care. I think a sudden jerk would have snapped the brittle thread of her life. She was too weak to be dressed in the morning altogether without having to rest once or twice during the process, by putting a light shawl about her and letting her lie and rest, and sometimes sleep awhile. When her papa came he used to take her out-of-doors in his arms, and the warm May sun and air strengthened her much. But it was weeks after she could sit up, before she could walk.

About a month after my husband's arrival, Frank had another serious sick spell of inflammation of the brain and bowels. And though I was very anxious about him, the care rested lightly upon me. His father installed himself nurse, and sat by him constantly, having all the medicines and when to give them. How vividly one evening of that sickness still lingers in my mind. The moon was at its full, and the evening being so warm we had doors and windows all open. There was no lighted lamp in the sick room, for the moon gave light enough. The disease was about at its height. The little ones being asleep, the house was perfectly quiet, while we two sat by him watching his every movement. Our hearts were pierced and saddened, as at times he uttered loud cries of pain, then subsided to the inarticulate mutterings of a delirious brain. Again we were made to smile in our sadness at his talk to the boys with whom he thought he was playing at a lively game. How the fever raged! He lay on his back without power to move—with chest and bowels swollen high and hard. At about ten o'clock I went to the village and brought our faithful doctor to watch with us for an hour or so, knowing the critical moment was at hand, and thinking he might possibly be able to take advantage of some change if there were any. While yet quite a distance from the house, we heard his loud cries ring out on the still night air, which made us quicken our steps yet more. "No," said the doctor, "there is nothing more that can be done for him." And he shook his head as he stood over

him saying, "Poor boy! he is having a hard struggle for his life, and a few hours will tell whose is the victory."

We knew nothing then about laying on of hands for healing the sick. But we had faith in God, and believed in answer to prayer. So we knelt and prayed for him; aye, we had been praying for him with every breath for days—and again had the pleasure of seeing him recover; but he was a changed boy. His natural wit and humor, the readiness with which he grasped knowledge of all kinds, the love for his books and school, together with much that he had already gained was obscured as though a fog had settled down over him and he was uncertain about his course; could not perceive readily. But since that was the second time he had had inflammation of the brain, the only wonder is that he retained the balance of his mind.

While on this subject I will just say that when about seventeen years old he had another very severe illness—typhoid pneumonia—which "cleared away the fog," as he said, and restored to him his former self.

It seemed that my turn had come to be waited on for a while. The mental and physical strain of the winter or in fact ever since I left the *H. J. Burton* in Philadelphia, had done their work. My iron constitution gave way at last and I was an invalid for months, and not much better for years. Was confined to my bed for six weeks, during which time Mr. and Mrs. Leander Davison—my husband's sister and brother-in-law—had received a letter from a friend in New Zealand, describing that country in glowing terms, which made Sister Libbie feel quite discontent with their quiet life in a small village, and wish they, too, could break loose from their present surroundings and go to a new and better place. For several evenings they, with brother John Burton and wife, came down and talked over the subject of a removal very enthusiastically. And such a lot of planning! One was to buy out the rest of the owners of the *H. J. Burton*, and get up a small colony to go. Joseph would go as captain of the ship and colony too, and when we got there we would break up the ship and use the wood for building purposes.

But that was in the very height of the "fever"; when it abated a little they all became more rational, and concluded

they would only go as far as California, at least would stop there a few years before going farther.

My husband had taken the fever bad, the people said. But with a wife sick in bed, and not knowing when I would be able to resume household duties, the outlook was not very propitious for us.

Before I was able to be about again Mrs. Davison had broken up and bade me good-by and gone to Halifax to visit awhile with her relatives before leaving the country. Her husband had to remain in Hantsport some weeks longer to finish up his business and get in the money that was due him in various places, which caused them much more delay than they anticipated; and in the meantime I got out of bed and about the house again, but was far from being well. Mr. and Mrs. Davison were very anxious for my husband to accompany them to California and we had talked seriously of the matter. It was very evident that we must make some such change, or else he must needs go to sea again. We could not keep up appearance sufficient to move in the same position in society without about the same amount of money, which would not be forthcoming in that vicinity; and much as we desired to abandon the sea, and spend more of our lives with each other, we were not quite ready to step down on the level of accepting jobs of work here and there, and live on what was obtained in that way. So the only opening there seemed for us was to go to a new place and grow up with it. At first we concluded it would be best for Mr. Burton to go first and get a home, and then send for us—me and the children—for he did not think it probable that we could sell our place and get cash down for it; and without all the money we could not all go.

I agreed to that, provided I could board home with mother. So we took a drive down to Pereaux to talk over the matter. Of course all were very much surprised. Mother could scarcely become reconciled to our going so far away; but since we had been going and coming ever since we were married, it was not so hard to part with us as if we had been steady residents. A few words said jestingly by Sophia, during the conversation, made a sudden change in my mind; and although I felt a little hurt at the time, I have never ceased to be thankful to her for being thus outspoken. Had

I remained behind what a different path in life we might have trodden.

When we had retired to our room for the night, I surprised my husband by telling him that he would have to make different plans for the future; that I refused to be left behind. If *he* went we would all go together. There was only two weeks remaining of the time Mr. and Mrs. Davison had appointed to leave Hantsport. And let it suffice to say that when the time came we were ready. Commenced selling off our household goods as soon as we got home. We worked by faith then, just as much as we ever did or ever will do. For with our minds fixed upon going, we did not wait till everything was secured to us before disposing of anything; but worked as the way opened up.

When my husband went to one Mr. J. B. North, and told him of our intentions, and asked him to buy our place, Mr. North said:

"Well, I think that any young man who has moral courage enough to take his family and go to California, and expect to make a living for them without any trade, or money, or friends, ought to be encouraged. I do not want the place, but if you can not dispose of it elsewhere, I will take it if I can raise the money. But do what you can to sell."

He did so; but every effort was fruitless. And as our household goods were nearly all disposed of, I said to my husband:

"Wouldn't we be in a queer fix if we could not sell our place? We could not go; nor stay either, very well, without any house furniture."

He replied, "There is no *if* about it; we are *going*."

A few days before leaving, he went to Mr. North again, and told him it was useless to think of selling elsewhere. The vessel in which we were going to New York was lying out in the stream, and our trunks on board, before we got our money for the place; yet my faith only wavered that once.

We had quite an experience on our way to New York. Perhaps Neptune did not like the thought of parting with old friends, and laid plots against us. The wind was blowing fresh as we neared Nantucket shoals, and kept freshening as the afternoon wore on. It appeared that Captain M., of the *Kildare*, the vessel we went to New York on, was not accustomed to going in over the shoals, but frequently came

out over them. And being an irresolute man, he halted between two opinions and let much of the fair wind and daylight too, go to waste, while he talked the matter over pro and con with Captain Burton. The wind was increasing so rapidly that my husband became uneasy about our safety in such a place on such a night as that one threatened to be, and asked the captain why he did not square away and get over the worst of the shoals before dark. Whereupon the captain replied that he did not know just what to do. Captain Burton said there was only one thing for him to do now. "You are too far inshore to fetch out around the fishing rips; you could not save yourself from getting on them."

"But," said Captain M., "I thought I might beat about here till morning."

"Quite impossible," replied Captain Burton. "There might be a gale of wind before morning. There is now every appearance of such, and you would be driven on shore before midnight."

Captain Burton pointed out the entrance, and Captain M. gave the order to square away for the shoals, while both captains came down in the cabin and consulted the chart. And as is the custom when it will be needed often, left it spread out on the table. He thought he would be all right after he once got in the channel. He entered all right, and had kept the channel around one or two. Lighthouses were stationed on the point or margin of each one, with different lights. It was my custom when at sea with my husband, to study the charts as closely as he did, and feeling some anxiety, I kept looking first at the lights that were already lit, though not yet dark,—and then at the chart. I confess I did not have much faith in the skill of Captain M., and remarked to Mrs. Davison, who was delightfully unconscious of danger, "I wish I did not know quite so much, or else knew a little more; it would make me feel more comfortable."

"Why," said she, "is there anything to be uneasy about?"

"I do not suppose there really is; but with my knowledge there seems to be. I should judge we are almost on this shoal"—pointing it out.

"Oh," said she, "I thought to go over the shoals meant just to have shoal water where the sea would not be so high."

"So it does," I replied, "but in some places it is a little too shoal right about here."

As I finished speaking there came a terrible crash that threw us across the cabin. Mrs. Davison was too terrified to speak, but her eyes said, "What has happened?"

"It is the shoal," I said, "we have struck it."

The ship raised up with the sea, and *bang* down she went again. There seemed to be force enough to break her all to pieces, but it did not. When she struck the first time, all was confusion on deck. The captain just jumped up and down and swore. Had so many oaths mixed with his orders that the men could scarcely tell what he did say, and they did their part of the swearing, too.

However, when Captain Burton heard or saw that he was about to "wear around," he knew that there was no time for words, and if they carried out the purpose of "wearing around," that we, or at any rate the vessel would never get off that shoal; besides, the captain of the ship scarcely knew what he was doing, so excited was he. All this was comprehended in a flash, and he, Captain Burton, sprang to the wheel. At the same time his voice of command rang out above the crashing of the waves, howling of the wind, and fearful cursings of the captain, in the words, "Hard alee!" And instead of putting the helm up, he made it spin the other way, putting it down with all his might. When the command of "hard alee" is given, mates and men always know just what to do to make ready to "tack ship." And these men worked lively, the captain bearing a hand with them.

As soon as the ship was in the channel again, her captain came aft, and Captain Burton apologized for what he had done, saying he knew that our lives depended upon prompt measures. Captain M. scratched his head and accepted the apology rather awkwardly. In his heart he was glad of it; but it was not quite in keeping with his dignity to acknowledge his incompetency by saying so.

It was a terrible night. There was nothing for us to do but run back and forth in that narrow channel till daylight, and that too at the risk of smashing into some other vessel. The captain thought he could anchor near the opposite shoal, but in the attempt he lost his anchor and chain without ever checking her headway. I was probably just as badly scared

when we were bumping on the bottom as Libbie was; but when she got in the channel again, and the pumps were sounded to see that she was not hurt, my fright subsided to a feeling of anxiety and dread. But poor Libbie, never having been in a storm at sea before, thought the vessel was going over every time she gave a heavy lurch to leeward. And in reassuring her and the children, I strengthened myself. Our own captain would come down once in awhile to see how we were getting along, and although we liked to have him with us, we felt safer when he was on deck. And after a few minutes stay below, Libbie would beg for him to go on deck again. We heard a good deal of hammering going on on deck, and I asked my husband when he came below what they were doing. To which he answered carelessly that he supposed they were making things secure. Had we then known that they were making preparations to send us women and children up in the rigging, and to lash us there, should the vessel go ashore before morning, we should have felt more uneasy than we did.

During the evening we had another scare. The sound of a human voice or voices was heard blended with the rush and roar of the waves, near the bows of the ship; and we in the cabin heard the cry of "Man overboard!" and men running to and fro. What a moment of anxious suspense, lest it should be ours that was overboard. The captain having a pair of glasses in his hand, immediately applied them to his eyes, and saw indistinctly through the darkness and flying spray, three objects that may have been sticks, or may have been men in a boat, quite near the windward side of the ship; but it was only a momentary glance, when the angry waves rushed against the side of the ship, deluging everything with flying spray, hiding all objects from view.

It was soon learned that none were missing from the ship. And while we felt a deep commiseration for the unfortunate ones, we in our selfish nature thanked God that it was not ours. The captain objected to tacking ship in the endeavor to rescue them, when my husband made the suggestion saying he had lives in his care that he dared not hazard to save others. As the evening wore on, I at least became accustomed to the situation, and felt a disposition to go to sleep.

At midnight my husband came below, bearing on his lips the most soothing of all "saltwater phraseologies," "The

wind is moderating." None but a sailor's wife can realize all that one word "moderating" implies. Next morning, while on the same "beat," we passed close by the hull of a vessel, bottom up. By the location of the lighthouses, it was very near where we had heard the cry of distress, and the captain thought those three objects that he saw must have been men astride of the keel. We felt a solemn gratitude to God, while viewing the keel of that unfortunate ship, that had probably struck on the very reef that we did, that we were spared, while she with all of hers had perished. And not only that, but we had passed and repassed the wreck during the night, and had been so guarded as never to have come in contact with it.

As I look back now, I can see that the Lord had a purpose in directing us to another land. He had a work for us to do, and spared us for it, and in sparing us spared all in the ship.

CHAPTER 6

OUR trip to California was in the early days of railroad traveling across the plains—October, 1869—when it was considered necessary to carry soldiers for protection against the Indians; and had this chapter been written at that time it might have been filled with interesting incidents. But travel across the continent has become an everyday occurrence, and the experience of each very similar, that it has become too well known and read to write of here, except a few slight touches of how very odd the phraseologies sounded to us as we neared California; such as “a square meal for six bits” (seventy-five cents), and “four bits” (fifty cents), “two bits” (twenty-five cents), and “a short bit” (ten cents), and others too numerous to mention. And again, as we neared Salt Lake City, a man of friendly appearance came on board our car. Since said place was a point of interest to travelers, as well as to all Americans we were speculating among ourselves regarding its inhabitants—of whom we knew very little indeed, except that it was their religion to have a lot of wives. We wondered how they looked, how they lived; and though the thought was not exactly worded, if they were really human beings. And since the stranger seemed inclined to talk, Mr. Davison asked him some questions about Brigham Young. That was like touching a match to a long line of powder. He was brimful of information regarding Salt Lake City and its inhabitants, and was no ways backward about giving it; in the which one could plainly see that he was not a friend of Brigham’s. He related an incident or two, with a flash of fire in his eyes, of how Brigham Young had oppressed the people. Mrs. Davison became enthusiastic in her interest in all that was being said, and plied him at every opportunity with various questions. For the sake of a better view of what portion of the city could be seen while passing through, the trio stepped out on the platform. During a pause in the conversation Mrs. Davison said in her emphatic way, “I *would* like to see a *Mormon*.”

The stranger looked at her a moment half incredulously, and said in a matter of course tone, “Why, I’m a Mormon!”

Mrs. Davison was so taken by surprise she nearly lost her breath.

"Are you a Mormon!" she said, instinctively stepping back a pace and surveying him from head to foot.

As may be imagined the stranger laughed heartily at her astonished look. He reached his destination just before we reached Ogden. We were all sorry to lose so genial a traveling companion.

On reaching San Francisco we were a little disappointed because of not finding a five-dollar-a-day job waiting for us or anybody else. The hotel runner was the man to be consulted on all topics; and though he was well informed in regard to the resources of the country, he was not prepared to tell us just where was the best place to seek a location. Said the country was large, there was lots of room in it, and no doubt work could be found somewhere. We felt rather forlorn in that great, strange city, not knowing just where we wanted to go or what we wanted to do, apart from the one purpose to make a living. And having no friends, if we did not make a move soon, would have no money either.

There was just one man in the State whose name and post office address we knew, a Nova Scotian, Mr. Newton Best. We had never met him, but his wife was a cousin of mine. They had been in California some three years, and we knew that their people addressed them at Gilroy, Monterey County. So Mr. Burton resolved to go to Gilroy and make arrangements for us to locate somewhere near our friends. He expected to be back to the hotel the same evening or possibly the next morning. Evening and morning came and went, and still he did not come. And while we waited and watched with anxiety sharpened by all kinds of apprehensions of the wild country of California, I will follow him in his first experience in the golden land.

On arriving at Gilroy he went to the post office directory, but there was no Mr. Best on the list; he made inquiries of various persons, but no one knew of such person; there was certainly no such person in town. He returned to the post office just as the mail was being made up for Hollister and San Benito. There he learned from the mail carrier that Mr. Best lived in San Benito, a distance of fifty-two miles, and that the stage was then going to Hollister, sixteen miles of that distance, and the balance had to be made on horseback. This piece of information was rather depressing

for a sea captain. But nothing daunted he took stage for Hollister; then hired a horse, and mounting a Spanish saddle, undertook the journey up the mountains. It was ten o'clock in the evening when he arrived, more dead than alive. Fortunately for him and the horse too, he was very much lighter in those days than at the present. It so happened that there were three fine "claims," that is, quarter sections of Government land just above Mr. Best's claim, one of them adjoined it. The next morning he and Mr. Best went out to take a look at them. While upon the grounds two other men came there for the purpose of taking up land; and since Mr. Burton was first on the ground they allowed him to take his choice of the three claims, which was the one adjoining Mr. Best's.

Next morning he saddled the "broncho" and started back to Hollister. The knowledge that he was then recognized as the owner of a fine, large farm, all ready for the plow, stimulated him on that long-to-be remembered journey, and made him more forgetful of the discomfort of that hard saddle. When he reached Hollister the stage for Gilroy had gone. The hire of his horse had taken about all the money he had with him, except enough for his car fare to the city. And he had arranged with Mr. Best—now Brother Best—to meet us in Gilroy the noon of the second day with his team. So after his thirty-six-mile ride on horseback, he had to make the remaining sixteen miles on foot, and then lay his weary bones down on the ground under the railroad platform for the balance of the night, and catch short naps between the howling of dogs and the carousing of half-drunken Spaniards. Had he been a Californian he would have hunted a haystack.

Towards morning he became so numbed with cold he had to get up and walk about till daylight. It was then the third day since he left the hotel in San Francisco, and the reader may well imagine my anxiety about him, and what a relief it was after the long suspense to see him about noon, slowly ascending the long flight of stairs that led to our room, like a man bent with years and many infirmities. I had several minutes in which to draw imaginary pictures of what had befallen him before he reached the top of the stairs; but never once thought of him taking a ride on horseback. And notwithstanding the misery he was in we all

joined in a hearty laugh as he in glowing terms portrayed his experience of the past three days. He dwelt enthusiastically upon the beautiful "claim" he had taken up. First, because he really thought it beautiful, and second as an incentive to stimulate us for our long, tedious journey. He said there was another claim he had engaged for Mr. Davison if he wished it. So as we made ready for our journey, I for one felt quite rich in the realization of what I had remembered of an emigrant song I heard a Boston lady sing shortly after we moved to Cornwallis, and which I used so often to sing while in my short rope swing. It ran thus:

"Come along! come along! make no delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way;
Just bring your wife and children, and don't be alarmed,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

I little thought then that Uncle Sam would ever give me a farm.

According to promise we were met next day at the railroad station in Gilroy. It seemed as if every turn Mr. Burton took that day he had to put his hand in his pocket and pay out money to some one; and in Gilroy he informed me that he had paid out his last dollar, and it was needful that we should have some provisions to take up the country with us. So my beautiful blue silk dress—which sorrow and mourning had prevented me from making up—had to be sacrificed at the nominal price of ten dollars, simply because the merchant was taking it to accommodate us; and our first supplies in starting in our new life in California were bought with the price of it. I felt like shedding a few tears when I saw it passing out of our hands; still I knew I should never use it in that rough country, and was glad away down in my heart that I had it to sell.

Hollister at that time was only the embryo of a town. There was one redwood house that was dignified by the title of "hotel." It was after night when we drove in the feed yard, hard by this hotel, and the lamplight shining through the board cracks in the walls—between the boards—looked cheery; and the savory smell of frying beefsteak that issued forth was appetizing to us cold, hungry travelers, who had only lunched from a basket at noon. Brother Best turned

up some boxes for us to sit on, and busied himself with putting out his team. Our husbands had not arrived yet; there was no room for them on the load after the women and children were seated—and very uncomfortably so—consequently they had to walk. On account of deafness I had not learned the disagreeable fact that we did not have money enough to pay hotel expenses, and wondered why we were not shown into the house at once, where we could rest. My baby, fifteen months old, was fat and heavy, and I had scarcely had her out of my arms during the whole day. When Brother Best had taken care of his team he proceeded to build a campfire. By the time that was ablaze, our weary men came in the yard, but said nothing about being tired. Mr. Burton was as jolly as if he was out on a picnic. When I asked why he did not take us in the house, he made reply in a tone and gesture of great dignity, that he could not think of taking his family into a house like *that* to spend the night.

“But,” I answered, “it is better than nothing, and I am so tired; do let’s go in.”

“Oh, we can’t; they won’t have us there.”

Then I felt a little indignant and wanted to know *why*.

“Well,” said my husband, “the truth is, we have no money to pay them.”

My heart began to sink; and when I learned little by little that we were going to eat supper out in that yard, and sleep on the haystack, I felt desolate enough. I had never thought of enduring such hard times as that. People never went “camping out” in our country, so I had never slept out of doors nor eaten by a campfire before. But despite the degradation, that supper tasted good, and the spacious bed was comfortable. There was a rickety roof over the stack that shut out the damp air, but it was so strange to look up at the stars, and hear the horses stepping about just below us, with occasional low whinnies. And the idea of it all was so dreadful it was a long time before I could get to sleep. At least it seemed a long time, though it may have been only ten minutes. It was evident that our field bed was open to the public, for during the night several more than our own company found a resting place in some part of it. We would never have been the wiser of that fact had it not been told us.

We were astir next morning as soon as it was light. The

ground was glistening with frost, and the air biting cold. Our beefsteak gravy hardened as soon as it touched the plates. (Mr. Best had prepared for camping out.) But we ate heartily nevertheless. The sun was just peeping over the hills when we started on that never-to-be-forgotten journey away up among the hills to our new home.

The day wore slowly on while we wended our way up, among, around, between, and over the big hills, crossing and recrossing the Tres Pinos and San Benito rivers, over such frightful roads as we had never thought of. We were a cramped, tired, cold, hungry, blue-feeling lot when we arrived at Brother Best's at ten o'clock that evening. Cousin Annie had given up our coming that night and gone to bed. Our two men, who had made the distance on foot, arrived only a few minutes later than we. Such was our entrance upon the life of "starting in a new place, and growing with it." The poetry of such a life is only seen when viewed from a distance.

Cousin Annie's house was quite sufficient for herself, that is, herself, husband and two little children. But when seven more were added to the family, and four of them being men and women, there was no room to spare. But we were forced to impose ourselves upon her accommodations until we could get a cabin of our own built. She was of a cheerful disposition and made the best of her lumbered-up house.

In two weeks time we had a little cabin of our own, void of any floor but mother earth. I displayed to the best advantage the few household notions I had brought with me; gathered the pale green moss that hung from the trees on our "new farm" and made a carpet—for a day or so—and for a time took a romantic view of "life in California," with no windows to wash, no doors, floors, or woodwork to scrub, and I might as well add, no cooking to do. We were told that in two months the rains would come, then there would be plenty of work, which meant more plenty of all the necessities of life. But there were no rains for two years, no crops, no work, and the hardships that we were subject to took the romance all out of our new life. It was only the very hardest kind of work that could be gotten, such as digging wells and building brush fences (of logs so heavy that it often took three men with a pry to put them in their places), and even the pry could not always be obtained. We

confined our expenses to the very limited sum obtained in that way. Fortunately we did not need clothing of any kind during those two years—except something of the very plainest for my husband to work in—for it took all that was earned to furnish the table with the plainest of food, and often a meager supply. Meats (except game), sweetening, milk, butter, eggs, or fruits were luxuries that seldom found their way to our table during the first year. And as for potatoes and vegetables, no one in the country had them.

A little circumstance occurs to my mind in connection with those times that was very amusing to Mrs. Davison. She had a set of ivory-handled knives and forks that she had brought from home with her, and since I only had those that were in our lunch basket in the cars, we kept two of hers with them to use. And not having had anything on the table for a few days that required the use of knives and forks, I put them away. When Sister Libby went to set the table for our evening meal she said, "Emma, I am afraid the children have taken my knives and forks out and lost them; I can not find them anywhere in the house, and there is only one of yours here."

"They are not lost," I replied; "I put them away in the trunk. We have no use for them, and what is the good of having them about?"

Whereupon she laughed heartily, saying, "Oh, bring them out, Emma; we like to see them on the table whether we use them or not."

But Sister Libbie was only with me a short time. When my husband went away to work where he could not come home nights, and I was left alone in that thin "shake" house, with a door of the same material, and only a wooden latch for a fastening, and no neighbors within a mile, and the center of the valley being a highway for Spaniards and "greasers," no pen can tell the terrors I suffered from fear, both day and night. In fact I was afraid of everyone I saw coming to the house, or passing along the road, for fear they would come to the house, not knowing who were our neighbors, or who were not. I tried to comfort myself with the thought that if some one did come and murder us I would be rid of this suffering. It was not only human beings that I feared, but grizzly bears, too. We were told that there were some in the hills back of us, and our first residence was

well up to the foothills. One evening my husband came home from his work in Bear Valley, after being there a few days, and to make the distance shorter, left the main road and came through a canyon. The next morning he returned the same way and saw the track of a grizzly right over those of his own. It evidently had scented him and followed at no great distance.

I am thankful to say though that we had not been there very long till the dreadful sensation of fear was taken from me, and I felt as safe behind that wooden latch as if it had been iron bars. And the children were blessed with good health and good appetites for our coarse food.

In the darkness of those two years of hard times, in a strange land, even the wilds of California, the names of our loved ones at home were to me almost too sacred to reiterate. True, I had been used to leaving home, and going to distant lands; but we were always near the busy marts of the world, and there was always the knowledge that we would soon return. But now it was different. We had come to stay. On leaving home we fully expected to be able to return for a visit in a few years, bearing about us a tinge at least of the halo that accompanies heroes, since it was quite a feat to start up from a quiet neighborhood like ours and go to California. But all those bright features had faded, gone out, as also that "presence" within, that had been so like a reality, and that had prompted us to make the move. And the "light in the distance" which had impelled us onward. Where was it? We had reached the "distance," and it was not there.

I used to wonder if we had not made a mistake, had followed a will-o'-the-wisp, and it had left us in the bog. For it seemed to me that we must needs spend the rest of our days in poverty. We had so little of this world's goods and needed so much; and my bump of hope not being very prominent, I could not see how it was possible for us ever to get far enough ahead, considering the disadvantages of the country, to get a good comfortable home. Still I could not say I was ever really sorry for the move we had made, since my husband did not have to go to sea. That one thought compensated for a multitude of other disadvantages.

And now in looking back at the darkness of those two years, I see also many bright spots that shine like stars in

the firmament, when the moon does not appear; the dark background serving to enhance their brightness. Some were in this wise: On Saturday nights, or other nights when Mr. Burton was expected home, I would get our supper a little earlier—he always ate where he worked—get the work done up, and the children put to bed, and add to my simple costume whatever touches would make it and the wearer appear to the best advantage, and walk half a mile or more to meet him, and enjoy our walk home (often in the moonlight) as well as lovers before marriage. And if perchance I had in that poor little house of ours—made bright by love only—some little surprise awaiting him, which may have been the fruits of a whole week's economy and forethought, with what childlike glee I would wait the final moment to witness the pleasing effect. He knew too well the cost—not in dollars and cents merely of all those surprises, and gave full expression of appreciation. The great advantage of being real poor is that every little thing in the way of a luxury, a "luxury" in those circumstances, is appreciated to its fullest value; and such little trifles would fill the heart with gladness.

Sometimes Mr. Burton would think he could not remain thus and see his family so destitute of the comforts of life, and speak of making an effort to get to a seaport to seek a berth in some ocean traveler. But such suggestions would "break me all up," and my plea would be, "If we only have a crust, let us eat it together. We have left home and friends to live together, and now to be left alone in this lonely, remote place, would be more than I could bear."

Our neighbors did not fully realize for a time our situation, since our apparel, and the few things that we brought with us did not suggest poverty. They were inclined to believe that we had money, but were living in that rustic style from choice. When the real facts of our hard struggle became known, we found in those scattered neighbors friends indeed, who extended a helping hand in various ways; all of which was duly appreciated by us, and I trust will not be overlooked by the All-Father when he assembles his children together before him to render justice and judgment to them for their works while in the "far country."

But as the second year began to wane, my husband, who had never been accustomed to any other work than pulling

ropes and stowing cargo, and had done very little of that since he was nineteen years of age, when he sailed as "mate," found his strength was giving way, not only from work, but so much walking and carrying heavy burdens. When strength fails courage and ambition wane. He steadily grew thinner and weaker. While the hot sun bronzed the faces of our neighbors, it only *bleached* his, making it more white.

And as for myself, it seemed as if I was suffering pain in some way all the time. But still the children's wants must be supplied, and the daily routine of work gone through. Besides poor health generally, I became the victim of frequent and violent attacks of headache. One kind was of three days' duration; and daily neuralgia of the face. This neuralgia was with me more or less for nearly three years, would come on late in the afternoon. I knew about when to prepare for it. Would put a chair with a pillow in it near the stove, a piece of flannel to wrap my head in, and a quilt that some one would put all over me in a way to keep out all air possible. And when the whirlwind of pain struck me I crouched down by the chair with face buried in the pillow, and there wrestled for half an hour or more with intense pain; not by struggling, but by holding myself still, while everyone stepped lightly and spoke in a whisper. To move a muscle or attempt to speak was like pouring oil in the flame. At least it was putting myself beyond my own control. When the paroxysm had passed off, all but a low grumble, and I emerged from beneath my mufflers, one might well think from the haggard visage that I was just recovering from a prolonged, besotted dissipation. Occasionally I would escape these attacks for a while when the weather was warm and no wind blowing. Doubtless this suffering was the result of inflamed gums and a number of decayed teeth. I could not expect a dentist to relieve me of those useless teeth for nothing. There were no dentists nearer than fifty miles, and all strangers. And since we had nothing to pay I simply had to endure. I have a purpose in mentioning those incidents common to life, that will be seen further on.

But all those afflictions were generating very unwholesome features, such as seasons of gloomy despondency, in which no ray of light or hope for anything better, entered. And worse than the despondency, was the growing irritability. This feature I was reminded of by my little girls in

such a touching manner that for shame of myself I endeavored to resist it more in future. I had been teaching six-year-old Dora a text to say in Sunday school, which was, "Little children love one another"—possibly I thought it was in the Bible somewhere. Shortly after when she and Addie were outside, but sitting close up to the house to keep out of the sun, I heard them having a merry laugh, and drew near to where they were. The "shake" house being so thin and open, I could look right down on them, and had often heard some very amusing sayings. And since the children and ourselves constituted the most interesting part of "our world," we loved them dearly, if I was not as patient and motherly at all times as I ought to have been. But this time the adage that "listeners never hear any good of themselves" was proven true. Dora had added another line to her text, and repeated, "Little children love one another, —and have patience with your mother," which dash of poetical genius amused them both very much.

I think she was alluding to general principles, and not at all in reference to her lesson, for it was my delight to teach them. However, she evidently thought that was rather hard on her mother, and in a short time made an amendment by striking out the word *mother* and substituting that of *brother*. And then they had another laugh at their brother's expense; after which Addie said, "Oh, Dora, let's have both." But Dora shook her head, saying, "No; because it would be naughty to say that about our mother."

Once again, some time after this incident, we overheard another amusing conversation by the children, in which the newly-picked-up California phrases were brought in very handily. It was a dark, rainy night, and from some cause their outdoor work was not all done up before supper, though we ate at lamplight. We had naturally dropped into the practice of leaving the supper table as soon as we (my husband and I) had finished eating, letting the children finish their meal at their leisure, and have their talk unrestrained, while their father and I retired to the one "other room," and enjoyed a cozy chat by firelight, both occupying the one rocking chair. This evening of which I speak, as we left the table, Mr. Burton reminded Frank of what was yet to be done, saying, "Do not forget to do it as soon as you are done with your supper." To which Frank duly an-

swered, accepting as a matter of course. Leaving the door partly open as we entered the room, the father heard his little daughter say,

"Frank, if you was boss of yourself, would you do that?"

"Yes," answered Frank, in his sturdy manner, "I would do what my father told me to, no matter how big I was."

"You bet I wouldn't!" said the little miss, "in such a rain as this!"

But I think she forgot her self-promised freedom, for we never discovered any signs of rebellion.

Notwithstanding our limited resources, we had by dint of perseverance and persistent effort gathered some things about us, animate and inanimate, that made our home look a little more homelike. We had a cow, a few fowls—chickens and turkeys, a well of water, and a better house than the first one; that is, it was higher and had more room in it, though of the same material. But it had a floor. I wonder what good fortune could come to me now that would make me feel as rich, proud, and happy as I did when that rough red-wood board floor was laid. The boards were new and of a pinkish color that made the house look so much more cheerful, and so clean. Yes; we had gathered these things about us, and still owed no man anything—all had been "worked out."

In December of 1871 the rainy season set in, and everybody was jubilant. Our selection gave evidence of being a very fertile piece of land and promised an abundant harvest, if only the seed were sown. So with the coming harvest as security we acted upon the advice of neighbor farmers and launched forth in the vortex of debt, for it takes money to make money, and more requires more. And though our circumstances were changed, our struggle was not over, but we were increasing in goods, so it could be borne cheerfully.

Mr. and Mrs. Davison lived near us for over two years, though he did not take up land. He was a carpenter by trade, and a good workman, and could get work elsewhere. Our harvest exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

Early in the fall of 1872 we were surprised, and I almost overjoyed to see my brother George come walking along up to the house without even a satchel in his hand. What a treat it was to see some one right from home. He, like us, was moved by an irresistible impulse to come to California.

He thought to better his fortune. Doubtless he was led there for the same purpose that we were, which purpose was then unknown to either of us.

I have omitted to mention our effort and success in getting up a Sunday school. About the time of our arrival in San Benito the settlers had determined to start a school for their children, even if they were but "few and far between," and the man whose services they had enlisted was a Methodist exhorter, Martin by name. Since he taught school during the week, I think he gave the Sunday service gratis. After talking up Sunday school among ourselves, that is including Mr. and Mrs. Davison and Mr. and Mrs. Best, we conferred with him, soliciting his aid and influence. In seeking the minds of our neighbor settlers on the matter, some feared we were bringing new-fangled notions in the place that would not prove wholesome. Heretofore very few had made any distinction between Sunday and any other day. However, the Sunday school was started, and gradually the children came in, till it grew to be quite an interesting school, and made life more like living, by having something to think about and prepare for during the week—the one diversion for us to look forward to in our monotonous life in a new country.

Now that there had been a good year, and the settlers had a little more means, were a little better off, and there having been several new families moved in also, and we had Bro'her George to help in the enterprise, and we needed books for our school, one day when Sister Libbie was at our house we talked over the probabilities and possibilities of an entertainment of some kind, and have a program for the evening. As she said, we were dying from stagnation, and needed something to liven us all up.

After talking the matter up with George and Mr. and Mrs. Best, Libbie and I volunteered to go around and see all the neighbors, both far and near. We both had horses that we rode—and with a Spanish saddle, too. Neither of us had anything to give, but volunteered to do the work, or at least the most of it. We proposed to get up a supper, charge fifty cents for adults and twenty-five cents for children.

So Libbie and I mounted our horses and rode over that rough country for the best part of three days, taking names and what each family would give, and sent for it another time, and got the promise of sufficient things to cook with to

make the supper, and there was lots sent in afterwards, so we concluded to make a real holiday—would have dinner and supper, too. The young folks were very fond of playing games, such as school children play. We occupied the schoolhouse and grounds, and what a fine time they had! There were not very many to the one o'clock dinner, but supper commenced early and continued till late, and still there were unbroken provisions left, and those were put up at auction, till all was sold and sold well. All were delighted with the program. We made upwards of seventy dollars, and our expenses were very light. This money furnished our school with a select library, together with reward cards, after which we had sufficient left to purchase a bookcase to put them in, and all felt amply rewarded for our exertions.

CHAPTER 7

THE SUNDAY school had been a success, and a Temperance Division had been organized, but we were hungry for gospel privileges. This need we realized more keenly each time we received a religious newspaper from home. We called to mind the many thousands of dollars that were being spent yearly to send the gospel to foreign lands, and wondered if some of it would not be better spent in sending it to people nearer home, even to the wilds of California. Truly it was much needed right in the vicinity where we lived, and for miles both ways the majority of the settlers worked right along on Sunday the same as any other day, and scarcely knew what religion was, or what its purpose. We thought about writing to our Baptist minister at home, and soliciting his influence to the end of having a missionary sent out. But when we took into consideration that should one be sent, he must needs be supported, and that the few people who made claims to religion were of various denominations, and probably would not encourage or help support one not of their faith; and thus not knowing what would be the best to do in the matter, we concluded to leave it all to the Lord, and make it a subject of prayer that he would send the gospel to us. "And," said I, "we'll ask him to send a *Baptist* minister."

"Perhaps we had better let the *Lord* choose, and send it by whom or in whatever way pleases him," was my husband's reply.

"Very well; I will agree to that," I said, "for the Lord will chose the right, so of *course* that will be a Baptist."

The reader may conclude from the above that I was much more denominational than my husband, but it was just the reverse. However, we prayed earnestly to the Lord to send the gospel to us.

Not long after the above conversation took place, which was early in the summer of 1873, a stranger drove up to our house about noon, and was invited to put his horse up and remain till after dinner. He informed us that he was a preacher of the gospel, and wished to locate in that part of the country; was driving through to seek and make a selection before bringing his family. He was a large, well-built man of pleasant mien, and we judged by his talk that he was

a real, live preacher, and thought perhaps the answer to our prayers had come.

Mr. Burton told him we had been praying for the gospel, and perhaps he was the man by whom the Lord was going to send it to us, which information seemed to be very pleasing to him, and perhaps aided him in deciding to bring his family—wife and two daughters—and locate at once. We learned before he left the house that his name was Riddle, and he was of the Disciple faith. But since we had left it to the Lord to choose, we did not intend to turn aside from any because of their denomination until we had investigated their claims.

He soon commenced regular services in the schoolhouse. We were somewhat disappointed in the force of his sermons, but thought he might not have felt quite at home the first Sunday and would probably do better after awhile. Since his place was seven miles beyond ours, we always invited them to stop and take dinner with us on Sundays, which gave the opportunity we desired for investigation. And he in turn was very anxious to prove to us that he had the gospel we had been praying for, and that it was our duty to believe it. But the more we learned from him of his faith and belief, the more fully persuaded we became in our own minds that he was not the man we were looking for. His preaching was like his belief,—the letter without the Spirit.

The summer had nearly slipped away, and we supposed he had given up all thought of our accepting his views sufficiently to worship harmoniously with him, for we had never thought of leaving our own church at any time. But it seems he had not, and put the question to my husband in plain words, since he had become weary of waiting, so he said, for us to offer ourselves as candidates for membership. He appeared very much disappointed and sorrowful when Mr. Burton answered him, "No; you must pass on, and we will still continue our former prayer, and wait for some one else to bring us the spiritual food we desire," shortly after which he moved away from the vicinity.

Then we got it into our minds that we perhaps ought to show our faith by our works. We knew not whether the Lord would send a man to preach the gospel or whether he would send his Spirit among us, if we met together to worship him, and thus bring forth the gospel; or, more properly

speaking, a condition of spiritual life and enjoyment, a religious interest in the community. At least we might meet once a week with those who so desired, and pray for divine favor. Brother George and two of our Methodist friends were much in favor of the suggestion; namely, a union prayer meeting. The two brethren of the Disciple faith made several objections, but eventually gave way. But time had wrought changes in the community. Mr. and Mrs. Best, and Mr. and Mrs. Davison had moved away, leaving only ten who would be likely to assist in carrying on meetings; four Methodists, three Baptists,—my brother, husband, and self,—two of the disciple faith, and one Mr. John Carmichael, whom no one in our community at least, knew where to place.

He claimed to be a stanch believer in Bible Christianity, but made mincemeat, so to speak, of the faith, creeds, and practices of every denomination claiming to be Bible Christians. The truth was, he had received and preached the gospel in its purity in England, and like many other good, honest souls, had come to Utah in good faith, expecting to find there the pure in heart; but was disappointed, then dissatisfied and disgusted, and had sought the solitude of the mountainous regions of Northern California, until a year or two previous to the time of which I write, when he came to San Benito to wait in silence and see what the Lord would do for his people. He *knew* that the gospel had been restored in its fullness, but how could he teach it to others, when his own hopes been so rudely blighted?

These items of past history were not known to any of us at that time, and he was regarded as a religious enigma. But one thing was plain to us at least; that was that he knew a great deal more about the Bible than did his neighbors, ourselves included; and we were anxious to enlist his cooperation in our religious enterprise. To this end Mr. Burton called upon him and had a long talk. The result of his interview was not exactly satisfactory, though there were many good things said. But since Mr. Burton had never heard of the restored gospel, he was not in a position to grasp his thought. However, he promised to attend the meetings, but did not seem very sanguine as to any benefit being derived from them. It soon became plain to the observer that there was not much "union" in our meetings, and also that each one had expected his neighbor to drop his

own peculiar views and worship in harmony with his. Some were in favor of seeking to gather the young and unconverted into the meetings, while others opposed it, saying that the sinner could not worship God, neither had he at any time commanded the sinner to pray, but his disciples only.

At one of those evening meetings, while engaged in prayer, I made the request so often made by those who are seeking a revival in the religious circle; namely, that the Lord would grant us a Pentecostal season, that the time might not be far distant when such should be enjoyed even in that place. I had no sooner said the words than the inward monitor with whom I often argued a point, put questions and suggestions to me like this:

"What is a Pentecostal season? Is it not speaking in tongues and prophesying? Was that what you meant to ask for?"

"Of course not."

"Then hadn't you better take it back?"

I admitted that I did not intend to ask for that kind of a Pentecostal season. I meant just what everybody else meant when they asked for a Pentecostal season, that the Spirit of the Lord be poured out upon us and sinners be converted; but should not object at all to witness a genuine Pentecostal season. No; I should not take it back.

"But do you think the Lord could answer that prayer when such things are not had in these days?"

"It is not enjoined upon any to find ways and means to know how our prayers are going to be answered. The Lord has told us to *ask*, and has set no limit. The rest is his to look after."

What I said vocally while this mental colloquy was going on, or whether I said anything I do not know, but the prayer was over, for every other thought had fled. That was my last public prayer as a Baptist.

The various opinions upon the different thoughts presented in the prayer meeting constituted a theme for conversation during the week, which gave our friend, Mr. Carmichael an opportunity to talk on the principles of the gospel without appearing to seek it, which was just what he desired, to usward especially, and many a good long talk we had on gospel principles. Upon one of these occasions he spoke of the principle of eternal judgment, which fas-

tened itself upon my memory because it was the first time I had heard it in that reasonable way, and because it was just what I wanted to hear, my mind having been considerably wrought up for a length of time on what appeared to me to be the cruelty of eternal burning.

"Now," said he, "I do not believe in this everlasting torment as many do."

I for one had never wanted to believe it, but thought I must, because the Bible taught it, and all Christian people believed it. And it seemed the more religious they were the more strenuously they believed and taught hell fire. So when I heard him say he did not believe it, I listened with my very soul.

Said I, "Do you not believe there is a place of everlasting torment?"

"Most certainly I do!" he replied. "But I do not believe that all who go there will stay everlastingly in it."

"And what have you to sustain that belief?"

"This: 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, *till* thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.'—Matthew 5: 25, 26. Now if Jesus had wished to convey the thought that the prisoner was *never* to come out, he certainly would have used language expressive of such, instead of specifying a time when the imprisonment would cease. The word *till* signifies a limit; that is, when he has paid the uttermost demands of the law, he is free. I believe," said he, "a man is judged and punished according to his works, as well as rewarded according to them. We have our prison houses here in this world, where people are punished according to their crime. But what kind of justice would it be if the man who committed petty larceny was punished just the same as the one who committed manslaughter? Every crime has its consequent punishment. And so it is with God's laws. We would not want to think that man was more just, reasonable, and merciful than God."

This was glad news to me. It sounded reasonable, and I believed it. As he continued to talk, the gospel fire that had been pent up and smoldering for years must have flamed up within him. I listened with rapt attention, and thought I

had never heard anyone talk on the subject of religion with so much of the true spirit of it. At length I said, as earnestly as I felt. "Mr. Carmichael! Why don't you preach when you have so much of the spirit of the gospel? Why withhold the bread of life when so many are starving all about you? Spiritually starving."

A pained look flitted across his face, as the blood receded and came again; and giving his nose a vigorous rubbing, he said pleasantly, "I am afraid the people would not hear me as readily as you do, and I should have them all getting after me."

"Never mind the people," I replied; "preach Bible truth, and let people say what they please."

He replied, "Perhaps if I were to preach all that I believe to be Bible truth, even you, too, might not believe me. Now if I should teach baptism by immersion as I believe it, my Methodist friends would oppose me. And I find the Bible teaches that baptism is for the remission of sins. If I should preach that, my Baptist friends would oppose me. And should I preach the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, as taught in the New Testament, my Disciple friends, and in fact all denominations would join to oppose me on that."

"Well," said I, "go to the heathen where there *are* no denominational beliefs, and preach to them."

I do not wonder now at the smile that deepened about the corners of his mouth. I almost shrink from exposing my own ignorance; but wish to let my readers have the benefit of my experience in receiving the gospel.

My husband was a hearer of the conversation, and had his part in it; but since I was the most enthusiastic over it, he left it mostly between us two.

"Well," continued our friend, "how would you have me preach to the heathen? I suppose in the first place I must teach them that the Bible is true!"

"Yes."

"And that God is unchangeable—the same always? His promises are sure, and that he is no respecter of persons?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Now, when I have taught them that, suppose they take up the Bible and read of how the people who believed the gospel eighteen hundred years ago and obeyed it, had certain

blessings bestowed upon them, such as speaking in tongues, and prophesying, healing, and being healed. And suppose they ask me if they, too, are to have those things, what am I to tell them?"

"Of course you would have to teach them that those things are all done away long ago; that they are not needed now."

"How *could* I, after I had taught them that the Bible is true. We read there that Jesus said to his disciples when he sent them forth to preach: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; . . . and these signs shall follow them that believe.' Now if the Bible is true, that is just as true to-day as any other part of it."

"But they do not follow nowadays; and since they are not in the churches, nor have been for nearly eighteen hundred years, it is proof enough that they are done away, and it must be because they were no longer needed."

"We differ in opinion about that," said he. "I should think that if Jesus said certain signs should follow the believer, and a time came when they did not follow, it must be because the people did not believe what they ought to concerning the gospel; otherwise it would make Jesus to be a false prophet."

This, and much more was said, which to me was altogether a new view of things, and seemed very reasonable. But what was to be done? I had never thought that the churches had gone out of the way and were teaching the Bible to suit the times. Nor did our friend make known to us the apostasy that caused the gifts to be withdrawn; nor the restoration of the gospel, wherein they were again enjoyed. So we were left to battle with these perplexing questions. I thought upon them much, and prayed more earnestly for the gospel.

While dwelling upon this theme, a day or so after the foregoing conversation, the thought came to me thus: What if the Baptist Church was not the right one after all? What if such a thing were possible? And for a moment my head fairly swam with the mental "turning of things upside down." And then I smiled at such a thought; for suppose it were not the only true church, how could I ever know to my entire satisfaction which one was, after living and believing in that one so long? It was only a random thought, and yet it seemed as if the world had turned over.

Our union prayer meeting came to a very abrupt termination, in this wise, one of the Methodist friends whose turn it was to lead the meeting, read the good old hymn, "Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove," when one of our Disciple brethren arose and opposed the singing of the hymn, said it was not truth because there was no Holy Spirit to come, etc. Mr. Burton arose and made the proposition that another hymn be selected if that one gave offense or caused a disturbance in the meeting, and that the subject be dropped for the evening, and invited all to come to his house the following evening and discuss the matter: which discussion resulted in the conclusion that a union prayer meeting could not be kept up under such an unrelenting division of opinions, and consequently it was abandoned.

All unknown to us, or those of our neighborhood, there had come into a neighborhood some eighteen miles below us, two Latter Day Saint elders, and had kept up meetings until a branch was built up. Then when they felt that their work was done in that place they scarcely knew whether to return, or go farther up the San Benito River. Elder Cook wished to return to Alameda County. Elder Mills who was president of that division, said he would ask the Lord that night and they would know in the morning. He did so, and was told to go as far as the next settlement, there were people up there praying for the gospel, and that he would go before them and prepare the way.

In the morning of that same night—as I learned afterwards, I received a peculiar dream—if it was a dream. I awoke in the morning, saw the sun shining brightly in the room, but instead of springing out of bed, I merged into a pleasant swoon or vision in which I seemed to see the sun shining all the time. I saw myself on a raised piece of ground pinnacle-shaped and it continued to raise till I thought my head would come in contact with the canopy above, but just at that instant as I looked up, it was as though a sharp knife had been drawn across it in the upper side just over my head, and a portion rolled upwards, and a portion downwards. I said, "The heavens roll together as a scroll, sure enough."

I continued to be raised until I stood waist high through the opening thus made, and heard the words, "See the road to heaven." I looked and saw a high walled road, very nar-

row, that led up to and surrounded the shining city. Not straight up; there would be an elevation, then a plain, all the way like this:



There were also two broad roads on either side, with low walls. As I looked, I said, "If that is the road to heaven, I am not in it," and how can one get in? These low walls might be scaled, but never those high walls. One of those broader roads led parallel with the high walls till it neared the city, then seemed not to have a wall. The other one on the left soon branched away from the high wall and led into a dark valley. While wondering how I might get into the "road to heaven" I looked for the entrance, and thought it was not far from me, but very vapory clouds obscured the way between me and the entrance. Then I awoke feeling very glad and happy, notwithstanding I was not in the "road to heaven." I told my husband that I believed I had seen a vision.

This was on a Thursday. And Saturday night when Mr. Burton came home from his work, he passed through the little settlement of Jefferson where the post office and blacksmith shop and schoolhouse were. He told me he had seen, and had a talk with George, who informed him that there were two Mormons at Jefferson.

"Two Mormons!" I replied. "What are they doing here?"

George said they were wanting to hold meetings. Had one in the schoolhouse last night. George attended and said he was interested in what they said. While he thus spoke I was standing horrified, and with a feeling of resentment,—

I expressed the belief that they were hunting more wives, and ought to be driven out of the place.

"But," said Joseph, "they claim to be preachers of the gospel, and we should not condemn them before we hear. Perhaps they are bringing the gospel that we have been praying for."

I gave him a look of withering scorn, for I was getting angry because he was pleading for them. He then told me that they were going to have meeting again that evening in the schoolhouse, and he thought he would go and hear what they had to say, and asked me if I would not go, too, adding that they had been holding meetings quite a while down the creek at San Benito, and had eighteen followers. I refused to go, most decidedly.

I had never heard of Latter Day Saints, nor Mormons either, except what our genial traveling companion through the Territory told us. I had heard of Brigham Young and his many wives, but knew nothing about the Mormon faith or doctrine, or that they made claim to any. This was owing to the fact of our being British subjects and living on the extreme eastern end of the continent till we came to California. My husband having followed the sea, we were not interested or informed of what took place in America. The event of the restoration of the gospel was in the past, the prophet having been slain the year that I was born.

My Saturday evening was a great disappointment. When Mr. Burton worked away from home Saturday evening was looked forward to with pleasant anticipations and never before had he failed to remain at home. Now to think that he would leave me by myself—with the children—I thought was dreadful, forgetting that if I had accepted his invitation to go with him I might have had a nice drive of three miles but there were the children that I could not very well take or leave either.

On Sunday morning he prepared to go again. It seemed to me that things were becoming serious, I had never been neglected that way before. True, he tried to persuade me to go, too, but this I refused to do. Then he wished to bring the elders home to dinner. At first I objected to that, saying that the Apostle Paul had said, "If any come to you and bring not this gospel, receive them not into your house. Neither bid them Godspeed." I did not know that the very

gospel that they were bringing was the gospel that Paul referred to, instead of one that was shorn of its ancient powers and blessings such as I already had.

"Yes," said Joseph, "but it is also written, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares,' and it is always right to be hospitable. No one took them home last night. Old Mr. Fales sent them to the hotel, and he paid their way, and even if they are Mormons they get hungry."

I felt no apprehensions of their being angels but knew it was wrong not to be hospitable to strangers, and heretofore I had taken pleasure in receiving and giving food to any stranger who came to the house, notwithstanding our limited means. So I consented to have him bring them home with him.

I looked with sadness upon him driving away alone that bright Sunday morning in our double-seated wagon behind two horses. I prepared the best I had, and treated the visitors with cold politeness. Elder D. S. Mills was not with them; it was Elder J. R. Cook and Priest J. Henderson, a raw recruit. Had Brother D. S. Mills been with them, I am sure his genial manner would have thawed my frigid feelings, or perhaps if I had heard any of the conversation I might have become interested.

I did not relish the situation at all, having my husband go off three evenings in succession, or rather three times; two of them being evenings to attend a Mormon meeting. He had never done so before, not to attend any kind of a meeting, and I felt very much abused. But my attention was turned in another direction when he came home Sunday evening and told me he believed George was going to join them. I was hurt, provoked, angry, and sorry altogether, and when George came home awhile on Monday, I poured forth my vials of wrath, but all to no effect; he never made a single compromise. After he went away I had a good cry. I had thrown out the supposition that he would soon be going off to Salt Lake, and he only said he did not know but he would. I foresaw, as I thought, that it would be my unpleasant duty to write home to his wife and our family, explaining matters. So concluded I should have to go myself, and hear what it was that was carrying George away, and on Monday evening

I went also. Mr. Burton was becoming too much interested to miss a meeting.

It was young Henderson's turn to preach, and his subject was the evidence of living prophets. It was not a very *profitable* sermon to me. Elder Cook then arose and spoke awhile, and soon riveted my attention. When he quoted the sixth and seventh verses of the fourteenth of Revelation, a soothing feeling came all over me; and as he touched on the plan of salvation, the unchangeability of God and of the gospel, I felt as if that was what I had been wanting to hear all my life. But I tried to steel my feelings against it, saying within myself, I must not be deceived, for we are told that there is something coming in the last days that would deceive, if possible, the very elect. However, there was something he touched upon that I wanted very much to ask questions on.

When meeting was dismissed, I said to my husband, "I suppose we might possibly make room for these men to-night, at least one of them, if they have no place to go."

This, after telling him the night before it was utterly *impossible* to do so. I did not say anything about wanting to talk with them; but as soon as we reached the house we all sat down at the table and talked till twelve o'clock. Whenever he spoke of the one way, the one true church, and that, too, being the way that I was not in, my pleasant dream or vision would loom up before me. I was interested in asking questions that night, and during the coming week; but was by no means convinced of all. During that week I had another dream. I heard beautiful music in the air, "golden music." Wherever the sound reached, it made everything look like gold; the fields, fences, and all. And I was told that whoever heard that music should be saved. Then I saw that both my husband and I had an accordeon in our hands, helping to swell that music farther and wider. I perceived that it was keeping to one side of the road where we were standing, and though it was extending on far from us, over hills and up into the valleys, it did not go across the road, so I faced the direction I wished it to go, and drew and pressed vigorously, but it would not go in that direction. Presently it began to die away in the air, and as I perceived this, I tried harder to play more strongly, that the sound might not cease altogether. But as soon as our in-

strumental music was heard above that in the air, it produced a discord; so we, too, ceased.

The impressions of those dreams, more than the dreams themselves, caused me to look well into the new thoughts presented by these men, before dismissing them. I saw readily that they had a superior knowledge of the Scriptures, still we had not the perfect faith to accept it at once as some have had, but must be convinced of all.

After learning that they were antagonistic to polygamy and the kindred evils practiced in Utah, and were of a separate faith and organization, I put away my feeling of animosity, and regarded them as being honest and sincere in their belief. And as I told Elder Cook, "If the kingdom of God is again set up on the earth, as you say, I want to know it; but possibly *you* may be deceived in the matter."

I could look back and see the situation of those who rejected the apostles' doctrine because they *thought* it was not true, but did not put themselves in the way to find out. I did not wish to be deceived, neither did I wish to reject truth. One would produce an effect as disastrous as the other. It was a trying situation, and although we canvassed the ground steadily, we went slowly. Had I not been a member of a church of any kind, I should perhaps have accepted at once. But from childhood I had received the impression that it was a great wrong to leave one church and join another. I had heard some way that after a person had been baptized by immersion, had received a change of heart, had felt that his sins were forgiven, then if such a one should depart from that—should be rebaptized—and join another church, he was denying the faith and putting Christ to an open shame. So there was a wall of difficulty on both sides.

Sometimes the elders essayed to speak of Joseph Smith being a prophet, and about the Book of Mormon containing the fullness of the gospel. But we preferred to let that part of it bide its time, telling them it was neither here nor there to us whether Joseph Smith was a prophet and the Book of Mormon a sacred record, or whether it was not. We wished to predicate our faith on the word of God contained in the Bible we had always known. If there was not sufficient in *that* to convince us and the world of the truth of their gospel message, we could not receive it. Time revealed

to us that there was a great sufficiency of proof in our own Bible; that what we had heretofore believed to be the gospel was only a very small portion of it. Day by day the props to our former position were taken away, and went to strengthen the propositions that were being made to us.

In the meantime Elder D. S. Mills came, and when he opened the Bible there seemed to be twice as much in it as ever there was before. Under his ministering of the word our props disappeared faster than ever, and our strongholds became weak. As for myself, I was convinced in word; still there was an inward holding back—a fearfulness; and while that remained with me, I could go no further.

I said to Elder Mills at one time, "If ever I should join your church it will be with this understanding, that if afterwards I find it is *not* what you have claimed for it, or if those things that we hear about from our neighbors of tyranny and oppression are true, I shall leave it." (For Madam Rumor and all her family were busy in warning us against the hidden evils that we would learn of afterwards.)

"That's right," said Elder Mills, "and if you ever should have any such cause to leave the church, just let me know, and I will leave it too."

On a day when Mr. Burton went to take the elders down to the San Benito Branch, and the children were at school, I had the day to myself to read and think. After reading one or two tracts—the subject getting clearer all the time—I took up another, "The fullness of the atonement." Truly those pages must have been lit up by the Spirit of the Lord, by which I read between the lines, also causing me to let go my unbelief and hardness of heart; desiring to let go everything, but to do the will of God and accept the truth. As I read the last words, "Come Lord Jesus; yea, come quickly," I repeated them with all the fervency of my own feelings—"Yea, come quickly!" at the same time falling upon my knees in prayer.

Oh, what a flood of light came down upon me, filling my soul with a light and joy not experienced before. I now "believed the gospel"—this living, active, far-reaching gospel of the Son of God—which brought the next world, which had heretofore been so vague and misty, very near, and revealed it as a reality. And I saw the necessity of baptism for the remission of sins in order to become a new creature

in Christ Jesus, and saw by contrast how maimed was the church to which I had been clinging,—in organization, in officers, in faith, and in power. All were groping as in the dark in spiritual things. How limited the spiritual knowledge received in all my former life when compared with what was then given: glimpses of the state of the dead, the resurrection and the millennium.

It seemed to me when I arose from my knees that all my former self had gone. I was like a new creature in a new world. That darkness had given place to light, and as I moved about, I scarcely knew whether I touched the ground or not.

“Oh, what a faith is this!” I exclaimed. “No wonder the saints of old could cheerfully suffer martyrdom for a religion so glorious as this! They, too, received this knowledge. And with such knowledge it seemed to me that there could be nothing in the world that could cause real unhappiness. Trouble and perplexities might occur, but this knowledge would ever be an anchor to the soul, that would outride them all. Even the sting of death—the death of our dearest ones—would be swallowed up in victory.

Such triumphs are not of long duration to the children of earth. They are given as blessed foretastes of what *shall* be. Yet in the goodness of God the light was not withdrawn suddenly, but wore away with the succeeding days. It did not belong to earth, and therefore could not remain. But the knowledge remained. There never was a time in my life that I felt so free from sin as I then did, nor was there ever a time when I was so anxious to be baptized for the remission of sins. “Why so?” Because the past record had not been changed, though the Lord had graciously granted this outpouring of his Spirit.

Do any of my readers wonder how this could be, if my sins were not forgiven? Let me illustrate. I have a very dear friend who has done much for me. In due time I am shown my indebtedness. I acknowledge the debt and give satisfactory evidence that I am willing to pay; yea, desirous to, at my earliest convenience, which time shall not be delayed by any act of mine. I have pledged myself to comply with all legal demands. Therefore, I am not treated as an enemy, neither is the debt canceled nor the record balanced until I have *done* my part. Cornelius was visited by an angel,

who told him he was loved of God. And the Holy Spirit was also poured out upon him; yet, after this season of rejoicing in the blessings of God, it was necessary for him to be baptized.

Mr. Burton continued his investigation for about two weeks longer, there being some points that he did not feel fully satisfied on, the last of which was "predestination." He and Brother Mills had several talks about it, both producing their Scripture evidence. At length Brother Mills said, "I see I have not satisfied you upon that subject, but the Lord will give you the knowledge upon it that you desire."

The seventh of December dawned upon us dull and gloomy, rain descending copiously in the early morning. For some reason I felt depressed in spirit. Brother Mills was soon to return to Alameda County, and Mr. Burton had not received the knowledge he desired. After breakfast the rain ceased to fall so heavily, and Mr. Burton went out to feed the horses. While out at this work the promise or statement made by Brother Mills, that the Lord would give him the knowledge he desired, was verified. When he came in he told me he had received the light he desired; and added, "Now I am ready to be baptized if you are."

"Yes," I replied, "I am ready."

"Then I will go hitch up the horses and go over for George, while you finish your work and get our clothes ready."

I didn't stop to make much of a finish, but left things about as they were and was ready with the children by the time he came up to the door. George, who was only waiting for us, went along and was baptized at the same time. The elders were both at Brother Carmichael's at that time, and thither we went. Our new neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Page, had become interested in the work, too, and having heard her express a desire to witness a baptism by immersion, we called as we passed along and let them know. They, too, were present.

The clouds hung dark and heavy. As we drove along, I lifted my heart to God in prayer, asking him to manifest to us his presence and approval of our act, by causing the clouds to separate, that the sun might shine down upon us clear and bright. Presently there appeared a beautiful spot

of blue sky, and as directly above the house to which we were going as the eye could measure. I called my husband's attention to it, telling him how I had just asked that token of our heavenly Father's approval of our act. A few minutes before we reached the house, the sun shone down bright and warm.

Brother Carmichael greeted us cordially as we entered the house, saying, "You have brought the sunshine!" without knowing how much of truth those words contained. He was a trifle surprised when he learned our errand. Preparations were soon made for repairing to the water.

Never shall I forget the hallowed sensation that pervaded my whole being, as I stood for a moment after being raised from the waters of baptism, enveloped in the glorious sunlight. Never did the warm rays of the sun penetrate so quickly, and yet so mellow in its warmth and brightness. How different from that other baptism which took place nineteen years previous! The words that I uttered at that time, as I stepped from the cold, rushing stream on the icebound shore, namely, "*I will be baptized better than this some day,*" were now fulfilled. This latter baptism was "better," inasmuch as the authority from God is better than that of man. (Though it was my behavior I had reference to.)

It was only a few steps from the water back to the house; but before we had exchanged our wet clothes for dry ones, the clouds had rolled together again, and the rain descended as heavily as in the morning.

I had followed my Lord and Savior in the waters of baptism, but the work was not ended there. I must needs follow him also into the wilderness of feeling, and be tempted of the Devil. It was arranged for us to remain and take dinner, and have the confirmation meeting in the afternoon. As soon as I had put on dry clothes and come into the room where the company were, a heavy depression settled down upon me, that seemed to be smothering me. The light that I had received, and even the testimony, were obscured. I felt as if I should die. I knew I could not resist an exhibition of feeling, and not wishing to attract attention, I made my escape out in the pouring rain, and into Mr. Carmichael's shoe shop; and kneeling at his bench, among the bits of leather, gave vent to my feelings in convulsive weeping and

sobbing, trying to pray, but could not. A sense of utter desolation seized me. I felt to be cut off from all the world, and my people would never own me again.

In this paroxysm of grief, that the powers of darkness had brought upon me, Mrs. Carmichael found me. Heretofore, I had scarcely heard her speak of her thoughts and feelings in regard to the latter-day work, much less her experience in it. But at that time she spoke freely, telling me of her trials when she first joined the church in England, when only a young girl, and how her father turned against her. Though she was all alone, and had to seek her own living, she never was sorry that she obeyed the gospel and joined the church, for she knew it was true.

"My child," said she, "you will never be sorry for what you have done to-day. You believe the work is of God, but ere long you shall *know* it. This is only the temptation of the Adversary seeking to destroy your faith. If your people should disown you, you have your husband with you, and the Lord will be with you, too, and you will soon see that it is all right."

Elder Mills confirmed both my husband and me. Much of the Spirit was manifest at our confirmation, and many blessings pronounced upon us, after which ordinance a peaceful feeling returned to me.

There was no branch for us to unite with. We were the first fruits of the place, and stood alone, until Brother and Sister Carmichael, Sister Page, and one or two others were baptized about a week later, and a branch of the church organized, Brother Carmichael president, and my husband presiding priest. Both he and Brother George were ordained priests. What comfort we took in that little branch, and what good meetings we had, even if there were not more than four or five present. In due time the promise made by the Lord Jesus eighteen hundred years before, to a people who were amazed and in doubt, not knowing what to do about joining themselves to the new doctrine that was then being taught; namely, "If any man will do his will (speaking of the Father who sent him) he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself," was verified, for after we had done the will of the Father, we received a knowledge which no man could give, that these men had not spoken of themselves, nor had we followed any

cunningly devised fable. They had declared to us the restoration of the gospel in its fullness, attended by the gifts, blessings, and powers that characterized it in former days. And when I heard speaking in tongues and prophesying in that place within a year from the time our "union prayer meeting" was started, I remembered my prayer, and I realized of a truth that nothing was impossible with God to those that believed. And how hungry we were for gospel food, and to know concerning the dealings of God with his people in these last days.

The Bible became a new book to us, notwithstanding all our former study of it. And having received of the same Spirit by which it was written, we were brought in touch with those who wrote and could in a great measure enter into their feelings and understand clearly many things that heretofore were mysteries to us. How *beautiful* it all was! What cared we though the neighborhood was in a furore, and all sorts of evil stories in circulation concerning the work, its founders, and its followers, ourselves included? It was to us as the clamoring and kicking of an angry child. They had all their trouble for nothing. It neither disturbed us, hurt our feelings, made us angry, nor sorry; only sorry that they did not know the things that made for their peace. We knew we had been transplanted into the kingdom of God's dear Son, wherein was light, and joy, and peace. Our hearts were filled with the Spirit of light and of revelation, and we feasted on the good things from the Father's table in testimonies and literal answers to prayer; a few of which I will give as we pass along.

It will be remembered that we did not accept or investigate the subject—before coming into the church—of whether the founder of the church was, as was claimed, a prophet of God; neither had we considered the necessity of a prophet or prophets, in carrying on the work of the Lord. During the week between Christmas and New Year's Day, Mr. Burton received a night vision, wherein he was shown the number of prophets that were to be in the last days, together with other instruction pertaining to the gospel dispensation. We both felt very anxious to know whether such had been given of God, as true instruction, or if it was simply a dream; and agreed that each ask the Lord to confirm the testimony to us respectively, if it was of him; and that we would first

consider well in our hearts what to ask, so that if it was worthy of being confirmed there could be no doubt about what was given as confirmation.

Now I had been administered to several times in behalf of regaining my hearing, and the blessing had been promised "in the due time of the Lord." Therefore I felt confident that it was in the power of the Lord to give, and this was the testimony. I asked the Lord to give me my hearing for one day, which should be on the coming New Year's Day, because all the branch were invited to take dinner and spend a social day at the house of the branch president, Brother J. Carmichael, and thus others would know also. And be it known to the world that I enjoyed one day's respite from deafness on the first day of the year 1874, from the first waking in the morning until the sleeping at night. The Saints rejoiced with me, believing I had received my hearing permanently, till I informed them of what is already written. True, I entertained a hope that it might be permanent, but scarcely an expectation. Should any of my readers be in doubt about the matter, I refer them to Sister Mary J. Page, of San Benito, San Benito County, California, now of Independence, Missouri.

The Lord gave according to his word, line upon line, and precept upon precept. Having learned more of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, and its relation to the restoration of the gospel, I began to read it with a degree of faith. But traditions and unbelief are not easily gotten rid of, and I often felt the unbidden thought putting itself into words like this, "If I only knew that the records were found, and that this is the true translation of them, and that Joseph Smith did not fix it up himself to suit the occasion, I could read it with so much more faith."

One evening as I had about finished reading, I chanced to turn to the last chapter in the book and read—without knowing before that it was there—the promise made by the ancient prophet, that if anyone would ask God, in the name of Christ, with a sincere heart, if these things are true, he would manifest it unto them. Here, thought I, is all I need, and acted upon the promise given. It was made to those to whom the book should come, and I was one of them. I asked the Lord in my prayer, just before retiring for the night, to make known to me if the book was true. Instantly upon

retiring, there came a great noise that filled the whole house like a concussion of some metallic substance. For the moment I felt terrified. But out of the big noise came the distinct words, "The records *were* found, and they do testify of the truth."

Those words took fear away and gave joy instead. And as day after day I continued to read the book, my faith in it, and its divine origin, was increased to that extent that had I not had those testimonies the book itself would have proven to me—ere long—one of two things, either that the book was all that is claimed for it—an ancient record brought forth by the power of God, or that Joseph Smith was a man of greater mental ability than all the prophets that ever wrote, and all the good men whom the world has and does honor as "reformers." Why? Because it would require a greater mind, and greater wisdom to select quotations from the Bible, and so compile them as not to antagonize the Bible version. And not only that, but to make plain the meaning of many other Bible passages, and to fill in with explanations upon those deep questions that have puzzled the great theological minds of every age for eighteen hundred years and more, than to speak or write the words given by inspiration, requiring no human sagacity of mind.

Which of the "reformers" has been wise enough to establish a church in *all* things exactly after the pattern of the church that existed in the days of the apostles? and also to foresee and foretell what would be the leading events in the world's history after the establishment of that church on to the end? These self-evidences that the book carried with it went further to establish its divinity in my mind than anything that could have been told me by another. And now comes the thought, How contradictory is the belief that an evil-designing man should take such trouble, and endure such contradictions of circumstances and people, to vindicate the words of the prophets and the apostles! also the gifts, blessings, and powers of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, indeed the Son of God, the Savior of the world. Who ever heard tell of a knave being engaged in such a work? Or of a thief exerting himself to give a better translation of the Bible than the wisdom of the world has been able to produce? And how utterly impossible that a youth, a farmer boy, who had to work for a living, outlining the history of a people

dating back six hundred years before Christ on down to the end, following them closely till after the coming of Christ—that harmonized with such nice exactness with prophecies that are scattered all through the Bible.

Thus those evidences, together with the testimonies received, thoroughly established in my mind the prophetic mission of the founder of the church.

Mr. Burton was ordained an elder on May 4, 1874, at a two-day meeting held at the San Benito Branch, under the hands of A. H. Smith, D. S. Mills, and Hervey Green. Those meetings will be remembered as seasons of rejoicing and feasting on the good things of the kingdom by all who were present, but the ordination was not hailed with joy by me. On the contrary, I felt sad and grieved over it; sad because I was selfish. Heretofore our lives had been entirely centered in each other. Our poverty and loneliness, after coming to California, had drawn us more closely together, so that the presence of each seemed more indispensably necessary to the other. One reason was because our life had become narrowed down to such a small circle, our whole interests were centered in each other, our children, and our home surroundings; and how could I, who could not even enjoy a meeting if my husband was not sitting by me, look forward to the time when his interest and duties would be elsewhere without feeling my loss and loneliness in anticipation?

At the close of these meetings, and after most of the people had started for their homes, I was again administered to—as I continued to be from time to time—for my hearing, and also for the removal of other afflictions. Several elders were present. The four, whose hands were laid upon my head, followed each other in prayer. The Holy Spirit was manifest in much power. It seemed as if the whole house trembled while Brother Green spoke in tongues, and prophesied concerning us taking the gospel to our people. The interpretation was given to Brother Mills in open vision. Addressing me, he said, "I saw you standing on high ground, in a circle of light, with arms extended in an inviting manner towards your people, several of whom were coming towards you. I saw one of your sisters—who resembles you in form and features—come up and take her stand in the light, and others were following. Your mother came up, and casting

her arms about your neck, remained leaning her head upon your shoulder."

Again a few months later, on the first evening after reaching the conference grounds at Washington Corners, an elder who was a stranger to me, and who I had no reason to suppose knew that I had crossed the continent, while administering, said, "The Lord has brought you over many lands that you might receive the gospel, and you shall be instrumental in his hands, in bringing many of your people into the church."

Then I realized that the *gospel* was the "light in the distance," and that it was for this purpose the Spirit of the Lord had moved upon our hearts to leave our kindred, friends, and associations, and cross "many lands"—States—and locate in a new country, apart from the church privileges we had been accustomed to; first that we might hunger for the word of God; and again, be free from the influences that might deter us from accepting it when it came. I feel to exclaim as one of old, "Oh, how great the wisdom and the goodness of our God!" Our hearts were made glad with the thought that we could return to our people again, and some of them at least would rejoice in what they now counted a reproach to us, and a reproach to them because of us. This latter sentence was my only cause for sorrow in our newly acquired faith.

After the first few weeks the traveling elders only visited us occasionally—and I am sorry to remember how little rest we gave them when they did come. Being so anxious to learn more of this great work, which to us became more beautiful and interesting as we advanced in knowledge concerning it, and not having much preaching, we the more often put in practice the admonition of the Apostle James, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." We asked much, received much, both in immediate answer to prayer and by inspired dreams. It was so good to know that the Lord was not such a long way off that it took prayers a long time to reach him, and then some time must elapse in which the answer must be mixed up or obscured in events and circumstances so as not to be recognized when received (according to the then sectarian theory), that I felt to ask in the same confidence for things of a temporal nature

when needed, as the spiritual; and learned for myself that the ear of the All-Father was just as quick to hear, and the hand as ready to bestow the latter as the former. I was shown also that it was more pleasing to him to give good gifts than poor ones; to give much than little, and that it was slighting to his bounteous love to be content with a mere pittance, either spiritually or temporally, and also that the *giving* was governed largely by the asking. In this the Scriptures bear us out. Saint Paul said, "Covet earnestly the *best* gifts." The Apostle James says, "Ye have not, because ye ask not." But let it be remembered always that the asking must be in faith.

I, like many another, had a very exalted idea of what the ministers of a gospel, through which such powers and blessings were conveyed, should be. I thought they must necessarily be just as much more profoundly pious and decorous in their deportment, than the sectarian ministers, as the message they bore was superior in power and reality to theirs. I did not yet realize how far superior religious works were to religious appearance, and that the religion of the former consisted in keeping the commands of God and *doing* them, rather than keeping a long face, and a quiet manner. In the history of the former dispensation of this gospel we saw not the ministry in their everyday life. It was only in the gospel work, and mostly when the power of God was manifest through them, that is revealed to us, and even in that we find an instance where Peter cursed and swore in the very presence of his Lord. And that the Apostles Paul and Barnabas had a dispute so sharp that they parted asunder from each other, and traveled different ways, as seen in Acts 15, which contention in everyday life, would be called a quarrel. But I had failed to see that, and looked for perfect consistency in all men alike, regardless of their different temperament and mental capacity, and of course was sometimes destined to be disappointed.

Therefore feeling much grieved upon one occasion because of instances of undue lightness, or frivolousness on the part of the ministry, and severity on other denominations, and fearing that the *work of the Lord* would be seriously damaged because of such, husband and I were having a long talk one evening of what we thought ought, and ought not to be. We wondered if the prophet knew of whatever might be

likely to exert an influence detrimental to the cause? I thought a prophet must surely know everything, at least that which pertained to the church. I am aware, reader, that I am publishing my own ignorance, but I have a motive.

We had never seen Brother Joseph, the prophet, but had been informed that he was a genial, approachable man, and not easily bothered. I thought within myself, Now I will find out for myself whether he really is a prophet or not. We already believed, that is, we accepted it; but I had had no personal evidence save that in regard to the number of prophets in the last days. I at once brought out writing material and wrote a long letter, addressing it to Brother Joseph. I wrote freely upon the "whys and wherefores," and read it to my husband, then tucked it in the front of the stove and watched it burn up, and then said, "Now, if the Lord has a prophet at the head of the church, let him answer that letter through the *Herald*." Then figured up the time to see if we might expect the answer in the next *Herald*.

Mr. Burton said, "He will have to answer it pretty quick, if we do."

It was with a little more than the usual interest that we undid the wrapper of our next "little *Herald*" of June 1, 1874, and sought the editorial corner, and with bated breath read the contents. Had my letter been before him he could not have answered it more minutely. The editor—Brother Joseph—commences with the words, "To write or not to write; that is the question." And after some more words, from which we learn that it was a feeling of duty rather than inclination that prompts him to do so, he says, "Upon awakening this morning, the first conscious thought was—'What is the duty of a traveling minister? He must be a man of sober mind, and staid deportment.'" And then he questioned, "Whence came this thought? By what suggested? What association of ideas, facts, and principles, if any, called these thoughts to the front at the moment of conscious wakefulness? Is there a necessity for any further teaching upon the duty or duties of the elders traveling abroad? Who shall answer these questions?" He then answered the questions by course.

I felt a little sorry to know I had been the "first cause" of his being impelled to write such a lengthy article when he did not feel one bit like writing. But had he known the joy and

the gratification that editorial brought to us two, it would have been ample compensation for the effort. And *that* one will be long remembered when other editorials written with greater alacrity will have passed into oblivion. I sometimes think uneducated faith is the strongest, at least till it is *properly* educated; just as a little child—because of his lack of knowledge—will ask and receive of his parents what an older one would not feel justified in asking.

CHAPTER 8

OUR children entered into the spirit of the gospel with as much zeal and earnestness, according to their years, as ourselves, and the two who were old enough, Frank and Dora, soon followed us in baptism. The prophetic blessing pronounced by Elder Mills upon Frank at his confirmation differed in some respects from any I have heard. Among other things was: He should receive an inheritance in Zion, and his riches would be as the riches of Solomon; and he would use them with the wisdom of Solomon. The poor and the needy should seek unto him for succor, and none should be sent away empty, because he would remember his own needs when a poor boy. And many should call him blessed. The priesthood he should have by right of lineage or inheritance from his father. Yet it did not seem apparent from the words spoken that he would ever be a traveling elder, but rather to grant him a voice in the councils of his brethren.

Elder Mills exhorted him to be faithful, and neglect not his prayers to God. I believe the above was spoken by the Spirit, and therefore put it on record.

We remained in San Benito nearly two years after we embraced the gospel, during which time our condition in every way had been steadily improving. Through frequent administrations those fearful headaches were almost dispelled, and neuralgia gave way for a time, and I enjoyed a good degree of health. Better success crowned our efforts in temporal matters also. The comforts of a home seemed to grow up around us more rapidly. Money came in faster, and went farther than heretofore.

If any should ask what the gospel has to do with that, I answer, a great deal, as I believe it. By having the servants of God with us oftentimes, many a fervent prayer was offered in our behalf by them that we never would have had offered had they never come unto us. And becoming children of the great King, by adoption, we also became heirs to whatever promises were made by him to his children, whether temporal or spiritual, according to our faith and obedience. Realizing this, we could ask for aid in greater faith than heretofore; and a little with God's blessing spends farther and does more good than *much* where the blessing is not.

Our prospects had never been so favorable for making a good living since Mr. Burton left the sea as at that time, provided he stayed at home to work the place. But he had been ordained to preach the gospel, and had promised the Lord he would devote his life in his service. He had made several very successful preaching tours in Santa Barbara County and other places, and was anxious to devote far more time to the good work. And since we were paying interest on five hundred dollars, the only way that seemed open to us was to sell our place, pay our debts, and get a smaller place in fruit and vegetable soil, where a home could be made comfortable with much less work and expense, so that he could devote half his time at least to the ministry, and also where there would be better school advantages for the children. To this end we asked the Lord, who knew all the purposes of our hearts, to send us a buyer for our place, though we were undecided where to locate.

About that time there were tidings wafted from the south that good lands could be bought cheap in Los Angeles County,—now Orange County,—and that a better living could be made on twenty acres there than on one hundred and sixty in San Benito. Brother J. G. Walker was going down to see the country, with a view to locating, and persuaded Mr. Burton to go also. My husband did not like the low, level country with its dense fogs, and on his return from his long, hard journey of two hundred and fifty miles each way, our home in the hills, where the air was light and pure, looked so good to him, he resolved not to sell at all, and at once added another thousand dollars to the price of our place so no one would buy it; saying to me, "If anyone comes now and offers me two thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars cash down, I will think it is the Lord's will that we should sell and go down there." We were on Government land and had no title.

Not many weeks after this Brother Meeder, of Santa Cruz, who desired to buy a farm for his granddaughter and her husband, learning that ours was for sale, came up, he and Mr. Hinds, to look at the place. Mr. Burton went with them all over the ranch; over the hills of the pasture land and the level grain land, saying no words of recommendation, neither disparagement, knowing Brother Meeder was not a stranger to the various qualities of California land. How

vividly the vision of that afternoon has ever remained in my memory. The sun had nearly made his day's journey from the eastern range of hills, across to the western, when the men returned from their tour over the ranch, and the two visitors sat down on the woodpile, where the house threw a friendly shadow across it, to talk over their pros and cons by themselves. And as they talked they looked at our "band" of fowls—between three and four hundred—scattered over the stubble field, picking up their evening meal of scattered grain.

Mr. Burton had gone to the barn to care for the horses, while I busied myself about getting up as good a supper as a country without vegetables would admit of, substituting rich cream, sweet butter, and fresh eggs in their stead, which our guests from the city partook of with relish. Just as the moon had lifted her full round face above the hills, Mr. Burton and I excused ourselves, took our two milk pails and went to the corral to milk, and to pet our cows and young stock, wondering how long they would be ours. They seemed so much like a part of the family, it made the tears come to my eyes to think of parting with them.

In the morning Mr. Burton was told by the gentlemen that they would accept his terms and take the place. I was not surprised, for I had received what I considered a knowledge, some time prior, that we were to leave that place and go south. And now it became a reality that we were to leave the place where we had experienced some of the darkest hours in our temporal life and—up to that date—the brightest in our spiritual life. But we were not leaving without first having tried to force the "golden music" *on the other side of the road*, but all to no purpose. The gospel had gone and been received over the same hills and in the same valleys as I saw the golden music in my dream, and no farther. The music in the air for that place had already ceased to spread. The few that have been added to the Jefferson Branch since the first preaching of the gospel there have received the gospel near where the music sounded the loudest.

In less than a month we were on our journey to Los Angeles County, commonly called Gospel Swamp, in company with Brother J. G. Walker and family and R. R. Dana. We went in canvas-covered wagons, taking tents, bedding, and cooking utensils, to camp out by the way. There were three two-

horse wagons and a single buggy, and Willie Walker and our son Frank on horseback. Being near the time for the rainy season to set in, all were anxious to make the journey as quickly as possible; therefore traveled later each day than we otherwise should have done.

Perhaps the routine of camping out may not be familiar to all. A brief outline of one day will speak for the whole trip. When a commodious camping ground would be sighted—which California abounds in—the teams were reined off the road, and located as desired, and all alighted. We had three children, Sister Walker had four, and my brother George was in our company as far as Santa Maria. While the men were caring for the horses, we women would hunt our respective places for spreading our tents, and scrape the sticks and pebbles off with an iron rake brought for the purpose. Then when the men had unloaded the wagons they spread the tents, the boys gathered stuff for the fires and we women cooked the supper, and all ate with a relish, and no small quantity either. Then the dishes were washed in a stinted allowance of dishwater, and wiped with a damp towel, for there was no time to dry them. When this ordeal was completed, and broken victuals replaced in the lunch-boxes, and dishes put by for the night, the beds were made in the tents. Notwithstanding the heat of the day, the nights were chilly, so a few more sticks were thrown on the fire and all gathered about it; or perhaps the children would first have a lively frolic about in the moonlight to exercise their cramped limbs. At an early hour, though, all were called together, and after singing the songs of Zion, all bowed in prayer and retired for the night; but not always to rest, for our beds were so hard, until the comfortable thought of putting the horses' breakfast beneath our mattresses was suggested.

Oh, how cold the mornings were, and how the beefsteak or bacon gravy stiffened out as soon as it touched the plates! The routine was about the same, only that of doing up instead of undoing, and all worked lively to get an early start. At noontimes no tents were spread. We usually found a friendly oak tree with broad-spreading branches, which afforded a shade from the sun.

One afternoon before reaching Santa Maria, we camped earlier than usual, because of the inviting situation and a clear running brook close by. We drove off the road a little

way, and in a short time two other camping teams came in on the same grounds, but halted nearer the road than we. Seeing two ladies in the company, Sister Walker and I tidied ourselves up a little, after getting the work done for the night, and went to call upon our neighbors. One of the ladies was a very chatty little body. They had come from San Jose, and she was describing the incidents of their trip with glowing interest. Among the rest she spoke of stopping at the Tres Pinos on purpose to inquire about the terrible tragedy enacted there. Here was where Mr. Leander Davison, Mr. Burton's brother-in-law, was shot by the bandit Vasquez. She said, "The proprietor took me to the front door and showed me where the pistol ball had gone through, and like doubting Thomas, I thrust my finger in the place, saying, 'And this is where the ball went through. And were you the man that was shot?'"

"'No,' said the proprietor, demurely; 'I was not here then.'"

When she learned that the man who *was* shot was a relative of mine, and I was familiar with the circumstance, she insisted upon me rehearsing it to her. The circumstance was not so far in the past but what the rehearsal completely unnerved me. In fact I had not felt any too brave all the way along. The Spaniards were still bad. Robberies and murders were being committed wherever money could be had. They secretly acquainted themselves with everybody's circumstances, and we had no reason to believe otherwise than that they knew we had sold, and received money, and might have it all with us. So as we returned to our camp fire, I was inwardly trembling with a nervous fear.

After singing a hymn we knelt as usual around the camp fire for prayer. Sister Walker's position was so that she faced the other campers, also the little patch of road opposite. We had not been at prayer many moments when a Spaniard rode in at a moderate gait, looked at the other camp fire,—I believe the people had retired,—then walked his horse across to our circle and dismounted, holding the bridle in his hand.

As we arose from our knees, I think all were somewhat startled to see that dark visage peering at us. Brother Dana, a stalwart man and in the prime of life, strode up to him and began to question him as to what he wanted, and where

he was from. He replied first that he wanted to light his cigar at the camp fire, which did not seem quite satisfactory, since he had passed the other fire. And again, that he was going to Santa Maria for a doctor; his father was sick. He seemed to talk aimlessly, and was doing more looking than talking. I could not hear all that was said, but having a heavy purse about me, went into the tent, moved one of the vegetable boxes, dug away the sand, and planted the purse of money. We had sent the bulk of the money by express, yet we carried more than we wanted to lose. Our men were somewhat menacing in their manner. They gathered close about him, and if he backed a step or two they stepped nearer. Presently he rode off. His manner was suspicious, and the probabilities were, as we thought, that he was there to spy out our forces and would soon return with more.

Brethren Dana and Walker got their "Henry rifles" in order for use, and went to bed with them right at their hand. As for ourselves we had no weapons. Mr. Burton was sleeping—vocally—in about two minutes after we got into bed. But I was too much alarmed to go to sleep. I waited and listened. The moon threw shadows of the trees, behind which it was rising, across the tent with something of a swaying motion that I mistook for that of people moving about outside. Of course I could not hear had anyone been there. I lifted up the side of the tent cloth and peered out; all was quiet. Still I had brought Vasquez and his band so vividly to my mental view while talking about him, it seemed to me that they were still lurking about.

I awakened Mr. Burton, and told him how frightened and nervous I was; that I could not pray even with my faith, and requested him to ask of the Lord some testimony that I might feel more composed and have more faith.

Presently he said, "Have you been asleep yet, Emma?"

"Since we were talking?"

"Yes."

"Why of course not. It has not been more than two minutes since I ceased speaking."

"Is that all? I thought I had been asleep a long time. However, you need not have any more fears; a personage stood by me just now, and said: 'Fear not; no harm shall come unto thee nor any that are with thee. I have sent thee

forth. Be faithful, and you shall receive a crown when my Son visits the earth again.' ”

What a consolation these words were! And in considering the goodness of our Father thus to come to our aid, and of the words of promise, I forgot my fears, and soon we both were fast asleep, and slept till morning unmolested.

As a sequel to this testimony I will add a portion of a letter received from Mr. Burton written three years after, from Brighton, near Sacramento, in which he gives a brief outline of a vision he received on a Sunday morning. He was walking in a field when the vision came upon him, and when it left him he found himself lying weak and helpless upon the ground. The letter bears the date of “Monday, May 27, 1878.” I have it before me.

“I spoke yesterday morning and felt well. Before meeting I took a walk, and was blessed with instruction such as I never had before. I saw and heard that as iniquity was abounding in the land, the days were near when empires and kingdoms should fall, and governments be dissolved. And the artillery of warriors, pistols of communists, and daggers of assassins would deluge the earth with blood. The angel of the Lord would be sent forth with instructions to smite the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and they should break their bars. Fire from heaven should be sent upon the earth, sweeping with a terrific, roaring, rushing, crackling noise through the cities, towns, and over the earth. I saw one sent forth from a beautiful city—a servant. The Master gave him a palm in one hand, and on the other arm was written in bright, golden letters, ‘Bind up the law, and seal up the testimony.’ And as he went, I heard a shout that resounded through, and filled the vault of heaven, ‘Come home! Come home! Come out of her my children, for her destruction is come.’ It was from one ‘mighty and strong.’ And as the servant went forth, he gave a small leaf from the palm to such as heard the message—for none of all the inhabitants of the earth heard it except the children. . . . I saw him confronted by a crowd of apparently hundreds of men, angry, savage, and determined not to let him pass. But as he neared them they opened a way through the midst of them, and it was as though a great chain extended through the gap at each side, which restrained the angry men; and the servant went through as calm as a child, only shouting his message of

binding up the law and sealing up the testimony. No power on earth could harm or hinder him. Fast followed in his steps the fearful destructions of the first part of the vision, and the earth was covered with plague, pestilence, war, flood, fire, and all evil ever spoken of. Still the servant on his errand traveled, until I saw that in his circuit he neared the beautiful city again. He was met by the Master. Oh, what a welcome! And by the side of the servant was a little form looking continually in the face of the servant, and exceedingly happy. I saw then that there were a great many other servants coming in, having finished their mission. They were to stay out until by giving each child outside the city a leaf from their palm, they had given all away, then they were to return. And as the servant and this little form by his side returned, the Master looked so sweetly on them, and then placing a crown upon his brow, said, 'My Father told you he would give you a crown if you would be faithful. He now fulfills his promise. Enter.' I heard dimly, as afar off, music, oh, so sweet! I drew nearer and nearer. We looked to see it—*you* and *I*. The atmosphere opened, thousands upon thousands of angels accompanying the King, the Lord of glory. A voice by my side said, 'Those who remain shall be changed in a twinkling of an eye.' This is the end."

Having thus digressed, I will now return to pursue our journey south.

The little branch at Santa Maria, the fruits of Mr. Burton's first missionary tour, in company with R. R. Dana, hailed our company with joy.

We proposed remaining over a few days to get fresh supplies of provisions cooked, also to have our sunbonnets, dish towels, and aprons washed up. This halt embraced a Sunday, which was enjoyed by all. Here Brother Newton Best lived; he who had received us when we first came to California. Our interest in them urged Joseph to go from San Benito down there with the gospel story, which resulted in his baptizing ten persons before the branch was organized. Many have united with it since.

The next Sunday we spent in Pleasant Valley, Ventura County, near Brother Samuel Walker's, and on the evening of the fourteenth day from home we drove into Gospel Swamp and camped in Brother Knight's yard. It was then near the middle of November, 1875.

We continued living in our tents for ten days after reaching the place of our destination; after which we all moved, by invitation, into the house on the place Brother Russell Huntley had purchased, and kept house for him, while our men folks hunted land and talked up meetings. Mr. Burton had been appointed president of Southern California District at the semiannual conference, held at Washington Corners, just prior to our leaving San Benito, and was anxious, as well as other elders who were with us, to commence his work in the district. The Newport Branch then consisted of eleven members who formerly belonged to the San Bernardino Branch, over which Elder John Brush presided. Their meetings were held from house to house. Brother Brush was an aged man, and had suffered much persecution in his day, and was more fearful than hopeful, when this force of elders came into the place, fairly bubbling over to preach, lest it would create a persecution. But he was finally won over, and enjoyed his big boys, who had come with sleeves rolled up ready to work. And in after days he often made the remark, "Old men for counsel, but young men for *war*."

Brother and Sister Walker found a home for themselves before we did—a place with a house to live in. We remained in Brother Huntley's house while ours was being built and an artesian well sunk, the work of which kept the men away from early morning till dark. And oh, how lonesome I was in that dismal place after Sister Walker moved away! At least it was dismal to me at that time; a perfect wilderness of corn. It grew so high there was nothing discernible above it but some trees and the tops of two houses. I did not know until the corn was cut that I had any near neighbors. It was an unfavorable time of the year for becoming acclimated to such a change of temperature from the high, dry mountain air, to the dampness and prolonged fogs, which some days scarcely lifted at all, and the consequence to me was a species of asthma. It differed from any other asthma, in that others required cool air, where cool or cold air caused such a contraction of the air tubes as to shut my breath off almost entirely. Taking off warm clothes and getting into a cool bed was an ordeal that I dreaded, and the effect became worse each succeeding evening. I had been administered to repeatedly, but without any permanent benefit.

The evening of which I write was damp and cold. My husband was rendering what assistance he could by holding wraps about me. But by the time I got into bed, sitting rather than lying, my breathing became so laborious as to be plainly heard in another room. I gasped the words by snatches, "Get the oil and administer! How I wish Brother Mills were here; I would soon get rid of this!" Under the hands of these elders, my husband and D. S. Mills, I had been relieved of suffering very many times, and always expected relief. Immediately upon the expression of that *wish* relief came. Oh, how comfortable! When Mr. Burton returned to the room with the oil, I was just enough awake to say, "I'm all right; no need to administer." In another minute I was fast asleep. I was healed so that it did not return again for years; not until I encountered the frosty air of Nova Scotia.

In the early spring, Brother Mills came to southern California; and as it was our wont to relate our experience in the gospel life, we rehearsed to him the above incident, and were surprised to hear him make inquiries as to the exact time. I knew the hour of the evening was very near ten o'clock, and that it was early in January; and by going back from one landmark to another, we discovered the date. Whereupon he drew a little notebook from his pocket, and nodding his head while he spoke, said: "Yes; that was the time." Then he had his part to tell, which was that he was with Brother Carmichael at the time, who was very sick, and had been for some time. He had persuaded the family to retire early and get a much-needed rest. He would sit with him alone till twelve o'clock. As he sat there watching the sick man, all being quiet within doors, but without, the rain pouring down in torrents and the night densely dark, he was vividly impressed, as though some one had spoken the words, to make supplication for Sisters Lawn and Burton, who were in distress and desired his prayers. He immediately retired to the far side of the room from the partially unconscious sick man and offered fervent prayer in our behalf. In due time he had learned that Sister Lawn was at that time considered very dangerously sick, and in such distress that one of her sons was about to brave the storm and darkness and the danger of the swollen river to go to San Benito for Brother Mills. He had gone out to saddle the horses, intending to

lead one for Brother Mills to ride back. But while they were making ready, Sister Lawn became so much better, they sent word out that it was not necessary to go. Thus both were healed in like manner, distance being no barrier to the power of God. Praise be to his name for his goodness!

Our money lasted till we got a place,—thirty-six acres,—built quite a large house, and sunk an artesian well. After purchasing some provisions our money was all gone, and no income. We were strangers in the place, had no store bill, nor did we propose to make any; consequently we were soon embarrassed in many ways for want of money, which led to an experience that brought faith into exercise—one of the Lord's stepping-stones which he often places in his children's path as a means of bringing them nearer to him, if they will be exercised thereby.

The first serious difficulty we encountered was the want of a pair of shoes for our boy Frank. He was at work plowing our place, and his old shoes were so broken out that he kicked them off entirely and had gone one day barefoot. But the ground was damp, cold, and salt, and was making his feet chapped and sore; besides, the land seemed to be underlined with snakes. He had plowed up several, one a rattlesnake, that he came very near stepping on.

Mr. Burton's work as president of the district and other callings took him from home a great deal of the time, so that he did not realize the home needs as I did. When he came home that evening—of the day that Frank had plowed in his sore feet—we talked over the matter, and he remembered that one of our distant neighbors wished to buy our tent; had said he would give the money for it any time we wished to sell, which to us was very satisfactory just then. Next morning he put the tent in the wagon and started off to find his buyer.

Right here I must take up another thread of this story. Brother Mills had succeeded in getting a place, (for the time being) adjoining ours, the line running very near our house. The day Mr. Burton started away with the tent in the wagon, Brother Mills, with several of the brethren, was busily at work plowing it—ready to plant corn before he went north again. Mr. Burton returned much sooner than I expected. Seeing no tent in the wagon I concluded, of course, that he had sold it, and I was all smiles when I met him at the door.

Seeing his face was so radiant, I thought there must be something good in store. I greeted him with the words, "Well, I see you have sold the tent. Did you get the money for it?"

"No," he replied, "I did not sell it; did not see the man at all," still smiling.

"Where is it?" I asked, my heart beginning to sink with the suspicion that he had either loaned or given it away.

"I hope you will not feel badly about it, Emma; I let Brother Coons have it," and he then explained that he had not gone very far when he met Brother Coons,—an aged man who had no home or relatives in California,—who hailed him, saying he was then on his way to our house to see if he could get our tent to live in; that he wanted to take care of Brother Mills's place while he (Brother Mills) was gone. And if he could just have that tent to put on the place, he would be all right. "And," continued he, "what else could I do but say 'yes'? I told him that I had it in the wagon then, and if he would tell me where he wished it to be set, I would put it up for him."

Before he had ceased speaking the tears were chasing each other down my face. I do not know that I could blame him. It would have seemed hard-hearted to have refused; but the tent was our only resource. Our boy was at work on that raw, windy day in his bare feet, and I could not help feeling very badly. But the outward manifestation of such feelings had to be speedily put aside, for I had several men to get dinner for, and must have it on time. I was cooking for the men that were boring Mr. Mills's well.

After dinner was over, and all had gone out to work again, my blue feelings came back worse than before. The little girls were at school, and the house was perfectly quiet, while with a heavy heart I took my sewing and sat down to work. It seemed to me that the iron grip of poverty that had pressed us so hard a few years before was again ready to fasten its hand upon us, and I dreaded the struggle. Presently the thought came to me: "What church do I belong to? Do we not profess to serve a God who answers prayer? and has he not promised to be a helper in time of need? Is it not my privilege to put in practice what is taught? I will go at once!"

And laying aside my work, I arose and went to my room,

and there in a brief yet earnest prayer made my request. Some of the words were these: "Father, open up the way whereby I may obtain five dollars, for thou knowest my need even now."

I confess the word "dollars" sounded odd in a prayer. But I said within myself as I left the room, "It is dollars I *want*, so I suppose it is right to say dollars." And as I resumed my work I wondered what would be the way in which the prayer would be answered. We needed a few small stores, and I had concluded that five dollars would cover the whole. The load of care and trouble or worry that had been pressing upon me for a week left me so entirely that my thoughts became occupied in another subject, and I soon forgot the whole circumstance, and sat busily thinking and working for about an hour, during which time another scene was being enacted not far from where I was. A messenger, seemingly, had been sent from heaven to attend to the request presented to the Father, who came to the servant of God, no other than Brother D. S. Mills, and from whom I learned his part of the testimony.¹

He was plowing the portion of his land that was nearest the line towards ours. As he passed near the house he felt suddenly impressed to go in and give me a five-dollar bill that he had in his pocket. He wondered why he should have thought of doing that, for he did not know that we were in need of anything special; did not even know that our money was gone, and so concluded that his thought arose from his fear of being burdensome to us. Settling the matter thus in his mind, he kept on plowing until he had made his round, and was passing the spot where he first felt the impression. It came again upon him stronger than before—Go give her five dollars; *she needs it*. He knew then from whence the admonition came, and halted. He kicked away the sods, re-adjusted his hat on his head, while he tried to make up his mind to come in. He said within himself: "I would go and give her the money if I was not stopping there. But I know it will hurt her feelings; she will think I do not feel welcome, and wish to pay my way." So he started up the team and

¹I wrote this testimony at the time, but never made it public. I now have it before me to copy from.

plowed another round. But as he neared the spot again—where no doubt the unseen angel stood—he was admonished a third time in a way that he knew he had better heed the admonition; and so he forthwith left his work and came into the house.

This period of time had occupied the hour that I sat sewing. I noticed a perplexed look on the brother's face as he came in and walked aimlessly to the window and then to the fireplace; and resting his head on his hand, he gazed for a moment down at the hearth. Since he had not once looked straight at me, I did not feel at liberty to question him; yet I wondered what was wrong. Suddenly he wheeled around and came to where I was sitting, drew from his breastpocket a five-dollar bill, and dropped it into my hand, saying:

"Here, take this; you need it."

I as quickly picked it up and handed it back, saying, "No, Brother Mills, I will do nothing of the kind," assuring him that I did not need it; for in the embarrassment of the moment, together with my eagerness to have him take it back, I had forgotten both my need and my request in prayer, and urged the probable need of his family at home.

"No," said he, "my family is provided for at present, and I have this besides," holding up another "greenback" of the same value. "You *must* keep it!"

Both the tone and manner were unusually stern and forbidding of further parley. I should have to be offensively contrary to remonstrate further, and was obliged to hold my peace and keep the money, while he walked out as quickly as he came in, leaving me hurt, vexed, and perplexed, without knowing why, only that I thought he needed the money himself; and again, that he was afraid of being an expense, because we were assisting him a little in getting his well bored; and that led to the thought that he perhaps did not feel welcome—he to whom we owed so much for bringing the gospel to us, or sending his colaborer, and coming himself to the rescue just in the right time, and had benefited us so much by his counsel, his faith, and his prayers. And now to take money from him seemed like robbery.

While I thus sat holding the unwelcome bit of green paper, and my mind in a perfect tumult, Frank came in, and seeing the money, said: "Oh, ma! where did you get that?"

I answered dryly that Brother Mills had just given it to me.

"How good he is!" said Frank. "Now you can get my boots."

The mention of the boots brought a reaction. Here was the specific sum sent *in answer* to prayer; and in what manner of spirit was I receiving it? My resentful feelings gave place to humble penitence. Why had I so entirely forgotten that I had asked for it? Why had I not remembered, and received it with joyful gratitude and praise to God? Again I knelt and thanked the Father for his goodness, confessing my sins.

In the evening, after the little ones had gone to bed, and the house was quiet, the fire in the cozy fireplace throwing out a ruddy glow, Mr. Burton turned to Brother Mills and said: "If you have no objections, I would like to know how you came to give that money to Emma to-day; what influenced you to do so?" for I had acquainted Mr. Burton with the whole circumstance.

Then Brother Mills rehearsed what I have already written. The tears stood in his eyes when we gave him the experience of the day, and thanked him heartily for the generous part he had performed in it; hoping he might never feel the loss of the money thus given, and that God would send help to him in every time of need.

Does the great eternal Father look down from heaven, his dwelling place, and take cognizance of all the little events of his children here below? If he does, does he wish his children to know it? How can they know unless he gives them the evidence and how shall we know that he gives us evidence unless we ask, and recognize him in the minute details of life? When I came to realize the fatherhood of God in an everyday life sense, it brought me more closely to him than when I regarded him with awe as the God of heaven, the all-powerful Creator of all things. Gratitude begat love; and the love cast out the reserve of fear. And I often whispered requests while about my work—as to a loving Father who was ever near, that I perhaps may have thought too small or trivial to make a formal prayer concerning; and thus proved to myself by receiving the things, or the help desired, that the parental ear was ever open to the smallest desires if sought in faith and love. Those little

things have often, in fact *always* strengthened my faith, and increased my gratitude far more than what would be called a greater testimony. I do not wish the reader to understand that I made these requests carelessly, or until I had done my part towards obtaining and failed. Yet a few years before I could scarcely have believed the Lord would notice or lend his aid in all these matters of everyday life.

CHAPTER 9

IT seems necessary in this life sketch that I should speak somewhat of the gospel work in the Newport Branch, since our interest and experience for a season became so blended with it; but shall not attempt to give instances according to their date or routine.

Immediately following our locating in that southern vicinity, Saints from the surrounding country commenced to gather in by families, seeking a home, most of whom were young Saints, that is, young in the work, and filled with zeal and the spirit of the gospel. Both preaching and prayer meetings were held regularly during each week, and also on Sundays, with steadily increasing interest. At first the meetings were held from house to house, ours being the most frequent resort, because the most commodious, and central in location. Numbers were now being steadily added to the branch, both by letter and by baptism; consequently the congregation soon outgrew the seating capacity of dwelling houses. Then a bowery was erected to do service until a church could be built.

The California semiannual conference of September, 1876, was to be held at that place, and Brother Joseph Smith was booked to be in attendance. Perhaps the enemies of our faith thought we ought to honor his coming by having a brand new bowery. Be that as it may, on Friday evening, about one hour after Brother Joseph's arrival at our house, we looked out of the window and saw the improvised tabernacle in flames. All were sorry to lose one whole day's meetings; but apart from that it made very little difference. The brethren turned to with a will, and built another in time for the next evening meeting. The Saints hailed Brother Joseph's coming with joy and those not of our faith with curiosity. They wished to see a prophet, thinking he must necessarily look different from ordinary men, consequently there was a large and interested congregation for the Sunday services. During the day Brother Joseph baptized some four of five persons, our youngest daughter Addie, who upon that day had arrived at the age of eight years, claiming the right to be one of that number.

Brother J. C. Clapp had been with us holding meetings, both prior to Brother Joseph's coming and afterwards. He

had collided with the Reverend Doctor Hand of the Disciple faith, who at that time was giving the people of the "Mesa" his views of Mormonism. And when he refused to meet Brother Clapp publicly, the latter appointed a short series of review meetings to be held in the bowery, whereupon a cordial invitation was extended to all, both far and near, to attend the meetings. This was to be our first experience in hearing the faith compared and defended in that particular way, and all were very enthusiastic in regard to it.

But however deeply interested one may be in spiritual things, and however little the temporal things are valued in comparison, the temporal things will clamor for their share of consideration, and so it was at this time. I knew that more meetings meant more visitors to entertain, and kept turning the thought in my mind, "What shall I set before them!" Our larder was empty, and there was no bishop's allowance in those days. Mr. Burton gave the bulk of his time to the work of the ministry, therefore there was little coming in except Frank's wages for short jobs of work here and there as opportunity offered when out of school, and the small yield of corn from our place.

The Saints were kind, and often sent in such eatables as were appreciated, especially at times of meetings, but there was nothing regular, and was often put to my wits' ends, so to speak, to get up a presentable meal, for visitors. But in this instance the time for meeting to commence drew very near, and nothing came in. I knew whose storehouse was never empty, and now that we had done all we could, and dealt freely with what we had, I felt justified in asking for more. This I did, reminding the Father of how we had given our all to feed the Saints from a distance, and of our coming need, expecting strangers also to be with us, and said, "Send us this day money or money's worth in such things as we need."

During the day a sack of flour and several parcels of the most needed groceries were sent in by different persons; also some money—as Brother Clapp said—"To get butter with." Although not a very ample supply, I felt that I could manage very well, and was thankful. But when the Saints came from a distance who desired to abide with us, they brought such generous boxes of provisions that we all fared sumptuously; and a good supply was left when the

meetings were over. This is but one instance of many, during that period, when the supply was made equal to the demand. And it has also been our experience while extending hospitality to the many, that the supplies that we have had have been made to last more than double their usual time, and still be fed from, daily. These last few lines being on general terms, I will follow the thought still further and say, I believe those above-mentioned circumstances were in direct fulfillment of the promises given upon certain conditions, and this is how the conditions came about.

It became necessary upon several occasions for us to make choice between seeking first to establish the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and trust to the promise that the necessary things of this life would "be added," or to embrace the opportunity—offered—to add them, at the expense of leaving the things of the kingdom till a more convenient season. In that it so happened—if things do happen—that when Mr. Burton would be at home awhile fixing up the place, and an opportunity for getting a week or two of goods wages offered, it would be immediately followed by a call from some part of the district, which seemed necessary to attend to. Both seemed necessary. It was not always easy in such circumstances to know which was the path of duty, more especially in consideration of our duty toward our children. From a human standpoint the decision would be, Provide for your family. But the Master had said to the ministry long years ago: "But seek ye first to build up the kingdom of God, and to establish his righteousness, and all these things [the necessities of life] shall be added." (Inspired Translation.) And in these last times, "This is a day of sacrifice and of warning." In view of these injunctions, and believing the Lord took the children into consideration also, we always came to the same conclusion, that it was our duty to make the sacrifice, take the Lord at his word, and trust him with the thought that these perishable things that are so convenient in this life will soon pass away, and if through the warning a soul was saved, it would far outweigh our little sacrifice so willingly shared by the children. And I still trust that wherein our children have been deprived of much that would be of benefit to them in this life, for the gospel's sake, they will receive, if not a compen-

sation in this life, a just reward in the life to come. Surely the Judge of all the earth will do right."

But to return to my subject. A house of worship was soon built, paid for, and dedicated to the Lord, and God manifested his pleasure in it. There seemed to be a hallowed influence within the walls that was felt by those who entered. The Spirit of God was poured out upon that people in a degree that perhaps few small branches of the church have realized. There was no lack of preachers. Elders Mills, Huntley, Burton, Walker, and Dana were residents in the neighborhood. Others hearing of the work of the Lord in that branch came from various parts of the country to see, hear, enjoy, and impart. The church was crowded to overflowing every Sunday, many standing at or sitting beneath the open windows, the congregation being interspersed with strangers from as far as five miles distant. Jews also attended at times. The prayer meetings were looked forward to by the Saints as feasts for the soul. Love filled the heart of each, and all were as one.

A neighbor made this remark:

"I do not understand your people. There is no revival going on, but as regularly as the Sunday comes, a crowd goes over to the reservoir for baptism."

Yes; for months scarcely a Sunday passed without there being a baptism. And upon two occasions, once by Elder Mills and again by Elder Burton, fifteen were buried in the liquid grave before the elder left the water.

Among the many bright pictures of those days that are still vivid in memory, is that of an evening service. Elder Burton occupied the stand. I can see again the crowded house, and the rapt attention given to the speaker while by the power of the Spirit he presented the glorious gospel of Christ in its beauty—its grandeur! Divine inspiration lit up the subject and the countenance of the speaker like a halo of light, as if the "gates of heaven were ajar," and its glory being showered down upon us. Strangers listened with bated breath; a thrill ran through the audience. Lo! the discourse had flown from them. The words were not according to their understanding. Never in my experience have I listened to one speaking in an unknown tongue and realized to the same extent that it was tasting of "the powers of the world to come," as upon that occasion. Awe was depicted on

the countenances of those not of our faith, who having attended services only, had never before witnessed the manifestations of the gifts of the gospel. And when meeting was dismissed, they with the Saints seemed inclined to linger, as if they would fain prolong the spell.

Some few months after the above instance our district conference convened, at which time I was again suffering from daily attacks of neuralgia from decayed teeth and inflamed gums, and had been for a length of time. The meetinghouse was quite near us, and not wishing to miss the Sunday morning service, I went. But the pain became so severe I was compelled to withdraw. But being in too much distress to even walk the little way home, entered the nearest house and remained till meeting was dismissed, then stepped to the door to ask some of the elders to come to the house and administer to me. Brother Samuel Crane, an elder and all aglow with the rekindled fire of the gospel, was the only person outside the door. I accosted him with,

"Are you coming to take dinner with us, Brother Crane?"

"No," he replied, "we are going back to Brother Forest's."

"Well; stop in, please, on your way over. I wish to be administered to; am nearly crazy with my teeth."

He fixed his gaze upon me—as is said of those of old—and said, "Your teeth will stop aching without being administered to."

As he said the word *stop* every particle of pain gave way.

"Well!" I exclaimed in astonishment, "they have every one stopped aching." (Five were diseased.) Before I realized the wonderful power of God being made manifest, I gave expression to a fear that the blessing was not permanent, to which Brother Crane replied, with a tinge of severity in his tone:

"Your faith is sufficient if you will exercise it!"

He manifested his belief in what he had said by driving straight past the house without ever looking towards it. How is one to exercise faith in obedience to precept, since faith does not come at one's bidding?

It did not seem to me then, nor does it yet, that to inwardly affirm that the Lord would continue the blessing, or that I knew he would, when I did not know it, would be any exercise of faith. The pain did not return as before, but

during the afternoon, and the early part of the sacrament meeting, I did not feel really comfortable, a punishment, doubtless, for my unbelief. During the singing my thoughts lingered with unusual clearness upon the sacred emblems, recalling the words of our Lord, that the bread was his body and the wine was his blood. And since there was healing virtue in even the hem of his garment, how much more should there be in his "body" and "blood." Would it not heal those who partook in faith and expectation? I felt that it would. Had not the Apostle Paul said many were sick and many slept because of not observing those things? Why was it that we as Saints did not realize to a greater extent the ample provisions made in the plan of salvation wrought out by Jesus Christ for all that his creatures hath need to be saved from? Such was the frame of mind in which I partook, after which I had no more neuralgia or toothache. And the blessing is still in force.

Brother Crane's words were brought to pass. They stopped "aching without being administered to." Yet not until this writing did I comprehend the manner in which the necessary faith was exercised.

Shortly after the above-named conference, if my memory serves me correctly, Mr. Burton and Brother R. R. Dana started for a preaching tour up through the country as far north as Santa Maria. They had been gone about a week when a complication of seriously trying circumstances overtook us at home. It was on Tuesday morning. The children started for school, but had not been gone very long when Addie came back and made known, between sobs and tears, that Dora had been run over by the big roller. She had been carried into Brother Damron's and they had sent for me.

"Is she dead?" I asked, feeling the strength oozing from my body, for that roller was eight or ten feet in length, of solid sycamore, ribbed all over with two inch scantling, and in weight about eleven hundred pounds. It was used to pulverize the hard adobe land.

"No," said Addie, "not when I left."

As I hurried to her, I tried to prepare myself to see a crushed and mangled body, perhaps already lifeless. But the monitor that speaks to the intelligence bade me be of good cheer; she was not so badly hurt as I was picturing. Still I found the dear child in much distress. Her whole

body was swollen, particularly her head and ears. The thick, fleshy part of one hand, just below the thumb was black and looked as if the flesh were mashed to a jelly beneath the skin; so also on one arm from the elbow upwards, but the skin was not broken anywhere. The accident happened in this way. A man had the roller attached by the tongue to the back of a farm wagon—in which he rode—transferring it to another part of the neighborhood. Several school children were on their way to school. While he stopped to speak to some men, the children climbed upon the tongue of the roller for a ride. Dora and one of her classmates, Millie Perdue, sat on the tongue, it being broad and heavy. When the team started again, Millie swayed as if she were about to fall. Dora promptly grasped her and assisted her to her place again, but in so doing lost her own balance and fell lengthwise of the road, and in a slightly twisted position, so that the roller passed over her feet first and clear on over her head. The girls said she looked to be flattened to the road when the roller left her. She was unable to make any noise, therefore the driver was not aware of the accident until he had driven over her.

Brother Brush was one of the number of men close by, where a well was being bored. He ran to the spot thinking she was dead, since no sound escaped her until he had taken her up in his arms, when she opened her eyes and said, "O, Father Brush, administer to me!" He stood there in the road in the midst of the gathering crowd with the child in his arms, and with bared head and upturned face entreated the Lord in her behalf. Then he carried her to the nearest house, where she was laid upon a bed, where I found her. Other elders had gathered in, and again she was administered to. At first she did not suffer any acute pains if perfectly still. She could not move except her hands, arms, and head; neither could she be moved without suffering great distress. Our first thought was to get her home.

I shall never lose sight of the kind and ready assistance rendered by our neighbor, Mr. Moesser. When in consideration of her suffering several urged me to let her remain where she was, he came to me and said, "I think you are right, Mrs. Burton, in your desire to have her at home, and I will assist you." He soon returned with a light wagon, both seats removed and plenty of straw in the bed of the wagon.

Four men took her bed by the four corners and lifted her, bed and all, into the wagon, and by leading the horse slowly, she was transferred without any discomfort. The most difficult task was in getting her clothes off and robed in her nightdress, and moved from the bed she was on to another. When about completed, the word was passed from one to another, "The doctor is coming." I turned to Mr. Moesser, who stood near, and asked, "Who sent for a doctor?" For, to tell the truth, the thought of sending for a doctor had never entered my mind. Mr. Moesser replied that the man who drove the roller over her sent at once for the best surgical doctor in town, with a request to bring with him his surgical instruments, not knowing what might be needed; and, added he, it shall not cost you anything, he will pay the bill.

"I was not thinking about the bill," I replied. "It is because I have no idea of employing a doctor. Our faith is in a higher Physician. You know what we believe and preach, and if we can not practice what we preach, what better is our religion than that of others?"

"But," said he, "suppose some bones are broken, what then?"

"Well, suppose they are?" Do you not think he who organized the human frame is able to readjust them? I have seen broken bones united by the power of God. I say these things to you because you have known this power."

While we were thus talking the doctor came in, placed his "grip" on the table which stood near the open door of the bedroom, and went at once to the bedside, where "Sister Libbie" and others were standing. "The situation is," I continued, "very embarrassing to all parties. I trust you will speak to the doctor at once, in my stead, in explanation and apology."

"You had better let him go on with the examination," said Mr. Moesser. "It will be a satisfaction to know what the injuries are."

"Yes," I replied, "you may permit him to do that, providing it does not distress her too much."

At this juncture Dora gave a cry of pain, at which I hastened to her, leaving Mr. Moesser to the unpleasant task of dismissing the doctor. Upon his inquiry the doctor said he had examined her to his entire satisfaction, that there

were no bones broken; but both hips were badly sprained and would cause her to be on her back just as long as if her limbs were broken. His astonishment could be better imagined than described when Mr. Moesser tapped him on the shoulder, while hurriedly setting out vials, and in an undertone acquainted him with the situation. On his return to Santa Ana he was met by a group of men, some of the brethren with them, anxious to learn of the extent of the injury and the condition of the sufferer. To them he made the statement as at the house, that both hips were badly sprained, and speaking of medical aid being refused, added, "I wish them a good time of it! It will be three months at least before she can be on her feet again, and that in the heat of the season."

Quite a number of Saints and friends had gathered to the house; none knew that the doctor had been dismissed until he had gone. The verdict was that I had acted very unwisely, and some not of our faith thought almost criminally so. I was both surprised and disappointed, for I verily expected the full concurrence of all the Saints in the course I had adopted. Perhaps few indeed of those very individuals would have employed medical aid in ordinary sickness, but in this case I stood alone. In a short time after the doctor left, Dora became more sensible of her bruises and soreness. Her whole body, hands, arms, and all became set, rigid, she could only incline her head slightly from one side to the other as she lay on her back moaning in her distress.

It was a trying moment to see her thus, and bear the reproachful look and tone of one who was not of the faith, and the ominous head-shakings of many others. It seemed as if I was being put to a test of faith similar to that of Abraham. Would I trust God implicitly, and hold fast to my integrity in the ordinances of the church with my child's life in the balance? For a moment the question confronted me, Have I done right or wrong? My courage well-nigh gave way. In my distress of mind I fled to the secret chamber to plead the sustaining evidence from God if I had done right. I plead the promise that none should be confounded who put their trust in the Lord. I had trusted him implicitly, and now if I had done right, and it should be well with the child, I prayed that when I returned to her bedside, she might be

visibly better, so much so that she would have the free use of her arms again, and her head also.

As I returned to her room Sister Libbie greeted me with the cheering words, "She seems so much better than a few minutes ago, and can use her arms now." I thanked God, and truly took courage; and indeed it took courage to resist the tide of remedies that set in immediately as numerous as the people of the neighborhood, each differing from the other, and each in turn believed his to be better than his neighbor's and all given in kindness. But two only were regarded with any degree of favor. Whisky, I believed to be for the washing of the body; that and the vinegar were permitted to remain.

During the first day or two soft cloths were wrung from the hot liquid and laid over her body. Since she could not endure the lightest touch of a hand, I anointed her body morning and evening by means of a piece of soft cotton saturated in the oil, drawn carefully over her. The elders came in frequently and had prayer over her. And when one place in the bed became heated, and the motionless position unbearable, she was carefully lifted in a sheet to the other side of the bed. It seemed that the powers of darkness were waged against us. Immediately my eyes became so sore it was difficult and painful to use them in the day; and when night came I could not open them at all where the lamp was. And Frank, our mainstay, took neuralgia in one of his feet so that he could not put it to the floor. Poor boy, how hard he tried not to let on that there was anything the matter with him. He seemed to think it was a reproach to him to be disabled at a time when he was so much needed.

A card had been mailed to Mr. Burton at once, informing him of the accident, but I did not say for him to come home. It did not reach him, however, until the afternoon of Friday. He made ready to start for home the next morning. Early dawn found him astir, but when he went out to feed his horses, one of them was too sick to stand up. There were no railroads through that part of the country, so he was obliged to endure his restless anxiety as best he could till his team was able to make the journey home—a five days' drive. Meanwhile we kept him informed daily of how matters were progressing at home.

The Saints and neighbors readily came to our assistance.

Sister Libbie—Mrs. Davison—being with us, and an excellent nurse, took her station at Dora's bedside, and gave her every care and attention that was in her power to do; though she did not agree with all of my "notions," as she called them, especially in the efficacy of olive oil, until about the third day, when preparing to make use of the hot applications, asked Dora which made her feel the more comfortable, the whisky or the vinegar.

"The oil," said Dora. "I would rather have mother come and bathe me with the oil."

Whereupon Sister Libbie came to me with a twinkle in her eye, saying, "That child seems to think your putting that oil on makes her feel easier than anything else, and if she *thinks* so, I suppose it must be so."

After which there was nothing but the consecrated oil used, and she improved rapidly. It was as Sister Libbie said, "We could fairly see her get well." Every hour made an improvement. Besides the sprained hips, she had also sustained an internal injury.

On Sunday she claimed that she was about well down to her hips, but as yet had no use of her lower limbs, and they had to be handled with the utmost care.

During the following week she was able to leave her bed. When able to stand alone she could neither lift her feet nor move them ahead. At first I would move them ahead for her, and bend the knee joints a little, till they returned to their natural action.

On Tuesday, just two weeks from the day she was hurt, she was with me at Santa Ana, the nearest mercantile town. As we came out from the post office we met the doctor going in. In a moment or two he came back to us, saying:

"I believe this is Mrs. Burton? I did not recognize you at first. How is your little dau——" The word died on his lips when he saw her. With wide open eyes he added, "It is not possible that *this* is she!"

"Yes; this is the one," I replied; "she is doing pretty well, is she not?"

"*I should think she was!*" said he, in measured tones; and then turned on his heel and quickly went back into the post office.

I wondered within myself what he would say to the public. I scarcely expected he would recognize the power of God

in her restoration; nor did I think he would endanger his reputation as an intelligent physician by saying she was not so badly hurt as he had thought. But it proved to be true that the latter horn of the dilemma was the one he chose.

Some took the trouble to drive from Santa Ana down to the place where the accident occurred and examine the road to satisfy themselves. But there was no hole or rut found; the piece of road was hard, smooth, and level. And so the mystery still remained, not only about her speedy recovery, but "what prevented her from being crushed to a jelly." It could not be denied that she fell in front of the roller—near the center—and that she was picked up behind the roller with her head towards it; For my own part I believe in accordance with what is found in the twelfth verse of the ninety-first Psalm—that the angels bore the roller up in their hands so that its full weight did not rest upon her.

When we questioned Dora as to her knowledge and feelings at the time, her answer was, "I reached out to catch Millie Perdue, then I knew I was falling, and the next thing I knew was feeling so stifled that I could not make any noise. I saw the great, big roller almost up to my head, and knew it was going over me, and expected I must die. That was all I knew till Brother Brush had me in his arms."

Lest there should be any misgivings about her safe recovery, I will inform the reader that she still lives, and is the happy mother of five bright, attractive children; and is also an unusually spry, hard-working little woman.

CHAPTER 10

IT would scarcely be doing justice to my reader, should there be one who is struggling with the trial of giving up her husband to the work of the ministry, to be silent in regard to my experience in that respect, and thereby imply that it was no trial to me. For indeed it was all that I could bear. It was not until we moved south that I realized my loss, comprehended that my husband was no more all our own. Although loving home and family just as dearly as ever, his whole heart and soul, outside of the love of home, were in the latter-day work. The latter-day work can not be carried on without the interest of the people. One can not gain the interest of the people without being interested in them; not only to preach, but to visit with, talk, advise, instruct, admonish, and sympathize with; in short, to live their lives while with them. The whole is best expressed in a pathetic remark I heard from an elder's wife in the early days of this branch of my experience. We were looking at her husband's photograph (I will call his name Grant), when she said in a low tone, as if more to herself than to the company, "He was my Grant then, but now he is the people's Grant."

To me those words contained a world of meaning; for I was then beginning to realize the same in reference to "my Burton," and that the people's gain was my loss. I was willing to give him up to preach the gospel; but this belonging to the public was harder to become reconciled to. Again to hear the coarser quality of humanity familiarly call him "Brother," as though he were one in common with their own family, was galling to my pride. Mr. Burton had always been cordial and social in his manner, but prior to the change of calling, which made it essential to become all things to all men in order to gain some, there was always that boundary line of respectful reserve which none but our circle of intimate friends took the liberty to overstep. This reserve was doubtless born of his position in life. He was both "mate" and "captain" at an early age. As such, one can be kind and considerate to his men, still there is always a certain distance between them.

I had not made Mr. Burton's acquaintance prior to the time of his occupying the first-named position, and he was

captain within the year, so this familiarity of a general level was new to me. The truth is, I was selfish in my possession, and did not want everybody to claim and act upon the relationship of brother. When in the Spirit, I could cheerfully give up all things for the gospel's sake, but I did not always remain in the Spirit. Prior to those days of battling with self I was astonished and grieved to witness any instance in another, who had embraced the latter-day faith, of not being always in the Spirit, the right Spirit; but I learned that the carnal mind is not altogether vanquished when one is inducted into the kingdom of God, while the kingdom is on the unpurified earth.

Another trial of those days was the "checkline" upon my independence. Perhaps I was too sensitive to my situation. For though my husband was giving the most of his time to the people, and not receiving a support in return, but only occasionally donations from one and another by way of helps; and because those helps were so much needed, I could not help feeling that I was an object of charity, and as such had not the same freedom to do with my substance as my neighbors. What they had was their own to do with as they pleased. They were not dependent upon anyone for help, and no one had the right to criticize. But it was different in my case, since those very ones who could least bear criticism took that right to themselves when our mode of getting along did not agree with their idea of what was best; consequently the situation was sometimes very humiliating, and sometimes it took a ludicrous form. To pen an instance of the latter might serve for variety.

We had religiously kept our resolution not to run a "bill" for either groceries or dry goods, therefore I very seldom bought a dress; but by turning and fixing over the old ones, and upon rare occasions having one given to me, I managed to keep myself presentable. In the early autumn previous to the incident of which I write, Maggie, my sister-in-law, sent me one of those serviceable mohair dresses that she had worn till she was tired of, and still it was a very nice-looking dress. Being in the days when skirts were trimmed, this one in particular was entirely covered with bias puffs and narrow knife kilting. It was not gaudy, so I wore it just as it came to me during the fall and early part of the winter; then I took off about half the trimming and wore it

a few months longer. When the warm weather came and I desired a light, cool dress, I took off every vestige of trimming. The first uncovered part had not faded, and so when it was picked, brushed and pressed, it looked quite like a new dress.

During the week following the Sunday that I wore my new (?) dress, a brother made us a call. His errand being, as we afterwards learned, to consult with Mr. Burton about my extravagance. He was, as usual, on a bias with the world in general. Mr. Burton interrupted his recital of complaints by, "Well, brother, how about yourself? I have not seen you at meeting lately."

"No!" replied the brother, "people are so proud nowadays they can't go to meeting without they wear a b'iled shirt. I haven't got any, so I stay at home."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Burton, "that you are so proud you can not go to meeting without a 'boiled shirt,' but if that is the case, bring your checked shirt to me and I will wear that, and you can wear my boiled shirt."

"I don't want no b'iled shirt," said the brother, "it is not *me* that is proud, it is the rest of them; and," said he, "the sisters are getting proud too. It seems to me Sister Burton has been having a good many new dresses lately. My wife said she came out in a brand-new one again last Sunday, and I think that makes three since last fall."

It took the "wind out of his sails," as a sailor would say, when the matter was explained. The whole circumstance was only laughable to us, being the exception and not the rule. But when some uncharitable remark would reach my ear, as it did from time to time, from those whose opinion I thought more of, and from whom I had received, it would almost crush me to the earth. How I have wept and prayed for strength to bear that hardest of all the crosses laid upon me, the giving up of my independence, and not having anything of my own, both when alone and together with my husband. We talked the matter over and over, to see if we would, or if we *could* make up our minds to bear it, or if there was not some way to escape. But when no way appeared except for him to leave the ministry, we, like the "little cross-bearer," took up our own cross again just where we had laid it down to consult about having it molded in some different form, and tried to bear it with a better grace.

But those trials or light afflictions are now in the past, and do not have to be repeated, since there is a better system instituted for providing for the families of the ministry. I have spoken of them only to give both sides of life as I lived it, and I can safely say that in so doing I have but rehearsed the experience of many others in like situation; and perhaps they, like me, have while living it, learned that "belonging to the public" is a part of the gospel work. That I should be willing to give for the benefit of others what I required when in the same stage of investigation, and that Jesus in his gospel work mingled with all classes to raise them up, and those who followed him must do the same. Yet, notwithstanding this amiable theory laid down for myself, I have found that selfish feelings would sometimes assert themselves. There is no life but what has its shadows as well as its sunshine.

But let us return to the more outward side of life, and trace an experience through a doubting season. Yes; after all I had received. When faith deserts, the mind is as barren as though it had never received anything, so said the Savior: "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness." The first cause of my darkness was nonfulfillment of definite and important promises, made by what was claimed to be the spirit of prophecy, on certain conditions and within a given time; which promise was affirmed and enlarged upon through the gift of tongues, interpretation given by the same person who spoke in the unknown tongue. Both being spoken in a public meeting, the result was looked forward to with interest by both parties. The conditions were religiously and prayerfully observed; but the time expired and the promises were not fulfilled. Those promises had no relation to me or mine; but the result brought me to a standstill, spiritually. Had it been the prophecy only, it would not have hurt my faith at all, since more experienced and more spiritually-minded men than the one who had spoken in this instance had mistaken their own strong desires for the promptings of the Spirit, and had uttered them as such. But to speak in an unknown tongue is different. The language is not their own. I reasoned thus: How could it be spoken except by the power of God, or that of the Evil One? There was no reason to believe that the speaker was operated upon by the evil power; and since

it came to naught, it was not of God. Therefore, I concluded that it was all a delusion.

Mr. Burton had gone to northern California with Brother Mills, so I had no one to confide my doubts and fears to, nor to set me right in the matter. It is needless to give in detail the experience of those few weeks. A trial of faith can scarcely be pictured in words, seeing it is made up of causes and another element combined; that is the effect that causes have upon individuals individually, since what is a trial to one is no trial at all to another; therefore I will only sketch a few leading features in my thoughts, such as, "If this that was spoken in tongues was not of God, how do I know that the gift of tongues is a true spiritual gift? This one has failed, and perhaps none of the messages thus given were by the voice of the Spirit. And—taking another step backwards—if the spiritual gifts are a delusion, the whole latter-day work must be also, since the whole church has from time to time testified to the truthfulness of them."

When faith in the latter-day work is gone, after one has once received and entered into that work, there is not much left to have faith in, not even in God; because God and the latter-day work are so closely connected in the mind of the worker believing God and Christ to be the authors and prime directors in it. And with no other motive in view but to serve God and keep his commandments, and thereby obtain eternal life in his kingdom, have carefully and prayerfully investigated the gospel claims, taking God at his word, and following its precepts at the sacrifice of friends and good name, and then find it had failed; to whom could one look, or in what could he believe? Hence I was at a standstill, losing faith in everything. I felt that it had been with us as with the heathen who bows down to his god of wood or stone, prays to him, talks with him, and thinks in doing certain things he is obtaining favor. But *we* know all the time that their gods are insensible of all.

It was a sad thought that all the newborn happiness, precious promises, and lively hopes that had been such a joyous reality had come to naught, had vanished away. The world seemed all dark; darker than if I had never looked upon this beautiful air castle.

Upon speaking with a sister, (the same sister who had given the tongue and interpretation) shortly after the above

circumstance occurred (or circumstances, I might say, for there were several of a very trying nature, the one I have spoken of being the leading feature among them), she made the remark, "Perhaps the Lord will make known to some one of us why the promise was not fulfilled."

My reply was, "I do not know how he could convey that knowledge in a way that *I* could accept it."

"Would you not believe it if it was given in tongues?"

"No! Why should I? Since we have been deceived once, what evidence would I have that we were not being deceived a second time? No; neither tongues nor prophecy would have any weight with me whatever. It must come in some other way."

Further than this, I had not spoken of my doubts and unbelief to anyone. I did not wish to destroy anyone's faith, even in a delusion, and make them as miserable as I was. I knew not what effect my words might have, and if at some future time I might see differently, I might not be able even then to restore what I had caused them to lose, therefore held my peace. About this time I had a dream that added not a little to my despondency.

I attended meetings as usual, but it was all an empty sound. It was unusual for me not to take part in prayer meeting, and many a fugitive glance was cast towards where I sat in silence. I resolved, however, to make a statement of all to the branch when a favorable opportunity occurred; that is, when there were none present but members of the branch, and not too many young people. The opportunity came before very long, more favorable than I had anticipated. It was in an evening meeting, the number in attendance being unusually small, and all elderly people who had been in the church from childhood.

After about all had spoken who were in the habit of so doing, I told my story, stating my feelings and giving my reasons. Perhaps I need scarcely say that surprise was depicted on every face as they listened with strained ears to catch every word. I closed by saying, "You all know what faith I have had in this latter-day work, and how happy I have been in that faith, but it is all over now. I can not conscientiously take any further part in it while these difficulties exist. It seems to me I have been gazing upon a

beautiful bubble that has burst, leaving nothing in its stead," and in tears of sadness sat down.

Meeting was soon dismissed. All manifested the most kindly feelings toward me. Some pressed my hand in silence, others told me the Adversary was trying to destroy me. Sister Woodward, an aged sister, who had been in the church in the early day, who was very quiet in her manner, not giving any extravagant demonstrations of her feelings, came to me as soon as we had stepped outside the house, and putting her arms around me, said:

"Sister Burton, this will all come right sometime. I can not say anything to you *now* that would do you any good, only that I *know* this work is true. I have been in it many years, and have passed through many trials. There are some things we can not understand; but just wait the Lord's time, and he will bring you out of this trial stronger in the faith than before."

I felt grateful to her for her kindly interest; but as yet the light had not come.

Now I must take up another thread, relating to this incident. Brother J. B. Price, of Oakland, California, felt an inclination to visit the Newport Branch; thought he wanted to buy some land in that vicinity. He arrived in the evening at the house of one of the brethren with whom he was acquainted. Early in the next forenoon he started out by himself, saying he would walk down as far as Brother Burton's place. I think it must have been Saturday morning, for he found me on my knees polishing the cooking stove. I had never met the brother before; but when he insisted upon sitting right down where he was in the kitchen, saying he was not going to stay long, and we could talk while I went on with my work of polishing the oven door, it did not seem to me that he was an entire stranger, and the smears of black-lead were not so embarrassing.

"I came," said he, "to buy some land, but the title is not sure."

"There is nothing *sure* in this world."

"Oh, yes!" he replied, in his kindly, genial manner, "The word of God is sure!"

"Do you *know* that?" I quickly replied with rather more than ordinary interest.

"Oh, yes, sister; I *know* that, and you do too, do you not?"

"I used to think so once, but I can not say the same now."

Of course the brother was very much surprised, but without asking any questions went on speaking in a very positive manner concerning the word of God, both in ancient and modern times, and very soon he wended his way in the direction of the gifts of the gospel.

Among other things he said: "Now the gift of tongues is a very beautiful gift, if one has a wisdom sufficient to know when to use it, and when *not to*; but without wisdom it often works a great deal of harm to branches."

I began to open my ears. "How so, brother?"

In his reply, the following are the features that fastened themselves upon my memory. That all that was spoken in an unknown tongue was not given by the Spirit, though the gift be genuine. If the persons having the gift of tongues kept themselves humble before God, pure in thought and in word, having no evil in the heart, the Lord would speak through them to the edification of the Saints; but if such persons were careless in their daily life, and allowed their tongues to frame unclean words, the Spirit of the Lord did not speak through them. If they spoke in tongues, they simply spoke their own words in another language. And just so, too, with those who used their gift too commonly, speaking through it when not constrained by the Spirit. And he spoke much the same in regard to prophecy. The Lord bestows those gifts, and does not withdraw them. They remain for their good or for their hurt and that of others also, according as they are used. "So you see, sister," said he, "how necessary it is to exercise wisdom with those gifts."

As he talked the light crept into my heart again, as if the sun had been hid behind a great, black cloud, and was now bursting forth again in its original splendor. I was delighted to know that the gospel was still on the earth, and nothing had been taken from the validity of its promises.

"Brother Price," said I, as he ceased speaking, "I think you must have been sent all the way from Oakland to say to me just what you have said. You have no idea how much good your words have done me. I have been under a cloud for several weeks because of just what you have explained to me. I can see the application clearly, and had I known all this before, it would have saved me much trouble."

His words had greater weight with me because, being un-

acquainted with the circumstances that caused the trouble, he spoke of principles without reference to individuals. He expressed himself as being pleased to be of service to any in restoring confidence in the work, and perceiving he had already stayed longer than he had intended, took leave.

After having spent a pleasant Sunday with the Saints, he concluded he did not wish to purchase any land there, and returned to Oakland. As for me, the Lord lived again, and I was as hopeful and trustful in his promises as of yore. I was not only wiser for the time being, but armed for the future.

And now while that little band of Saints had been enjoying the abundance of spiritual blessings, a cloud was rapidly making up in their temporal horizon that was soon to burst upon them like a cyclone, scattering both people and buildings.

The land on which the Saints had located, ourselves included, was then known as the strip of Government land between the boundary lines of the Los Bolsas and Santa Ana grant. It had in years past been an overflow tract from the Santa Ana River, and was considered as being of little value. But when the Saints bought out the thriftless squatters, cleared the land, built houses, planted gardens, small orchards, vineyards, and alfalfa patches, and by testing the depths found that artesian wells could be had anywhere on the flat, and numbers of them were set to flowing, that tract became a place to be desired; then the greedy millionaires who already owned immense tracts of land in that southern country, overlapped that little green patch, and included it among their broad acres, and we as settlers were drawn into an expensive lawsuit. "Might" won in the place of "right," and those who could not come forward with a "first payment" to the owners of the grant, for lands they had already paid for, lost their homes. We again bought the front five acres of our place, on which were our improvements, intending to buy the rest as soon as we had made all the payments on that much. But before that time came, the Santa Ana Grant Company put in their claim for the disputed tract, causing a prolonged litigation between the two companies, which did not end until after our return from Australia.

Were I writing a history of public events in that portion of the Lord's vineyard, a very interesting sketch could here be given in connection with this land trouble. And yet it was

but a repetition, on a small scale, of church history in all ages of the world where the Saints have gathered together; like causes having produced like effects. In view of those causes the Saints had been both entreated and warned, that notwithstanding all the blessings wherewith they had been blessed, if they were not faithful in observing instructions that had been given them, they should be "scattered to the four winds." This was literally fulfilled in contradistinction to the clannishness of Latter Day Saints. They of that place went east, west, north, and south. We Saints as a rule are inclined to accept the promised blessings as coming from the Lord, while we let the warnings pass over our heads, failing to recognize that these are from the same source. Were it otherwise there would not be so many scatterings.

There was in this instance, just the same as in all cases of the scattering of the Saints, an outward cause that appears to those who see the outward side only, to be entirely a matter of circumstances apart from any connection with the work of the Lord, and yet those same circumstances are but the instruments permitted to bring about the Lord's chastenings; and they in their turn are chastised for their wrongdoing.

When this sad time of scattering commenced,—by the edict of the United States marshal—it was a trying time to the Saints. In my own grief and perplexity, because of the strait in which we were placed, not knowing whether we could raise the money in the given thirty days or not, I remember distinctly one occasion while pouring out my distress and complaints and questionings, "reminding" the Lord of the past, according to his word. (Others who had gathered to that place had not had all the experience in their removal that we had had.) I presented those things to the Lord. How we had had no choice in the matter of going to that place, only to do his will, and believing he heard and answered prayer, had committed the matter to him, and with the best judgment and understanding we could exercise, had followed what we believed to be his directing counsel in selling our former home. We had received evidence on the way that *he* had sent us forth, and since settling there we had not sought our own, neither to build up ourselves, but had continually sacrificed for the benefit of the work, and now was all to be lost, and we be homeless? If so, in whom could we trust, and wherein was the benefit of faith? While

thus upon my knees before the Lord, a feeling of the greatest assurance came over me. Wordless as it was, it was more powerful in conveying knowledge than any words could have been, and I arose from my knees satisfied that all would yet be well.

In entering this complaint, though, I had forgotten that we had made at least one mistake in our past life in the church; namely, when the Lord had sent us a buyer for our place in San Benito, and at our own figures, and we received payment in full, we had failed to send a tenth to the Lord's storehouse. Therefore, while not observing the law in temporal things, we were not entitled by any promises of the Lord to temporal prosperity. But in his goodness he prepared the way before us, so that little by little the payments were met until all was clear again.

Meantime, notwithstanding those changes of some leaving and others buying in, for this was only the beginning of that scattering, the gospel work must still go on, though the spiritual power begin to wane. A good interest was created at the "Azusa," and Elder Burton was there holding meetings. I had always said to my husband, when he spoke of remaining at home to provide for our necessities, "If you will leave us one sack of flour, we will be all right." And so I said this time when he was casting in his mind whether to go there or hunt work. But this time the sack was not full. I do not now remember just how long he had been gone, but on a certain Friday, as I was considering what to cook, I saw that I could not possibly make what provisions we had last over Sunday, but cheered myself by saying, "This is not gone yet. Perhaps when it is, more will come." I had prided myself a little on never having called him from his field of mission work; not even when Dora was hurt did I say, Come home; and never asking aid from anyone but the Father of all mercies. Nor did I wish to do so at this time. Frank was at work at a distance from home, and Dora was visiting her aunt in San Francisco, which left Addie and I by ourselves.

Early in the day of which I speak, Sister Betts came in to talk over a plan she and Brother Betts had arranged in regard to us. "What is the use," she said, "of your staying here alone? You might just as well go to the 'Azusa' and stay while Brother Burton is there. It would add to the in-

terest of the meetings to have you there to sing. Mr. Betts thought he would like to go over and spend Sunday, both to help Brother Burton and to enjoy the meetings, and we will take you over if you would like to go. My boy will come every morning and feed the fowls, and see that everything is all right."

"But the cow, Sister Betts, what will I do with her?"

"We will take care of her, too, and will like to do it for the milk."

Of course I accepted her kind offer, and regarded it as a provision made for us. So I freely cooked what provisions there were in the house for a lunch to eat on the road, it being a long day's drive. Our provisions being ample for that, no one knew but what there was plenty more left in the house.

When we were leaving the house, Addie said, "You haven't locked the door, mother!"

"No," I replied, "because I have asked the Lord to send us some food while we are away, and have left the door unlocked, so it can be put in the house."

She looked at me with wide open eyes, and added, "But what if some one else would come that the Lord did not send, and take something out?"

"I am not afraid of that."

During our absence Brother French of the Laguna Branch was passing through the place, and not being able to reach home that night, soliloquized thus: "I always make Brother Burton's house my stopping place when in this neighborhood, and I don't feel like making any change, although I know they are all away. I know I shall be welcome. The only question is if I can get in the house. So he drove into the yard and put his horses into the barn. The door being unlocked he had no trouble in walking into the house. It was near dark and he was hungry. Knowing about where the provisions lived—when they were at home—he set about getting himself some supper. But he did not make a very sumptuous repast, since all he found was a few eggs, about two handfuls of corn meal that had been ground in the coffee mill for the chickens, and a little vinegar. He said, when telling us of his lonely visit, "When I found everything so full of emptiness in the pantry, I took a look about the house generally, not to see what there *was* in the house, but

what there was *not*, and found more space than anything else."

When he got home and had a talk with the kind-hearted Saints about his adventure, they made up a purse of twenty dollars. Then he went to town and laid it out to good advantage, and made Brother Burton's house another call.

When we came home Addie and I entered the house together. As we did so I saw a sack of flour standing against the wall near the door.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "see; there is our sack of flour! I knew it would come. But where is the kitchen table?"

"Perhaps you left it in the front room when you finished ironing," said Addie.

Of course I looked in the room, though I was confident it was in the kitchen when we left. No; it was not in the front room either. Then I went to the pantry, not because I expected to find it there, but as a last resort, just as a man fingers his vest pockets while in search of his pocketbook, slippers, or umbrella when lost. Well, I did not see the table; but what was on it almost took my breath away. If it could have spoken it would have said, "I am so glad you have come home, for I am aching all over, holding this great load, and being squeezed up in this little place, where I never was before."

There were three or four sacks of flour and corn meal, a bolt of unbleached muslin, a pattern of dress goods, a variety of groceries, a sack of potatoes, and even corn to feed the fowls. Tears of gratitude filled my eyes, and I did just what a great many others would have done under the same circumstances, rushed off by myself to thank the Lord for his goodness. It was not long till we learned, from a little note found between the leaves of the family Bible, to whom we owed our thanks.

CHAPTER 11

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

I WILL open this chapter by giving one of the several instances of the exercise of the gift of healing, while in that locality, Sister Mary Ann Barr being the subject. If my memory serves me rightly in regard to the first cause of her affliction, it was from a diseased tooth on the under jaw. However, the side of her face and glands of her throat were badly swollen. She had been administered to by the elders and had received the desired blessing at the time, and was about her work again, but upon getting her feet wet took cold and became even worse than at first. The elders were called again, but no relief was received. The swelling kept extending down around her neck and into her throat till both she and her husband became alarmed lest it should increase to strangulation. Brother R. Huntley was living with them, and as I afterwards learned, said, “If I were you I would send for Sister Burton,” citing instances where blessings had been immediately received. So a young man came in a wagon for me, while Brother Barr rode on horseback rapidly on past our house to the hopyard for hops, having about lost hopes of her being healed. I was far from being well; had a stiff neck, so that I could not turn my head. I felt as insignificant as a worm of the dust, when asked to go on such an errand. But since she had sent and was in distress, I could not refuse to go and pray for her. Her head was forced over on one side by the swelling. It was not of a puffy nature, but was solid, and extended over the whole side of her face and neck and her jaws were set. Weak and simple as the prayer was, the Lord heard it, and as the healing power descended to her, it wrought its beneficent influence upon me also. The swelling so far disappeared that the outline of her jawbone was plainly visible, and continued to diminish, so that when her husband came in a few minutes later, she was sitting up in bed and laughingly said: “We have no need of your hops!”

He stood as if riveted to the spot when he saw her, and gazed in astonishment. “I see you have not!” said he, as the look of anxiety gave place to a most radiant expression. We

all felt an overflowing sense of gratitude to God for his goodness. I came home liberated from the bondage that held my head in check.

I am aware that this testimony will be subject to criticism. I have not given it to vaunt myself, nor to reflect upon any other; but as one instance among several within the limits of my experience where God *does* "move in a *mysterious* way." For it is *God* who *heals*, be the instrument whomsoever it may be.

But I would not have the reader understand that our lives were entirely given to the things of a solemn nature, neither of the prosy or distressing. There is much of the everyday life nature to be read between the lines of all that I have written, in which all the family had their part; of our ambition and pleasure in fixing up the new place; of making garden and feasting from its generous yield; of little by little getting fruit trees planted, and a miniature vineyard set out, and making flower gardens; of training rose trees, honeysuckles, and a flourishing grapevine against the house, and having the pleasure of seeing them grow till the sweet, red rose peeped in at the chamber window; and the south side of the house well shaded by the broad leaves of the grapevine, while the rich clusters of grapes hung temptingly against the window glass, and the honeysuckle on the north side made our sleeping room fragrant with its sweet odor; and the weeping willow trees, whose long tendrils still sway to the gentle breeze and make low bows over the crystal rill ever flowing from the artesian well. Also of pleasant outing parties to the beach, where, after a most enjoyable day, we would return with most uncomfortably sunburned faces. And of dainty lunches gathered upon short notice sometimes, and all hands scrambled into a big farm wagon, where one or two families were in waiting, and off to the bramble patch for a day's blackberrying, saying nothing of the anticipation and enjoyment of the May Day.

And it seems to me I ought not overlook the history of my pig. It was given me by Sister Walker, of Los Nietos. It was a Poland China, three months old when I brought her home, and a little beauty, valued at ten dollars. I have something of a knack or gift for civilizing the animal kingdom, and she, too, grew to understand me. In course of time she fairly electrified the children one morning by walking out of a

clump of tumbleweed, followed by eight of the cutest, dumpiest, chubbiest little creatures that ever were called pigs. And so docile as they grew that the school children who passed through our yard for a short cut home stopped awhile each night to play with the pigs. I heartlessly sold them, one after another, which brought me quite a little income, and last of all, when we broke up housekeeping, sold the mother also. Many household comforts were secured by this fund. When it had all slipped away but five dollars, I determined to lay that aside till some opportunity offered to put it out at interest, that is, obtain something that would increase. I had already been dabbling in sundry agencies, which proved to be more trouble than profit, and was looking for something better in the same line. I had not long to wait. I was soon introduced to "Wilson's dress cutting system," learned, purchased, taught, and have bought and sold more or less of them ever since. But I am anticipating, and must return.

As the years passed away the children grew, and since no more little ones came to join our household, I took short trips away from home with my husband from time to time, leaving the children to keep house. How pleasant, both then and to remember, the starting out on those long drives, just after the dawning of the day; having tiptoed about the house getting our breakfast without disturbing the children, while Mr. Burton hitched up the horses and pretty nearly loaded up the wagon, for we took our provisions and bedding along with us. Everybody knows there is an indescribable beauty and sweetness of the early morning before the bulk of humanity is astir, which we enjoyed keenly. After an hour or so of driving in this delicious quiet, looking at the dew sparkling on grass and herbs by the wayside; the fowls congregating in farmyards as if having a little gossip and telling their dreams while waiting for their morning meal; cows getting up and stretching themselves lazily, while chewing their cuds, waiting to be milked; a little volley of smoke would be seen here and there, ascending from farmhouse chimneys, and blinds beginning to roll up. Occasionally, when it seemed as if we had been on the road nearly half a day, and the sun stood all aglow a full yard above the hills, a tardy farmer would emerge from a redwood house with an untidy yard, having a very drowsy look about his head, and a milk pail in his hand, making his way clumsily to the corral where the

pent-up cows stood blinking in the sun, with a weary, discouraged expression, giving vent to their impatience by the vigorous manner in which they lashed the flies from their bodies.

Perhaps I left the children more often than I ought to have done. But, ah me! I fear I did many things, as a mother, that I ought not to have done, and left many things undone that I ought to have done. They never complained, though, were always willing to stay, both day and night. Neighbors were handy, and no tramps ever came that way; still I often wondered if they felt timid, and desired very much to know but would never ask them, lest it might be construed into admitting of such a possibility. The words "afraid" and "fear" were carefully avoided in their hearing. I did not wish them to know that such an element existed. I never heard them speak of feeling afraid. I remembered of once hearing Frank, when a little chap, say, "I just as leave go anywhere in the dark as in the light, if I didn't tumble over things." We never left them, however, without first solemnly invoking God's blessing upon them, and his protecting care over them, though they heard it not; and when upon our return we would find them well, and that everything had gone on all right, and they seemed content, we were simple enough to believe that the All-Father had heard our prayer and had given his angels special charge concerning them. With them the promise of a new book on our return seemed sufficient compensation for being left alone. Then followed such enjoyable evenings! Near the coast, where the fog is prevalent, there are few evenings, even in summer time, that a little fire in a grate or fireplace does not add to one's comfort; and what comfort we all took with a pleasant fire that made more glow than heat. The husband and father on one side of the table, occupied with his books, and I on the other side with the children hovering close about me, while I read their book to them. I believe memory lingers more fondly about those pages in the life book, than all others. Those together with the cold, rainy days that succeed each other in such dreariness and discomfort to all without, in the California winters; but within they were looked forward to with pleasant anticipation, especially by the children, because we converted them into our happiest days. They were our reading days. How vividly they still linger in memory! as though

I could even now see the two girls exerting themselves to help get the morning's work done up early, while Frank gets a good supply of wood in the house to feed the fire in the front room, where the table is drawn up comfortably near it. Mr. Burton is seated on his favorite side of the table, with "the box of old *Heralds*"—back numbers—on another chair near him, that were being distributed in little piles on the corners of the box, the floor, and the table, few or many. And when we are ready to join company there is a very satisfied looking man enjoying their contents. We bring our book and draw our chairs up at the other side. The room is not arranged for callers on those days, but for home enjoyment; and everybody was at liberty to strew the table as much as he pleased. Nor was the father disturbed in the least by my reading loud enough for the children to hear. Yes! Those are the brightest pages in all my life book. How truly I wish there were more of them! How I now wish I had more often heeded the quiet pleadings for another evening's reading; pleading of eyes and manner more than of words; wish that I had left the inexorable work undone. What of it if the floors were not scrubbed or the mending all done! Those things pass away and are forgotten; but not so with what makes life happy or unhappy. On the one hand it is a joy for ever; but on the other, tears will not blot it from memory, nor make it right, though they be shed over and over again.

Perhaps the reader would like to know what our reading matter was. In reply, I will say, it varied according to our mood. Upon those rainy days it was such as would amuse and interest children. Stories that are true to life, the innocent and natural side of life, Miss Alcott being our favorite author. The *Hope* was never overlooked. On Saturday nights it was our Sunday school lesson. Yet I remember some very pleasant evenings when I read the inspired narratives of the earth being cleansed by fire, made pure and holy for the abode of the righteous; of the beautiful city, coming down "from God out of heaven," wherein was no darkness neither anything that "loveth or maketh a lie." But those times would be while we were alone and feeling a tinge of loneliness, as well as a mood of inquiry into the things of the kingdom. At such times the Spirit enlightened our minds, giving understanding. But I did not deem it wisdom to mar the

reverence in which those sacred writings were held, by an enforced study or reading, when the feelings were not in harmony with them, or in a condition to receive.

So much for between the lines. But written on the lines in black and white were land payments and lawyer's fees, and something must be done to meet those demands. Frank's wages, though good, could not keep the family and pay the debts too. After much consideration there seemed but one way open to us, which was to break up housekeeping, since Frank was very soon to go away in the country for the season's work; and we had agreed to let Dora go to Los Angeles City to live with a lady cousin of Mr. Burton's, principally because she would have advantages there that could not be had at home. So we accepted Sister Penfold's invitation for Addie to make her home with her and go to school, assisting with the light work mornings and evenings; and I entered upon the life of an itinerant with my husband in the gospel work. And so it came about that our household was broken up. This was only intended to last a few months, but we were never all at home together again for any length of time. We knew not then that the way was being prepared for us to take the gospel to our people in Nova Scotia. The Lord was working in answer to prayer, and making those very debts which we thought were barriers to all hopes of taking that trip for many years, the means of paving the way. When this breaking up was accomplished we went so far north as Hollister, visiting all the branches, strengthening the Saints, and preaching by the way. Took a limited camping outfit, and blankets for the night, to make our bed beneath the blue canopy of the sky when nothing more favorable offered. The country was very sparsely settled, and it was nothing unusual for travelers to provide for themselves in like manner; consequently little or no notice was taken of it by those in whose inclosures we often camped. For the most part we conformed very cheerfully and comfortably to this mode of traveling. But sometimes, at those putting-up places, while preparing our supper at the camp fire, the savory odor of beefsteak frying in the farmer's kitchen would come floating out on the chill evening air and greet our nasal organs in a very tantalizing manner, making the mixed and steamy smell of our lunch box more distasteful than before. And sometimes after a tiresome day's drive I

thought longingly of a good, clean bed to rest our weary bodies upon for the night; but when we had the privilege of making our bed on good, clean hay in a barn, the morning would find us as much refreshed as if we had occupied the best bed in the land, notwithstanding barley beards and clover burs. Upon rare occasions, when Mr. Burton had opportunity for a few minutes' conversation with the good man of the house, in which he would make known his calling and the object of our traveling, we would be invited to spend the evening in the house. But unfortunately most of those stopping places were wayside inns stationed at the end of each day's journey, for the accommodation of teaming, where hay, grain, and water could be had. I like to remember that long pleasant drive. Being comfortably shaded from the sun, we took books and papers along. While one read the other guided the horses; and withal the anticipation of visiting our first home in California, and also the people who had shared our joys and sorrows when we first embraced the latter-day work, which anticipations were in due time realized. Time passed rapidly, and all too soon we had to say good-by, and wend our way homeward.

One of our favorite lines of travel in the southern country about that time, was to Hueneme, Ventura County. It was a four days' drive from our place, and meetings were held in all the valleys and settlements on the way where an opening could be made, Pleasant Valley, the Conajo, and Hueneme being the principal places. But notwithstanding a miracle was wrought in each of these places, by the power of God, and acknowledged as such by the people, and many were convinced of the gospel claims, few indeed yielded obedience to its demands. Among those were a Mr. and Mrs. Livingston, of Hueneme. I mention these names by way of introduction, for I shall have more to say of them farther on.

Upon one of those tours we reached the Conajo towards evening of a Saturday, and were cordially received into the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Greace. Mr. Greace, though not a religious man, was kind-hearted and hospitable to all, perhaps out of respect for the religious sentiments of his wife. He secured for Mr. Burton the use of the hall, in which services were held every evening for a week and twice on the two Sundays, which services were well attended by the people of the neighborhood, who represented almost as many

denominations as there were families, consequently there was no local preacher.

On the last Sunday evening, after Mr. Burton had preached on the restoration of the gospel, he gave liberty for anyone who desired more information, to ask any questions they desired. Now there was present a Mr. Howard Mills, who had lost his voice and had not spoken aloud for four years. He being a Christian gentleman and deeply interested in what he had heard, arose and went near the stand, and while asking some questions in regard to the restoration of the gifts and power of God, his daughter, the village school-teacher, wrote on a slip of paper, "Ask Mr. Burton to lay hands on you and restore your voice," and passed the paper to her father, in answer to which Mr. Burton said the power to restore was not his, but it rested with God; that he would not lay hands upon him there, but if he chose to accompany us to the home of Mr. Greace at the close of the meeting, he would administer the ordinance to him. He did so, accompanied by his daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of the Adventist faith. After some conversation with Mr. Mills, all knelt in solemn reverence as if in the presence of God, while Mr. Burton offered an earnest, candid petition to the Father of us all, and the source of all such gifts and blessings as was then desired. During that prayer Mr. Mills's nominal faith in God as a hearer and answerer of prayer was converted into a reality. He was then administered to. It being near midnight, the friends soon departed. Early next morning we started on our journey again, without knowing the result of the administration; but this is what we learned afterwards from Mr. Mills himself: After retiring that night he felt a peculiar sensation in his throat, and from that time his voice began to return; that is, it was weak at first, but by the following Wednesday—that is in three days—it was fully restored, so that he could shout. The circumstance created no small commotion in the vicinity round about. In fact, wherever Mr. Mills and the circumstance were known, even in Minneapolis, his former home, it was published in the newspaper and commented on as a marked evidence of God's power and goodness to his children. But the name of the church represented by the officiating servant of the Lord did not appear in the Minneapolis paper. Those on the Conajo acknowledged the healing to have been through the adminis-

tration, yet *none*, not even Mr. Mills, gave God the glory by obeying his commandments. Such instances, though, are not without parallel in former days. Many were healed by our Lord when he was on earth who went their own way afterward, instead of turning to follow him.

Shortly before the occurrence referred to above, Brother Livingston, of Hueneme, was thrown from his buggy and struck his back on a hard, jagged piece of ground, and was very badly hurt. His injuries were internal. As soon as practicable after he was brought home and the doctor had done what he could for him, but shook his head discouragingly as to final results, Sister Livingston wrote to Mr. Burton to call the Saints together and have a season of prayer in behalf of her husband, stating his critical condition, and if possible for Mr. Burton to come to them. But this missive was in the regular course of mail travel three days getting to us, and reached us about noon on a Saturday. Mr. Burton and I had a brief season of prayer for him immediately after reading the letter. Then, according to previous intention, Mr. Burton went to Laguna Canyon to be with the Saints there over Sunday, leaving word with the president of the branch at Newport—P. M. Betts—to notify the Saints of Sister Livingston's request, and to observe the same on Sunday morning. At the Laguna, word went speedily from house to house that there was to be an especial prayer meeting at Brother Goff's that evening. But many miles lay between some of the dwelling places of the Saints of that branch, so notwithstanding their eagerness and haste in their Saturday evening's work it was late for a meeting hour—near nine o'clock when all got together. About an hour had been spent in earnest supplication to God, when upon rising from their knees, a little lad about twelve years old—Sherman Goff by name—stood up in their midst and said with all confidence. "Brothers, your prayers are heard; Brother Livingston is *healed*," and sat down again. Immediately another brother stood up and testified, saying he saw in vision while another brother was praying, Brother Livingston lying upon a bed and two personages of light (I am not certain whether it was two personages or one) approach and lay hands upon his head. Following this, another brother prophesied that he was healed.

Now there were two or three persons present, relatives of

Brother Goff, who were not in the faith. They made this remark: "How do these people know whether the man is dead or alive? He was in a very critical condition when the letter was written, and that was four days ago; he may be dead and buried for aught they know. This will be a strong test for them, and we will see how it turns out." But the Saints accepted the witness of the Spirit and rendered fervent thanks to God for his blessings and the meeting was dismissed, and Mr. Burton wrote down the testimonies to be forwarded to Brother and Sister Livingston. But how was the case with Brother Livingston during this interval? He was a great sufferer. Physicians were called and did what they could do for him. They held a consultation among themselves; after which they told him it was not in their power to save him. That it was only a question of time now, and advised if he had any business to settle he had better attend to it at once, since a few days were all that he could live, limiting the time "until Sunday." So the lawyer was sent for, and in great weariness and fatigue on the sick man's part, and sorrow and anxiety on that of his family, his business was all settled, even to arrangements about his burial. I think it was on Saturday when this work was completed; and when doctors and lawyers had gone, and to gain a little rest, the nurse, too, was dismissed from the room, his wife only remained by his bedside.

"Is it possible," he said, as he turned a sad, anxious look upon his wife, "that it is all over with me in this life? That I must go and leave you all? How I wish Mr. Burton were here with us now. I somehow feel that if he were here it might not be so."

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Livingston were members at that time. They were baptized during Mr. Burton's next visit, not very long after the sickness.

"I have not given up hopes," replied his wife. "You know the doctors gave you till Sunday to live, and if nothing has happened to the letter it will reach them before that time; and if it does I have great faith in the result."

About ten o'clock Saturday evening he fell into a deep sleep, and slept all night. Upon waking Sunday morning he called for his clothes and got up and dressed himself. On Monday he walked out to his store and back again.

Sister Livingston gloried in the latter-day faith. And when

the letter from Mr. Burton reached her telling of the result of the meeting, she was in no way backward about reading it to the many who came to the house to see for themselves if the rumor of Mr. Livingston's sudden recovery were true. Consequently the circumstances were well known all through the surrounding country.

CHAPTER 12

IN the following autumn, being that of 1881, we fell in with Brother Haws, who was then traveling in the interest of district schools, (or rather in his own interests) selling Mr. Bancroft's school maps, his reason being the same as that of ourselves; namely, in need of money and must raise it some way. The territory he had secured included that of San Bernardino and San Diego counties. It was nearing the rainy season. Brother Haws drove but one horse and an open buggy, and since five hundred miles lay between him and his home, he was anxious to commence retracing his steps, and offered Mr. Burton those two counties, and a portion of Los Angeles County, if he would faithfully visit each school district and school, saying, "Mr. Bancroft's terms are sufficiently liberal to encourage anyone to accept."

Brother Glaud Rodger was one among the brethren who encouraged Mr. Burton to accept the offer, which he did.

He tendered his resignation as district president but it was not accepted, though all were in favor for him to make the tour if he wished since it was to get money to carry the gospel to Nova Scotia. Since we had broken up housekeeping, I of course accompanied him, taking with me a sufficient supply of the "New York Eclipse" dress cutting systems to do some canvassing also.

For the most part it was a lonely road, and when it bordered on the line between California and Mexico, it seemed as if we had the world all to ourselves, so very rarely were any signs of life visible.

It was not a favorite locality for travelers on that ridge of mountains that abounded with fastnesses, since it was a favorite haunt for "cowboys" and banditti with their spoils from California. But we were neither fearful nor lonesome. We took our gospel lunch box along, and as usual, dined by the wayside many times, when there was no friendly habitation. Oh, such mountains and rocky roads I never passed over before! It was up, up, up, for the last three days before reaching the extreme end of our journey, with very little level or down grade. During the last afternoon before reaching the extreme boundary of San Diego, as we drove along on the very ridge of a mountain peak, our attention was arrested by a white, fleecy-looking substance gradually rising

to view, as if creeping up the side of the mountain. At first we thought there must be a fire lower down, and the smoke ascending. The thought of a warm fire somewhere was comfortable, for we were blue with cold; still it did not look just like smoke. Presently it came in greater bulk, and proved to be a white cloud sailing along just beyond the trees a few rods distant. Yes, we were above the clouds.

But the tavern at which we were obliged to spend the night had more indications of being in the "pit." The cut and scarred visage of that coarse piece of humanity, dignified by the name of "landlady," was enough to arouse the suspicions of anyone; and the talk in the barroom, and at table, was not calculated to allay them. It was of an incident that occurred the day before, namely, the murder of a man, whose body was found hanging to a tree by the roadside a short distance from the hotel.

Perhaps no one but ourselves traveled that road unarmed. Even the school-teacher carried a large revolver at her side. I felt grateful indeed upon waking the next morning all safe and sound.

Upon our return home, which was near Christmas time, and profit and loss counted, the figures showed that the sales of my dress cutting system had a little more than offset our expenses, and the school enterprise had given sufficient returns to clear us of debt and some over.

The children came home for the holidays. That was the last Christmastide for us when we had the children at home with us. Once only since then have we spent Christmas together; then we were the guests of our children.

And now it seemed to us the time had come to make our long-talked-of visit to Nova Scotia, and it was not very long till our plans were outlined for a mission to our native land, and sanctioned by Brother Joseph; that we should start in time to attend the General Conference, which was to be held that year, 1882, at Independence; and from thence Mr. Burton would be sent as missionary to Nova Scotia; and also gave permission to receive whatever the brethren and sisters chose to donate towards defraying the expenses on the mission.

I think it was the latter part of February when we went forth again with maps and charts through a portion of Los Angeles County, laying aside the income towards our antici-

pated mission. One of those days lingers yet very vividly in memory. Our conversation had been touching the deep things of the kingdom. The gospel was invariably our theme, and this was one of the days when spiritual things seemed *real* and tangible, so strong was its confirming influence. While speaking of God's promises to the children of men, and confirmed to the latter-day prophet, that so long as the bow was seen in the clouds there should be seedtime and harvest, I remarked to Mr. Burton,

"I have been looking for the bow all this season, but have not seen it yet. To-day is just such a day as one might expect to see a rainbow, there being occasional light showers and sunshine, but none has appeared. If there is still to be 'seedtime and harvest,' I would like to see the sign of the Lord's covenant." And when in a very few minutes a most beautiful bow arched the whole heavens, its bright colors touching the ground not three feet from the wagon wheels, it was so literally in answer to my desire, it seemed like speaking to the Lord face to face, as if his words to me were, "Look now upon the bow and be assured." We did indeed gaze, admire; and our souls exulted in the goodness of our God.

Again our conversation had drifted to the incident I wrote to the *Hope*, under the title of "Who was the stranger?" I felt that it was a great loss not to have known what was said to me by the "stranger," and wondered if it could not be made known to us, when the thought came to me in these words: "As you have cleared the road for me,—of the poles that lay across it,—so the way shall be open to you wherever you want to go." I rehearsed the words to my husband, and together we took a tour in thought, back through the past years of our life, and recounted many incidents where it seemed as if some unseen guardian had prepared the way for me. Notably among them was our coming to California, how readily the way opened up when once I had set my mind upon accompanying my husband, and in contemplating the near future, how the way had been, and was still being prepared for us to accomplish our desire to take the gospel to Nova Scotia. (True, Brother George had preceded us; that is, he had gone home to his family, but had not succeeded in making friends to the cause. Perhaps there is much in the words, "How shall they preach except they be sent?")

Speaking further at that time on the subject of our going,

and how wonderful it seemed that the way had been opened to us, I said: "But I am still deficient of means to get a good warm shawl, and I do not see how I can go without one, nor how I can spare the money to get one, seeing we are about sold out, and there are so many things I really must have."

Presently Mr. Burton said, as he drew the lines on the horses, "Well, there is your shawl, if you have a mind to get out and get it!"

How comfortable that all-wool, modest-colored shawl looked, lying there at one side of the road, folded so neatly. Indeed, I was not long in securing it, and rejoiced in the possession. But presently I remembered it was not mine; some one had lost it, and although it bore evidence that the one who lost it was not a poor woman, she would doubtless be pleased to recover it again. But how was I to find the owner? This would not be an easy matter, seeing that was the thoroughfare for travelers from East Los Angeles and Pasadena to and from the trains. As we were to leave the vicinity in two days, I thought the best I could do, besides making inquiries where we stopped, was to carry it conspicuously on my lap during those two days, and watch everyone we passed to see if any seemed to recognize it. And since no one took any notice of it, I concluded it was lost for me to find by some one who could afford to lose it. And had I been given the privilege of having all the wholesale stores in Los Angeles to choose from, I could not have found one more suitable or to my taste. It did good service for a decade and more; nor did I ever find the previous owner.

Yet notwithstanding the timely helps that came in one way and another, and also our great desire to once more visit the dear old home of our childhood, parents, brothers, and sisters, and tell them face to face of the glad tidings, that in very deed the gospel was again restored to the earth in its fullness, these preparations were not consummated without heartaches.

It made me feel sad to see our team sold. The horses had been our daily companions in all our travels, and the light, handy little wagon had been our home for the past year or more; its cover our roof and shelter. These, with two cows, were sold, and the money used for the mission.

But that was much easier borne than the thoughts of leav-

ing the children so long. It was more of a trial at the last than I had anticipated. However, they seemed quite content. Addie was very pleasantly situated in Los Angeles, where she had the best of school advantages, such as could not be had in our own neighborhood, and where she could be with Dora more or less every day. Her ambition was to fit herself for a teacher, and the school advantages offset in a measure the absence of father and mother. But not so with Frank. There was little indeed of brightness or pleasure held out to him, except that found in faithfully serving his employer, with no home comforts when the day's work was done, which caused a pang in the mother heart, and for a time I wavered in my desire, feeling that I had rather not go after all. But when the good-by had been said, and our faces were turned towards the East, our journey throughout was fraught with much interest and pleasure, enhanced greatly by the expectation and realization of meeting with the Saints in General Conference, it being the first time that privilege was ours, which privilege was appreciated and enjoyed; also our call at Saint Joseph, and visit at Lamoni. Then a short visit in Boston with my brother Harris and his wife. Thence to Digby, Nova Scotia, by steamer, and Kentville by train.

We had not notified our people what time to expect us, further than that we would eat strawberries with them in June. I wished to see if we would be recognized after an absence of thirteen years. So there was no one at the station to meet us, and that station was something like ten miles distant. But we were favored in finding a young man in town who was going right past father's house and he kindly took us along for two dollars. Our drive was not a pleasant one on that cold afternoon, in a big, clumsy wagon, and much of the way was over frozen ground. The road never had seemed so long before. I was in a tremor of excitement and eagerness to get home. Who can describe the weird feelings that sweep over one at such times? I knew not whether it was an ecstasy of delight or a fantastic loneliness, as we drew near to our immediate neighborhood, the one mile from the meetinghouse down to the old homestead, the road over which I had passed so often. There was the knoll on which the old schoolhouse stood; here was the very spot where I

had met the "stranger"; a little beyond was father's dyke, where,

On many a bright day,
I had hied me away,
To toss and rake
The new mown hay.

And the same scary causeway, made a little more secure than it used to be, but no railings, and the tide still flowed well up to the surface. The schoolhouse, too; that was in my school days the new schoolhouse. How familiar it all looked, and yet how strange.

Oh! at last our eyes were greeted with the most precious familiar of all objects, the dear old homestead. Yes; the house was of the same color still, looking as dignified and grand from its elevated position as mamma herself. That house always seemed to have an individuality of its own. And the thoughts of mother were so closely associated with it, that to behold the one was to see the other. But there had been some changes in these years. Father and mother had become aged, and my brother Holmes was owner of the homestead, and they occupied a cottage on the opposite side of the road. Thither we bent our steps.

The sun had already settled behind a bank of cold, gray clouds when we were reined up in front of the wicket gate. No one was in sight. With a vague fear that no one was at home, I ran to the house as fast as my benumbed limbs would carry me, and shut myself in the hall, then knocked at the room door and listened for steps. Presently mother opened the door.

"Mother!" was all I could say.

"Who are you?" she said. "It is not Eliza. Is it Lucinda?"

Lucinda had been in Boston for some years.

"No," I replied, "it is Emma."

"No," said mother; "it is not Emma, for she is not coming till June."

But when she glanced out of the window and saw Joseph struggling with trunks and valises, she believed. How comfortable the warm kitchen was, and there sat father on his favorite corner of the lounge, with a portion of a shattered Bible by his side. Still I did not feel as if I had gotten home; that house was not familiar. So as soon as we were warmed

and filled, while Joseph talked with father, mother and I cast our shawls about us and went up to Holmes's, then down to Sister Tamza's, and surprised them all around.

It was a varied experience, that mission to Nova Scotia. Some features pleasant, some grievous. From the time I embraced the latter-day work my thoughts turned to some in our home neighborhood whom I thought, judging from their past religious lives and their apparent desire to serve God truly, would rejoice to know that the blessings, powers, and privileges of the gospel, as enjoyed in the days of the apostles, were restored to the earth. And if the hired shepherds to whom they looked for instruction in the ways of righteousness had given them the same counsel that the spiritual teachers of old gave; namely, "Search the scriptures," "Try the spirits whether they are of God," "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them"—if such had been the instruction from their pastor, the result might have been very different from what it was. But the counsel was, "Stamp it out."

The pastor of the Baptist Church lived some four miles distant, and having duties elsewhere, was present at the Sunday morning meeting only for the first two weeks after our arrival. We attended the meetings, took part in the prayer meetings, held on Sunday evenings and once during the week. We enjoyed doing so, and others enjoyed our testimonies. Each meeting became more interesting and more largely attended. Many thought it must be that they were on the eve of a revival. But the minister learned of the new interest, and who was drawing the people out, for there were some there, as in all other places, who could not enjoy a truth from any but their own, and he forthwith came, and came to stay. Then he felt it his duty to visit the houses of all his people, and succeeded in turning their feelings against us, even those who only the evening before wanted to open their dwelling houses for preaching, since the "evangelical alliance" closed the churches against all except denominational preachers.

It seemed evident that at the people's request he had agreed to meet Mr. Burton in a public debate. Coming from the deacon's, who lived below our place, quite early one morning, he stopped at father's. When father essayed to put his

horse away, he said, "No; I can not stay ten minutes. I ran in to challenge Mr. Burton to a public debate concerning his church and faith, and to make the necessary arrangements." But he seemed to lose a portion of his eagerness when his proposition was so eagerly accepted. He sat down then and began to talk. At dinner time father went quietly out and put his horse in the barn. And still they talked, and kept on talking till the afternoon was well spent. The result of the talk was that he withdrew his challenge; and when he could not be induced to hold to it, Mr. Burton challenged him. But all to no avail.

He drove immediately to my sister Sophia's—Mrs. L. Sanford. She had received us kindly as brother and sister, yet believed that we were very much astray in our religious belief, and did not doubt for a moment but their minister could show the falsity of our faith to all; for she honestly thought, as many another has done, that we had departed from the teachings of the Bible. And while in conversation with her pastor concerning our faith, or false doctrines as he called it, she said:

"Why do you not get Mr. Burton to meet you in public, and compare his faith and doctrine with the Bible, and show the people where he is false?"

His reply was: "I had intended to do so, but have been talking with him all day, and find he is *too thin*."

"Too thin!" echoed Sophia; "that is just what the public should know. Why not give them the opportunity of finding it out for themselves?"

After making a few other excuses Mr. Welton said: "The truth is, he claims to be *called of God*, and you can do nothing with him."

My sister was greatly surprised by these words, and said: "What is there bad about that? Do not our ministers claim to be called of God?"

"Yes; called to the ministry, certainly, but not in the same way that he does." And pleading urgent business elsewhere he departed, leaving Sophia more perplexed than before.

Some reasons were dawning on her mind other than what the minister had given, and she concluded to think and investigate for herself.

Up to that time we had been kindly received by the people;

but immediately after, it seemed as if the very air was filled with false reports, and rumors of all kinds came floating to the ears of the people. And strange to say, it seemed as if there was nothing too absurd or ridiculous to be repeated and believed. Those who had been most noted for their piety drank the deepest into the spirit of persecution. But notwithstanding all that was brought to bear against the work, it did not deter the few who desired the truth at all hazards. They continued to investigate the doctrines presented, holding fast to their statements, that we could not give them too much Bible.

While this investigation was going on there was no time for dust to accumulate on their Bibles. Some thought the Bibles were being altogether spoiled for good, comfortable reading. This is the view that Tamza's daughter Eva had of the matter. She had been turning the leaves of the Bible, or Testament, reading a little here and there, then closed and laid it down with apparent disgust, and went across the street to her aunt's, saying as she entered the house:

"Aunt, I wish you would loan me a Bible to learn a verse from for Sunday school. Our Bibles have all turned Mormon. I can not find anything in them now but what the Mormons are teaching, and I know my teacher will be vexed if I get any of them."

Not very long after the call my sister Sophia received from her pastor, we went according to invitation to spend a week with her. We had visited one day with her shortly after our arrival in Nova Scotia. She had seemed pleased to see us, yet there was a certain restraint that was not natural; a sort of "thus far and no farther" bearing towards us. Not so with the rest of the family; they had received us on free and easy terms. Brother Robert had made us feel at home at once by saying, "Now I do not want you folks to feel as if you had to keep your mouths shut while you are in my house; talk all you wish to. If we can not defend ourselves with the Bible in our hands, why—well," laughingly, "we are worse off than I think we are."

But on account of distance, and having a little family, Sophia had not attended any prayer meetings since our arrival, consequently had not heard any expressions from either of us. She had heard much on the other side of the question, which created a feeling of strong opposition. And now

upon this second visit I could see that she was expecting me to make an attack on her religion. I had arrived a few days in advance of Mr. Burton and could see she was fortifying herself for a vigorous defense. However much I should have liked a quiet talk with her, I could discern her feelings sufficiently to see that to broach the subject of religion would only bring on a "war of words," so I kept as far from it as possible; made myself just as free and easy as I knew how, and talked of the good times we used to have when children. We were constant companions in childhood, and often I had longed to see her when far from my kinsfolk. I never hinted that any change of views had come to me, or had placed a barrier between us, and gradually she became more free. But I was watching my opportunity. At length it came.

Her husband came in one day and was repeating some part of a conversation he had just been having with one of the "Disciple" faith, and was rather amused because the man believed that baptism was for the remission of sins. After they had had a little talk about it they looked towards me, as if expecting I would take some part in the conversation also.

I said, "It certainly is, according to the teachings of the Bible."

"Then you believe in the Campbellite doctrine, do you?" said Sophia.

"That far we do; and I might add, so far as their creed embraces the true doctrines of the Bible, we believe it, and the same of all other denominations, the Catholics not excepted."

"It must be an amalgamated mess," said Sophia, with a little touch of disgust in her tone.

"Well, as to that, it is no more amalgamated than the Bible. Every denomination takes into its belief some portions of the Bible. And as we accept the whole, we must necessarily have some portion of everybody's belief."

"Well, I suppose you are at liberty to believe what you please; but you might give other people the same privilege," she said a little curtly.

I felt a lump rising in my throat, but tried to swallow it down, and asked in rather a husky voice, "Have I interfered with your religious belief?"

"No," she said calmly, "I did not mean you, personally; but you know that wherever your people go, they are trying to make proselytes."

"Sophia, do you believe the gospel of Christ should be preached in all the world?"

"Certainly I do!"

"Does the Baptist Church send missionaries out to preach what they believe to be the gospel?"

"Yes, of course they do."

"And when those missionaries are gone forth, ought they to preach or keep silent?"

"Why, preach, of course."

"That is just our position. And now let me say a little more, while we are on this subject, for we may not speak of it again. Suppose it were possible in this age of the world for the gospel to be restored to the earth again, just as it was eighteen hundred years ago, it would have to come just as it did then, would it not? that is to some one place first."

"Yes."

"And suppose you were living at a distance from the rest of the family, but where you heard it before they did, and that you had looked well into the matter and found it to be true. You had heard many speak in tongues; had heard the interpretation given, also seen the sick healed by the power of God; had been made partaker of the like gifts yourself, and in all had found unspeakable joy: would not you have a great desire to make these things known to the rest of the family?"

Tears were rolling down her cheeks, and mine too, as she answered, "Yes; I suppose I would."

"Well, Sophy, it is because of just such circumstances that we are here. We left our little children in California without father or mother, that we might bring to you this message—this glorious truth. It is not because we are any better than the rest of you that we essay to teach you the truths of the gospel; but simply because it so happened that we were situated where we heard it before you did. And now that I have told you what it is that we desire to communicate, I shall not speak of it any more unless you wish me to. I am a visitor at your house, and shall not make you uncomfortable by forcing my convictions upon you contrary to your wishes. But remember, if ever you would like to ask any questions,

or talk on this subject, I shall only be too glad to give all the information I possess in regard to it."

Here I ceased speaking. She remained silent for awhile, still standing near, and looking into my face, thinking I would go on. But I had taken my position and remained silent. Her heart plead for more, but she had not the courage then to form the words. She had heard enough from Brother George to make her desire to learn more; still from him she had resented it, and had prepared to be on the defensive. But when I quietly withdrew (as she told me afterwards) she was disappointed rather than pleased because of it. And again, while on the defensive, she had not discovered that she really desired to hear what our belief was, wherein it differed from that of other denominations. And now was it possible there was not going to be anything more said unless she made the request? And how could she do so, after having given me to understand (as she supposed) that she did not wish to have the matter spoken of? She had not expected to be placed in that position. As proof that I intended to abide by what I had said, I commenced talking of other matters, as though the subject of our religion had not been mentioned; but other subjects of conversation had lost their interest for her. And when night came she could not sleep for thinking. And next day she was quiet, and preoccupied in thought during the forenoon; but neither of us alluded to the subject that was uppermost in the mind of each.

While her husband was taking his nooning in the house, she said, "Well, Lee, what are we going to do about it? I suppose we may as well let these people say what they have got to say."

I could but smile, as it reminded me of my own experience of wanting to hear without letting anybody know that I was interested, and said, "What we have to say will depend largely upon what you want to hear."

"Well," said Lee, "I would like to hear where you find that the Bible teaches baptism for the remission of sins. Our Bible tells us it is the answer of a good conscience."

"So it is; but here is where we find the other. Mark 1:4. 'John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.' And Peter, on the day of Pentecost, as you will find in Acts 2:38: 'Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ

for the remission of sins.' Also, Luke 24:47: 'And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.' True, the word *baptism* is not used in this last text, but it only makes the position more strong by using 'remission of sins' interchangeably with, or instead of, baptism. Those two principles were to be preached connectively. And in the case of Saul, Ananias said, 'And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins.' He had already repented; but it seems that the water baptism had much to do in *washing* away his sins."

They both were surprised that they had not noticed those passages before.

The hour of nooning was spent in good, earnest talk, and when Lee was about to go out to work again Sophia said, "There is a good deal of common sense about it, after all."

And now that the subject was fairly open, there was nothing else talked of. Mr. Burton came over that afternoon, and his conversation was like one solid gospel sermon. When he was not present I filled his place as best I could. Never before nor since have I seen anyone so hungry for the gospel, for knowledge concerning it and the plan of salvation, as she was. Poor Sophy! She had not long to live, and lived fast, stumbling at nothing contained in the latter-day work.

Brother Holmes and wife and Sister Tamza and husband were the first fruits of our gospel work in Nova Scotia. It was a notable day for the people of Delhaven when Holmes announced at the close of a Sunday morning meeting at the Baptist church that there would be baptism that same afternoon in the ocean near Brother Robert Newcomb's. The people knew too well who the candidates were, and that our gain would be their loss; a loss that would be sadly felt in the Baptist Church of that vicinity, and which loss every effort had been made to prevent; therefore a scene of the greatest excitement and confusion followed. Yet notwithstanding the opposition and indignation—and some real sorrow, too—felt by the people, they came one and all to witness the baptism, and remain to the preaching and confirmation service, which was held in Brother Robert Newcomb's house; several were forced to remain outside the house for want of even standing room. Many of the hostile ones crowded into the room where the preacher and candidates

were; but perfect order was kept. They were held as if spell-bound by the power of the preaching. One, a promising young man who was preparing for the ministry, called out during the baptism, "Bring along your tar and feathers," but was put to shame by another who made no profession of religion.

Sophia was not baptized at that time, but followed shortly afterwards. These baptisms, being as they were, deductions from the Baptist Church, stirred up the spirit of persecution to a still greater degree. But none were permitted to molest, neither were we made afraid of tar and feathers that were so freely mixed up with the threats; nor of the running bonfire that those Christian (?) people thought would be so interesting that they laughed among themselves at the thought of it. This was the scheme: At the close of a prayer meeting that was to be held at Brother Newcomb's, when Mr. Burton should come out of the house, several were to be in waiting who would catch and hold him while another threw coal oil over him, and light it, then run him up and down the road. Our meeting was much disturbed that evening by several making all the noise they could with their feet and clubs on the well curb, and also clubbing against the house under the windows, and yelling out with their voices, calling names. But when the meeting was over, Mr. Burton went out first alone, and when they saw him they fled as if for their lives and hid till we all had returned home. Stones were cast at him on a dark night while on the road alone, but all missed their mark.

And why were we not afraid? Because we knew the Lord was with us and would protect us. But through it all we had some friends who maintained their balance of mind and were willing to treat us as they would any other people. These were not among the professors of religion. But if "acts speak louder than words," their Christianity towered like the oak above the dwarfed trees.

Feeling that our work was done in Delhaven, for awhile at least, we hastened to comply with Brother Newton Best's request to visit his aged mother, who lived in the city of Halifax, and who desired to know more about the new faith embraced by her sons than could be conveyed by letter. We were kindly received by Brother Best's people, and our stay with them made very pleasant. On a Sunday morning Mr.

Rupert Best offered to escort us to any of the various churches in the city that we chose to attend. We made choice of the Baptist, for the sake of "auld lang syne." As we threaded our way along the crowded sidewalk, where the masses of people were going in the opposite direction, it illustrated very forcibly our position in that country, and the thought of arresting the attention of any with a humble gospel message looked hopeless indeed, except by the power of God. The church to which we were then going was not among the very wealthiest of that denomination in the city, therefore they were more free in their manner of worship and apparently more devoted. We were early and took seats in the body of the house, in about the third row from the stand. At the close of the first hymn the pastor said:

"I see there are several clergymen present this morning. Some are strangers. I make choice of this one sitting in front of me"—inclining his head slightly towards us—"to offer the opening prayer."

I did not hear those words when spoken; saw only that he was saying something in reference to us, or some one sitting very near us.

Presently the voice of prayer sounded strikingly familiar, and as it became more distinct to my dull hearing, I wondered if that was really Elder Burton's voice, or if I was losing my mind. And when there was no longer room for doubt, I comprehended the situation, and knew from past experience that that minister was going to feel very much dissatisfied with himself before the day was over.

Possibly the prayer was less formal, more heartfelt than the congregation was accustomed to hearing, for there seemed to be an interest created towards us.

At the close of the meeting the minister made his way to us at once, scarcely stopping to greet his people, whose hands were extended towards him. Being acquainted with our friend, Mr. Best, he first addressed himself to him, saying, as he shook hands, "What friends are these you have with you this morning?"

Mr. Best, who had not had sufficient time to give the introduction of his own accord, replied, "It is Mr. Burton, late of California, son of the Reverend William Burton, and Mrs. Burton."

Whereupon the reverend gentleman shook hands most cor-

dially, and expressed himself as being "pleased indeed to meet the son of Brother William Burton," and added, "I see you are following in the footsteps of your good father."

"Yes," replied Mr. Burton, "I am following in the footsteps of my father."

Before more could be said, our friend interposed a "God bless you."

"My father," continued Mr. Burton, "was born and raised an Episcopalian. But when he heard the Baptists preach, and learned of their belief and teachings, he left the church of his father, and united with the Baptists, because he believed it to be a greater light. So with me. I was once a member of the Baptist Church; but when I found a church wherein was greater light, even the fullness of the gospel, I left the Baptist Church and united with the one wherein was greater light, and am therefore following in the footsteps of my father."

"Pray tell me," said the reverend gentleman, loosing the clasp of his hand, "where you think you have found greater light than in the Baptist Church?"

"In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," replied Mr. Burton, "which church I now represent."

"I am sorry for you, my friend, that you should give any credence to such a delusion," etc.

During this short conversation quite a number of both men and women had moved up the aisle, and hovered about us as if waiting an opportunity to be made acquainted. But when Joseph had thoroughly introduced himself, it was cooling on that warm summer morning to see how soon the people dropped back and gave us plenty of room.

From Halifax we returned to Delhaven, to the great joy of the little band of Saints there, as well as to the missionaries. Having purchased a horse and buggy with a part of the price of our California team, which money had been laid by for that purpose, and with only a few dollars in our pockets, we started to drive to Yarmouth, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. That being my husband's birthplace, and where one brother, two sisters, and several other relatives then lived, we were desirous that they, too, might have the privilege of receiving the gospel if they would. We paid our way when required, as long as our money lasted. It being in the haying season, the charge for the horse at noon was only ten

cents, and twenty-five for night. When the money was gone, we prayed in reality, "Give us this day our daily bread." We never asked anyone except our heavenly Father for food for ourselves. When we were invited to eat we ate thankfully, and felt that all our wants were supplied, and that the next meal was a long way off. But when it began to draw near to meal time again, a sort of solemn dread would settle over us until we could muster up courage enough to drive up to a house, tell the people we were missionaries traveling through the country, and were without money, and ask to stay all night, or for a feed for our horse.

It being a religious class of people all through that beautiful, fertile country, ministers, and especially missionaries, were held in high esteem. The word *missionary* suggested to the mind of those religious people far-off heathen lands, consequently we were kindly treated by all. Sometimes an extra feed of oats was given us for the horse, and upon one occasion a dollar was put into Mr. Burton's hand. Sometimes we went hungry, but it was because we did not put ourselves in the way of getting anything to eat. The night before we reached Yarmouth we went to bed supperless. I was asked when first I entered the house, if we wished to have supper, but since it was a sort of halfway house, we had not any money, and it being long past their supper time, I answered in the negative. In a few minutes we were each treated to a large saucer of strawberries and cream. The good people evidently thought we had eaten at five o'clock when we passed through the township of Digby.

While on the road, at Bridgetown, we spent one night at the home of a cousin of my husband by the name of Cutten—before she married. A younger married sister from Berwick chanced to be visiting with her. Though it was the first time those three cousins had met, they were nevertheless cousins; and the sisters being acquainted with Father Burton, were pleased to see his son; and conversation on general topics, spiced with California, was lively and pleasant for an hour or so in the first part of the evening. When Mr. Burton went out to give "Brum" his feed of oats, the sisters, turning to each other, had a little conversation in a low tone, accompanied with very mysterious expressions. Then the visiting sister turned to me and said, "Which one of Uncle William's

sons is this? Is it the one that was a blacksmith when he was young?"

"No; that is John," I replied. "This one—Joseph—was a sea captain before we moved to California, and there he was a farmer, and now he is a preacher."

"Where," she asked, "have you resided since you came from California?"

"In lower Cornwallis, mostly."

These answers gave the information she was seeking, and turning to her sister, said, "It must be the same man."

In a few minutes Mr. Burton came in. As he sat down she said, in something of a serious tone, "Cousin Joseph, are you the man that we have heard such dreadful accounts of, as going about tearing the churches to pieces?"

Joseph replied laughingly, "I expect I am the man you have reference to, but I have never torn any churches to pieces."

"I was in Aylsford last week," continued she, "and while there met Mrs. —, who was a member of the Cornwallis Baptist Church while she lived there. Well, she had a great deal to say about a man lately from California—a Mormon—who went about tearing the churches to pieces and leading away all the members that he could. She had not been to the place herself, but had heard it from those who had. Now what grounds were there for such statements?"

"Cousin Mary," said Joseph, "suppose a Baptist minister came to this place and preached what he believed to be the gospel of Christ, preaching in private houses or a public hall, and people of another denomination came and heard him. Some became convinced that what he taught was Bible truth, and requested baptism at his hands, would you say that was tearing churches to pieces?"

"Why, no! Certainly there would be nothing wrong in that."

"That is all that I have done. I came to this country to preach the gospel of Christ, hoping and praying that the people would believe and obey it. Some have done so. I have never disturbed anybody's meeting, have never preached a sermon in anyone's church. Have done nothing more than preach and teach the gospel as I believe it, and as the Bible justifies that belief."

"What is the gospel that you preach? Wherein does it

differ from any other, that Christian people should leave their own church and join yours?"

This question paved the way for a dissertation on the faith of the Saints, and the Spirit accompanied the gospel truths presented. All present were much interested.

"Why, that is good Baptist doctrine," said she, "but you seem to have a better understanding of the Scriptures than many others."

"Oh," said the other cousin, who was quite an elderly woman, and of very few words, "he inherits that from his father; it could scarcely be otherwise than that Uncle William would have one good preacher in the family."

"What salary do you get?" said the younger cousin.

"The same that the apostles and elders got in the days of our Savior. They did not preach for money; neither do I."

"But you have got to live," she said; "and what do you live on?"

"I will tell you the same as I have told many another one, While we are here we live on the same that you do, and when elsewhere, we live on the same as they do."

"But it is a very uncertain way," she said, and then added, "Are you stationed at any particular place?"

"No; I preach wherever I can get a place to preach."

"That is just what I wanted to hear. Our church is without a pastor; and if you will come and preach for us, we will give you a *good* salary. Our people are nearly all well off. Of course you would not say anything about your belief in the Mormons."

"Do you think your people would like to hear me preach the restoration of the gospel, with all its primitive gifts and blessings? That God had spoken to a prophet in these last days, and called apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers, and set them in his church as he did in former day?"

"Oh, nonsense, cousin; you need not preach that!"

"Then I could not preach at all. So I think you will have to find some one else to take that fine salary."

"Well," said our hostess, "it is bedtime now. Your father always wanted boiled herring, or shad, and potatoes for his breakfast, so I have put some to soak, for I expect you will like them, too," and was gratified to know that we both were very fond of them.

A very little while after our arrival in Yarmouth served to make known to us that there were not any among our relatives and former friends of that place who were prepared to receive the gospel, and some even refused to receive us.

So after a stay of a week or ten days at Deerfield, during which time long and pleasant gospel talks were enjoyed with Mr. Burton's brother-in-law, the Reverend James Stubbart and family, we wended our way back to Delhaven in much the same manner as we went. But it seemed just a little more of a cross to do so.

One day our courage failed when it was about noon, just before entering a small town. All the big gates were closed, which seemed to say, "Stay out." Nor did the dwelling places look in any way inviting. Our sign of invitation was where a big gate would be standing open, and the town appeared less inviting still, so we kept on till two o'clock before we sighted a place where there was plenty of hay on the ground. The day was very warm, and since noon I had had a fearful headache. Our faithful horse, "Brum," was showing signs of giving out, too. But for that we would not have stopped at all. We did not expect any dinner, but asked the privilege of my going into the house to rest while the horse was eating. There were only small wooden chairs in the best room, to which I was conducted, for the people were evidently poor in this world's goods. Feeling so weak and weary, I felt as if I must lie down, even if it were on the floor. I spied a small canvas-covered lounge in the kitchen, evidently a resting place for the men folks; but it looked so tempting. I asked the young woman with me if I might lie down and rest; that my head was aching so badly I could scarcely sit up. She made some apologies for its being in the kitchen, but spread a clean cover over it and brought a pillow. I never shall forget the sensation of relief I felt as my head sank down on that cool pillow. The house was cool, quiet, and in order. Presently the young woman asked if I thought a cup of tea would help my head. Yes, I thought it would. When it was nearly ready she came again.

"Perhaps you could eat a piece of bread and a boiled egg, seeing it has been some time since noon."

I thanked her most heartily, saying I had not eaten since early morning.

"Nor your husband either?" said she.

Joseph was still outside. I replied in the negative. She said she had not much to offer as a dinner, but I doubt if there was a dinner eaten that day by anyone with a keener relish than was that good bread and butter and boiled eggs. It seems to me I can taste them yet.

The mother of this young woman was an invalid, confined to her bed. We were invited to her room, and sat and talked with her awhile; and after leaving our blessing with them, started forth again, feeling renewed in body and spirits, and with a sense of gratitude that has not yet vanished away.

On our return to Delhaven I met my sister Eliza, who had up to that time been elsewhere. She, too, soon became interested in the gospel, and in turn had to stem the tide of opposition, while she waited her husband's return from sea, if peradventure he might accompany her in the waters of baptism.

All doors being closed against us in Delhaven, it was useless to attempt any further work there, except that of cheering the little band of Saints; or I might better say, to rejoice with them, for their comfort in the Holy Ghost more than compensated for all the warfare without.

Mr. Burton was very desirous of visiting the few of his father's relatives who lived on the island of Cape Breton and deliver to them the message of the restored gospel. And since we at that time intended to return to California in the coming spring, he resolved to make the trip if possible. It was then the month of October. The days were clear and bright, but the night air was to us Californians like the breath from an iceberg, which produced with me a racking cough, disturbing the slumbers of nearly the whole household in the nighttime. A few evenings before leaving Delhaven, when one of those coughing paroxysms had passed off, my husband said, "I am afraid I shall have to leave you behind, if you do not get rid of that cough! It would never do to take you through the country with such a cough as that. I fear the exposure to cold winds, and storms too, perhaps, and the change of beds, sometimes sleeping in warm blankets and sometimes in ice cold sheets, would make you sick."

Such thoughts had been trying to assert themselves to me before, but I would not give place to them. Now that they had been squarely worded, I was forced to take them into

consideration, and the effect was very discouraging. True, I was with my sisters who had done, and would still do, all in their power to make us welcome and comfortable, and we had heartily appreciated all their thoughtful kindness; but the thought of being left behind for two or three of the stormy winter months, seemed too dreary to be endured. I felt lonesome and homesick in advance, and could scarcely keep the tears back. The words of Jesus to his followers had been living words of consolation to us during that mission, because we had experienced much of what he foretold his disciples they would experience in bearing the gospel to all people, and now that my heart felt to be sinking within me, I reached forth my hand and took up the Bible, with a desire that I might find some words that would seem to be especially for this occasion. And opening it without making choice, the first words my eyes rested on were these: "Let not your hearts be troubled," and in connection with this were the words, "I will not leave you comfortless." Were they brought forcibly to my mind? or did I hear them? It does not matter. They gave the comforting assurance that my little trouble was known to the Father, and that I had his word that all would be well.

That night, while kneeling before the bed in silent prayer, I told the Lord all about it; told him that I knew not by the words I had received whether I was to go or to stay; that it was my desire to go, and asked the Lord to heal me that night if it was pleasing to him that I should still accompany my husband in his gospel work; but if I was not healed I should, with those words of promise, endeavor to stay cheerfully. I went to bed and to sleep. None were disturbed by any coughing that night nor afterwards. It was a great testimony to Sophia, who the night before had been like a restless spirit, wandering about the house in white robes at midnight, mixing and bringing to me butter and sugar, and when that failed to produce the desired effect, sweet cream and molasses. But the cough would not yield to either of them. A testimony that the words of scripture, "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray," were as truly recognized by the Lord as, "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders."

With light and thankful hearts we now started forth on a journey that we knew little about, further than a leading of

the mind in that direction. When leaving Hantsport, where we had remained a day or so among our many relatives, a friend of Mr. Burton's handed him a letter of introduction to his friend who resided in the village of Ashdale, where we desired to remain over Sunday. He said his friend was a very liberal-minded man, and he was sure he would enjoy a conversation with Mr. Burton, and having considerable influence in the place, and not being bound himself by any church creed, would doubtless assist in securing the hall for holding preaching services on Sunday.

During the few days intervening between our starting from Delhaven and the Saturday of which I write, the weather had changed materially. The day dawned cold and threatening, and as it advanced it became colder and colder, and by the time we reached the house of our friend's friend it had attained to a freezing point, and the cool wind was driving the fine, round snow in our faces unmercifully. The few minutes I sat in the buggy shivering from head to foot seemed a very long time, while Mr. Burton talked with this "liberal-minded man," who, because of the name "Mormon" which our friend had inserted in the note, refused point blank to have us in the house; and Adam-like, endeavored at first to make his wife the excuse, saying, "My wife is a Methodist and very respectable, and she would not have Mormons in the house," and then added, "nor *I* would not either."

"Can you tell me of anyone who would be likely to give us shelter from this storm?" said Mr. Burton. Whereupon we were directed to a farmhouse, almost opposite, but sitting on a high, rolling hill. So we faced the storm a little farther, entered through the gate on the good man's premises, at the foot of the hill, and following the beaten track, it took us into the back yard close to the house. Strangers do not travel through inland country villages every day. Our bright-colored lap robe had arrested the notice of these people on the hill, and when they saw us leave the house and wend our way up the hill, they seemed to understand the situation. The good man of the house (I have forgotten the name, but hope the angels have recorded it in their book of remembrance) was in waiting at the back door, and before we had hardly come to a standstill, he came quickly forward to unharness the horse, saying to Mr. Burton:

"Take your wife into the house out of this storm, and we will attend to your horse."

"Perhaps you had better not unharness till you learn who we are," said Mr. Burton.

"It does not make any difference," he replied, "you are cold, and perhaps hungry; I saw you turned away from that house down yonder, but you won't be turned away from here!"

I think those only who have been in like circumstances can realize how we appreciated that hearty hospitality that will outweigh many long prayers in the day of reckoning. We remained their guests for several days, and were treated most kindly. It was he who interceded in getting the hall for preaching services—the liberal-minded man being the strongest opposer. But when the latter saw that other respectable people were not afraid of having their respectability damaged by receiving us, and that it was accounted by the majority of the people to be more to his discredit than to his credit to turn from his door a stranger who claimed to be a preacher of the gospel, he sought to be friendly. For notwithstanding the minister's warning to the people, during his Sunday morning service,—the news that there was a Mormon preacher in the village having been well circulated, there being an entertainment in the hall Saturday evening,—the meeting in the afternoon was well attended, and the Spirit of inspiration and revelation was present in an unusual degree while Elder Burton discoursed from the twenty-fourth of Matthew, continuing till the twilight deepened.

On the following Monday our host drove to Rawdon, and invited Mr. Burton to go with him, which invitation he gladly accepted, while I spent the day with the good woman of the house in her cozy back room. It was very pleasant and comfortable in that small back room, with its warm fire and bright rugs. Still a gloom seemed to be settling over me. Since they of the household did not wish to interest themselves in the gospel, I felt that we were intruding upon their hospitality to remain, and was anxious to get off again on our journey; and yet a forlorn sort of dread accompanied the thoughts of that journey. True, this was an early storm, and there would be more fine weather soon. Still there was a fear of the winter overtaking and detaining us on the island until spring. Altogether I felt dreary, and laying aside my

knitting, went to my room to seek relief in prayer. It was only momentary, however. In a few minutes it returned again, and I retired for prayer a second time. The answer was that we were not to go forth on the intended journey, if so all that we feared would come upon us, but to remain in that place, and the Lord would build us up.

Joseph received a testimony the same day while in Rawdon, only five miles from Ashdale, that his work for the present was in that vicinity, and the Lord would open the way before him. Consequently the first fine day found us wending our way to South Rawdon.

Seeing a young man at work near the road, Mr. Burton called to him, saying, "Young man, can you tell me where I could get a place to hold a meeting this evening?"

"Yes," said the young man (Walter Haley), "I think you can have a meeting right here in our house."

Being near the house, he went in to ascertain, and soon returned followed by his mother, who, though about sixty-five, was hale and hearty, generous in form and in disposition. She not only willingly consented, but invited us to come into the house and remain till evening. I accepted the invitation, but Mr. Burton drove around the neighborhood giving notice.

From thence the work was started in Rawdon, Hillsdale, and Ardoise. We held meetings in good Mrs. Haley's house, and had the privilege of making our home there whenever we chose to do so; and we chose to quite often. The dear old lady was like a mother to us. May her reward be glorious. Her husband and sons, too, were always kind. None of the household obeyed the gospel though, except one married son; yet all contended for it whenever present when it was assailed.

There was quite an interest awakened in Rawdon before the snowstorm of the season set in. When it came it, too, found us on the road. It was not a cold, driving storm but the air was dense with the falling snow. We knew we were then taking our last buggy ride for that season, and made an extra effort to get to Mr. Haley's, because of the big barn in which to store the buggy for the winter. What now should we do?

CHAPTER 13

WE WERE snowed in for a day or two, during which we had ample time to consider our embarrassing situation and ask the Father to open the way before us. Walter knew where there was a sleigh that could be bought for six dollars; but we had only two. Joseph remarked thus:

"I guess the Lord will have to help us out, for I don't see that we can help ourselves."

When the snow had ceased to fall and the roads were broken, Walter went to the post office for our mail. Up to this time we had not received money through the mail, so when Joseph opened Brother Hiram Holt's letter and found a four-dollar bill folded within, it seemed indeed to be an answer to prayer, being just the amount we needed, and was to us another manifestation of the Father's care for us. On the morrow the sleigh was bought and we were again set free. We spent the greater part of the winter in Rawdon and vicinity; and there was scarcely a day that we were not in the sleigh, going from place to place, talking, singing, preaching, and persuading from the Scriptures; and occasionally baptizing, and rejoicing with the baptized believers in their new joy. It is pleasant to remember the kindness of that people, some also who were not of our faith. But "Brum" knew where the warmest barn and the most oats were to be had. It never failed to put him to his best speed when taken from a cold barn in winter time to say, "Now Brum, we are going to Brother Dimock's. Scamper along." And I, too was partial to our cozy upstairs room, where in winter it was made comfortable by the warm breath from the stovepipe, and in summer the fragrance of roses and sweet-brier came floating in at the window, from which could be seen green fields, wooded land, and the pasture that was made almost white with wild strawberry blossoms. And better than these was the cheery face of Sister Dimock, and Brother Dimock too, that greeted us at all times. It made no difference whether we came in the dead of night or the meridian of day; whether she was up to her elbows in the suds and the dinner cleared away. It was the same hearty welcome always. I fear we imposed upon their good nature sometimes; but the Lord has blessed them for their kind endurance and labor of love, and will continue to bless them.

I think I will here rehearse a little experience I had that winter in regard to tithing. It may be beneficial to some, and if they go and do likewise they may be saved much perplexity and many of those adverse circumstances that we often consider ourselves the victims of, and are wont to say, "over which we have no control." True, when fairly entangled in their meshes, we are powerless to control, unless by looking carefully back to find the cause, for I believe in very many instances people, especially Saints, are the authors of their own circumstances.

For several years previous to our going to Nova Scotia I had paid a tithe of all my personal income that I realized from various agencies, eggs, etc., or I might better say I had reserved it; but from lack of a proper knowledge, had often acted as my own bishop, and had given it where I chose in the work. But after starting for Nova Scotia I neither paid nor reserved any. I had taken a number of "dress cutting systems" with me, had sold some, and done some dress-making, and some money had been given me. But because of being self-sustaining—for though on a mission it was voluntary on our part, and seemed too much like a home visit to call upon the bishop to defray expenses; and what with personal expenses, and the wear and tear of horseshoes and wheel tires, all had been used as fast as obtained—I had about persuaded myself that under those circumstances tithing was not required of me. After awhile my income ceased. In consequence we were out of money too long to be pleasant. I tried hard to earn some, but could neither make a sale nor get sewing to do to earn money for it. Of course our small needs kept daily accumulating and were becoming embarrassing. My asking the Lord to supply our needs did not prevail as at some other times. So I looked carefully back to see what I had done or left undone that was hindering our prayers. I had had qualms of conscience at times about this tithing matter, but had endeavored to justify myself by saying I had nothing to pay.

But now I looked squarely at the matter, and read carefully the then late instructions from the bishop, but could not find where anyone was exempted who was earning money. And the more I thought about it the more I became convinced that that was the cause of the trouble, or of my not being blessed in receiving. I then counted up all that I had

received during the time I had not been paying the tenth, and found the tithes amounted to five dollars, and resolved to pay it as soon as I could. I said to my husband, "If ever I get another five dollars I will pay that tithing, even though I should never get another dollar."

There was a lady who still owed me for a "system," but she did not expect to be able to pay for several months. In a day or two after I had made that resolution we were passing the house where this lady was, when she hailed us, and handed me a five-dollar bill,—the money for the "system,"—saying it had come to her very unexpectedly, and when she saw us, thought she would pay it at once before she was tempted to use it for something else. It seemed marvelous to me that just that amount should be put in my possession so soon. Was it to test my integrity? How I did wish the sum had been a few dollars more, so I could pay the tithing and still get a few articles that were so very necessary. My shoes were badly broken, we needed stamps and envelopes, I was out of drafting paper, and "Brum" needed shoes, too. All these things clamored for a portion of that money, till I was half tempted to make the purchases, and pay the tithing with the next five dollars. Money always does take away the generous promptings of one's feelings when they have none. I was without my husband's counsel in those little matters; he preferred to let me act according to the dictates of my own conscience. I soon put the temptation from me, however. I had voiced my resolution, and the Lord had put it in my power to act upon it, so the money must go. Therefore, as soon as we reached our destination, I wrote a note to Brother Blakeslee, borrowed an envelope, and had a stamp given to accompany it, inclosed the five dollars, and sent it to him for tithing. I knew the Lord was pleased with that act, just as well as if he had told me so in words.

The spell was broken. In a few days I obtained a few dollars more. And when Brother Livingston's letter came with a twenty-dollar gold piece inclosed, it seemed to say, "Fourfold and more." Whether tithing was required of me or not, it was a great deal the best to pay it, and I took care after that to keep it paid.

When we left home it was with the intention of returning in one year. But as the year began to draw to a close we

both felt that our work in Nova Scotia was not done, and with the consent of our children—notwithstanding their disappointment—to stay another year if we felt it our duty, we concluded to do so, and forthwith entered into new places, sowing the gospel seed, not yet knowing what or when the harvest will be.

Early in the month of September, 1883, we left Rawdon on our anticipated trip to Cape Breton, going by way of Truro, Parrsboro, and Amherst. This course of travel took us around the Basin of Minas, making our journey much longer than the more direct route. But we had several reasons for doing so. We had messages from relatives in California to their parents in Amherst which we promised to deliver in person, if possible. Again, we desired to drive through Onslow, the birthplace of my husband's mother. And at last, but not least, to visit my youngest sister, Ida, and her husband, J. W. Layton, who then lived in Parrsboro, and whom we had not yet met except on a flying visit of one half day, while on a steamboat excursion to that place from Hantsport. They, too, must hear the gospel.

It was a beautiful drive around the Basin of Minas. One day especially has ever lingered as a bright spot in memory, the one during which we drove through Maitland and the vicinity of Five Islands; these places being endowed with an unusual share of natural beauty. If memory serves me rightly, it was at the close of this same day, as the sun was nearing the horizon, that we began to look for a place where we thought we would like to stay all night. The money we had was a very limited amount for so long a journey, consequently we could not afford to put up at a hotel, and had driven through the town, feeling that a place would be prepared for us. Passing one after another, we at length saw a good-looking new house on something of a hill, that we were discussing; and as we came about opposite to it, a damsel came out and called "supper" to the men who were at work on the opposite side of the road. "She is calling to supper," said I, "hadn't we better go in?"

"No-o," said Joseph, as if half undecided at first, then added more decidedly, "That is not the place. The gate is shut, and there is not much of a barn."

"You are going to take our old sign," I said, "where there is a gate open and a good barn."

"Yes," he replied, "and more, where we see the barn door is open as well as the gate, and a man standing ready to take our horse, will be the place for us to stop. Come Brum," he said, gathering up the lines and causing our steed to quicken his pace. He was trotting off quite lively down a hill, immediately at the foot of which was a strip of hedge fence, inclosing a young orchard. The house and barn being back of the orchard, were hidden from view—as also the open gate at the end of a lane leading into the yard—until almost immediately opposite to it. I chanced to see the situation first, and said, "Here is your place!"

"So it is!" said Joseph, and at the same time drew the line just in time to "fetch in" through the gate without losing headway. And there, as surely as I write these words, was a real farmer's barn, in which was an abundance of new hay. The doors to the barn floor were wide open, a man was standing, and continued to stand waiting for us, and was also looking towards us as we came in towards him. He had placed himself just where one would stop to unharness; and when we were opposite to him, he stepped up to the horse as naturally as if he had been expecting us. Mr. Burton informed him that he was a missionary on his way to Parrsboro, and would like to stay all night with him if he could keep us.

"Yes," he said, "we will keep you willingly. I think I must have been waiting for you. My work was all done in the barn, still I felt strongly impressed that there was something else for me to do before shutting the doors; and while I stood trying to think what it was, I saw you drive into the lane, then I knew it was to put your horse away."

Had this taken place in Bible times, would it not be said that the Lord detained him from closing the doors because he had made known to his servant that those doors should be open to him? We believed then, and still believe that there was, as Brother Luff says, a divinity in it. This man's name was Fleming Corbet. He said Mrs. Corbet was at a neighbor's, but would be back soon, and for me to go into the house and rest till she came. How clean and nice everything was! And I was really glad to have a half hour's rest all by myself, since I felt too tired to speak to anyone. We had had a long drive that day, and every nerve of my flesh seemed to quiver from the jarring of the buggy.

While we were eating the good supper prepared for us—

they had eaten theirs at five o'clock—word was sent to his father's house, which was quite near, that they had guests, a missionary and his wife from California, and for the folks to come in and spend the evening. They also had a lady visitor from Truro, and soon all came in. There was no embarrassment, as there sometimes is with strangers. From the time they entered the house conversation flowed freely, especially with the men folks. While they were talking as lively as old friends, one of the ladies turned to me and said,

"Your husband says he is a Latter Day Saint. It must be some new religion. I have never heard of them. Is it like the Salvation Army?"

"No," I replied, "it is not at all like them. It is simply the faith of the New Testament in every particular."

And then I learned that they had never heard of our people, neither of there being a prophet in these last days, nor of the name of Mormon—and it must not be thought that they were grossly ignorant, except on that one subject. The lady who talked with me was refined in manner, and her conversation bespoke a fair school education. I said, "Perhaps you would all like to hear somewhat of our faith, and since there is much to be said, and my husband could give you a better understanding of it than I, if you desire I will ask him to explain it to you," to which all the ladies agreed. And calling my husband's attention, made known their wish to hear of our faith. All present expressed the same desire. He entered at once upon the explanation, and continued for three hours, with the exception of a few words of inquiry now and then by the company. They all were much interested, as well as astonished, that such wonderful events as the gifts of the gospel were taking place on the earth. The old gentleman declared that talk to have been the best sermon he ever heard, and he thought the longest one. They expressed a great desire to hear more, and we were sorry it was not practicable to visit them again.

Next evening we arrived at Ida's, where we remained about two weeks. Mr. Burton held meetings in Parrsboro several evenings. Some of those days were spent in picking and eating blueberries, and all of them in real enjoyment. Both Ida and her husband listened to the doctrine from the first, and as may be expected, were baptized before we left; for which cause we went on our way rejoicing indeed; and also

because Brother Layton was a blacksmith and had done a good job of iron work on our buggy, shod our horse all around, and added to the contents of our slender purse.

One day's drive, including a tow across a rapidly running river, on a small scow—a ride that "Brum" did not enjoy a bit—brought us to Amherst. Here we met just one who was hungering for the gospel but knew it not. She came to see us while we were visiting for a day at Cousin William Cutten's, for her friend, Mrs. Green's sake, who lived in California. She had learned from her friend that we were Latter Day Saints and somewhat peculiar in our belief, consequently it, with the reasons for so believing, soon became the theme of conversation between us two. And from the first she was very much interested in what I had to say. We devoted most of the day to each other in one of the best gospel talks I think I ever had. Nor did it seem to her like our first meeting. She had had a very strange dream shortly before, that had left a vivid impression on her mind, in the which two strangers, a man and a woman, were prominent features. They came to her—the man carrying a small valise—when she was in great distress; had been wounded almost to death. The woman had ministered words of comfort, and bathed her wounds in clear cold water, which had revived and strengthened her. And when she had opened her eyes, the woman assisted in raising her up, saying, "What are you doing here, among the tombs?" And in answer to her question of Who are you, and whither going? the woman said, "We are strangers traveling through the country, and came a long way out of our way to see you."

We both reminded her so forcibly of the two she saw in her dream, that she looked upon us as being the same, and fairly started when in answer to her question, "Were you intending to remain in Amherst and hold meetings?" I said, "No; we are traveling through the country on our way to Cape Breton, and have come a long way out of our way to come here to Amherst." The day was altogether too short for the abundance we had to say. And when she, Mrs. Quigley, learned of our intention to remain in the vicinity of Amherst over Sunday, she at once extended her invitation for us to go home with her after the morning meeting. Our chief lodging place was at a Mr. Rockwell's, a mile or two out of town.

On Sunday morning we drove into town, left our team at the stables, and walked to meeting, intending to return to Mr. Rockwell's in the evening and start off on our journey again Monday morning. But so great was the interest manifested by this new-found friend and her household in the latter-day work, and the desire on her part to make herself acquainted with the contents of the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, that by urgent request by both Mr. and Mrs. Quigley, supplemented by their two very interesting children, that our stay with them was prolonged till Wednesday morning. Neither time nor distance can obliterate from our minds the brightness of that visit. It was very refreshing in the midst of that experience of gospel warfare to find some who were of cultivated minds, influential in the church to which they belonged, who did not antagonize additional Bible truths. In a word, who were *Christian* not in word only, but in heart.

“The friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.”

That long, tedious journey would have seemed longer, and been much more tedious, were it not that we, like those of old while journeying to Emmaus, beguiled the time and distance by talking of the things which had just taken place.

Mrs. Quigley was not baptized at that time, but has been since, and her daughter also. May God bless them and their household in all their efforts for good and the furtherance of truth and righteousness.

I have nothing at hand by which to refresh memory in regard to the number of days we were journeying from Amherst to the straits of Canso; but it seems to have been about one week, having remained over Sunday at the house of a relative of mine near Pictou. We had been favored with good weather; but the two days before reaching the straits were cold and windy, with a dark, lowering sky, threatening to empty the contents of its heavy, black clouds upon our defenseless heads. We feared and dreaded a prolonged storm, such as those northeast coasts abound in as the winter months draw near; for October had again overtaken us—disagreeable enough when one has a home of his own, but would be far more so to strangers without money. And as these unpleasant features loomed up before us, I for one lifted my heart to God

in prayer to avert the storm, that it come not upon us in that dismal place. Our money was not all gone, but was so far spent that we had been taking our chances, so to speak, for meals. Fortunately for us, people in those thinly settled regions are hospitable, and share what they have with a stranger.

It was all a matter of uncertainty to us about how we were to cross the straits of Canso till we got to the crossing. The people of whom we inquired did not seem to know much about it. And when one remembers that many of the people in those parts of the country live their lives out without going ten miles from home, it is not so much to be wondered at. But we knew of one at least who had made many trips to Cape Breton and back with a team years ago, so there was some way of crossing. We expected it would be in a scow or sailboat. And oh, what a relief it was to know that we had arrived on the day the steam ferry crossed, which boat only ran twice a week. Another manifestation of our Father's love and care in thus bringing it about. The wind had gotten up a bad sea, and I watched the sailboat coming from the other side; a distance of three miles, and thought I would not enjoy such a trip.

Five tedious hours were passed in a cold, dreary, empty waiting room. Perhaps I ought not to say "dreary," because it was clean and the floor painted; but most any large room is dreary in Nova Scotia during the month of October without a fire. I walked the floor most of the time to keep myself warm; and Joseph walked the platform, where he could keep an eye on the horse. At length the steamer was seen making her way down the straits—from Sydney, I think.

The twilight had deepened to dusk when we arrived on the Cape Breton side. The wind had gone down with the sun, that had struggled through the black clouds, rifting them asunder before it reached the western horizon; and as the evening came on, the sky became clear, and the stars began to twinkle. As we again seated ourselves in our buggy, after landing on the island, we were so happy over our good fortune we felt as if our trouble was all over. Then came the question, Where are we aiming for, and what are we going to do with ourselves for the night? Dwelling places seemed to be scarce. We laughed outright at our ludicrous, forlorn situation; but there was nothing else for us to do but drive

on. Mr. Burton had made some inquiry, while on the boat, and was told that there was a small town about three miles along, on the road around the island. And when it seemed to us that we had driven three miles, we met a pedestrian, from whom we learned that the town was still another mile on. It was cheering to know there was a little piece of the living world so near; but would it benefit us any?

"I reckon somebody will have to keep us," said Mr. Burton.

"How much money have we now?" The purse was brought forth, revealing two or three lonesome "quarters." "That will be enough to pay for a bed at the hotel, and for the horse, and buy oats enough for the next two days, will it not?"

"Yes," said Joseph, "and ten cents over."

"Then let us drive up to a hotel and order a room; we can live without supper or breakfast. They at the hotel will never know but what we have been to supper, for it is near bedtime." This was agreed to, and we made the remaining distance with a more self-satisfied feeling, because of having a purpose in view, besides being relieved of the suspense and anxiety that came with the nightfall.

The large lamps on each side of the front door indicated the location of the hotel, and we reined up to the door with as much purpose as if money was no object. We were conducted to an upstairs room, which was considered very comfortable, having a stovepipe through it. I was fairly trembling with cold, and how hard it was for me, only having had a mere lunch for dinner, to tell the landlady that we did not require supper. I soon went to bed to get warm while Mr. Burton went downstairs to talk with the people where the fire was. But I did not get warm; I shivered for about an hour then went to sleep and forgot that I was cold and hungry too. But I felt just as well in the morning, and more courageous to do without breakfast than I was to do without supper. We had intended to get away before breakfast was ready, but had slept too long; the breakfast bell rang before Mr. Burton had completed preparations for our early start. When the other lodgers went in to breakfast, I took up a paper, and looked over its contents while waiting for Joseph to drive around to the door. The lady of the house soon came in to know if I had heard the bell. I made answer that I heard it, but did not intend to go out to breakfast that morning.

Presently she came in again and said, "Did I understand

you to say that you were not going to have breakfast? or are you waiting for your husband to come in?"

"You understood me correctly. I am just waiting for my husband to drive around to the door. We are going away early this morning."

She looked at me a moment then went out, and another lady came in, who seemed to be equal in authority, and she put about the same questions to me, and received about the same answers, after which she said, "Are you well?"

"Perfectly well, thank you; but we have not the money to pay for our breakfast. My husband is a missionary. We are on our way to Margaree from Cornwallis, and have been on the road longer than we expected, and our money is well-nigh exhausted. We only have sufficient to pay for our room and our horse, and provide him with oats for the rest of the journey."

"If you really have not any money," she said, looking at me as if she was a little afraid it was only a trumped-up story, "you shall not go away hungry, we will *give* you and your husband breakfast."

I thanked her heartily, saying we would gladly accept such a kindness.

It seems that while the two were talking it over, some one came in from the barn and said that the stranger was going away without breakfast because he had no money; that he had bought a bushel of oats for his horse, and only had ten cents left; and that he was a minister. And when by a little questioning they learned we had not eaten the night before, and had only a very little dinner, they made an extra plate of toast, and boiled three eggs apiece—and I think they were the largest hen's eggs I ever saw. I do not think it is necessary for me to try to tell how comfortable and happy that breakfast made us feel. The other lodgers had left the table before we came, so we had a social talk with the two women and an elderly gentleman, who seemed to be their father, while we partook of their bounties. We left them with a fervent "God bless and reward you for the kindness of this morning!"

The morning was clear and fine, and the sun shone bright and warm. Shipping of all rigs and sizes that had been in the nooks and harbors along the straits on both sides, for a few days, seeking shelter from the windstorm, now shook

their sails to the breeze and started out on the waters again, presenting a very cheerful appearance; each one seemed to say, "I have had a good breakfast and feel so thankful and happy;" and we were in a mood to enjoy it all. Our road for that day lay around the island, with the ocean on one side, and the rough, rugged, hilly, rocky island on the other. The inhabitants were mostly French, and very poor, but kind and hospitable. The men had nearly all deserted the island and gone to the Eastern States, and the women folks were just finishing their potato digging, most of which was done by hand. They were down on their hands and knees, scratching away the dirt like badgers. Shoes must have been a luxury almost unknown, as I did not see anyone wearing any all through that French settlement. We were entertained for the night by French people. They were very kind, could talk English, and one of the young women was very sociable and pleasant. Flour being a luxury that the whole family did not indulge in, they evidently thought it a mark of respect to have us make a whole supper of hot biscuits—not exactly like some hot biscuits I have eaten in California, but they were made of flour all the same. These and butter, with two bowls of black tea sweetened generously with molasses, were put on a small table in a remote corner, where we ate by ourselves. I saw them prepare "hugrumbuff" for their own suppers, which was piled up on a platter to a complete mound, and smoothed over, two tablespoons stuck in each end, and placed in the center of a small table, where all could reach it without any trouble, besides this, there were four bowls of milk placed on the table, and four women folks sat down to their suppers. All ate from the one dish, taking part of a spoonful and dipping it in the milk like mush. How I wanted some; would gladly have given the biscuits in exchange. But we had eaten first.

The following day being the last day of our journey, took us away from the seacoast, over some of the hilly parts of the island, and through ravines and across rivers on such rickety old bridges we scarcely ventured to breathe hard for fear of adding a little too much weight for safety; and it required good navigating to keep the wheels from dropping between the planks which were laid lengthways. The day was overcast and threatening, but the air was still. As the afternoon waned, we realized that we could not reach Margaree before

dark. "Brum" was tired and could not travel as fast as in the morning. The outlook was not cheering. There was no moon, and the sky was cloudy, but we hoped for the best, while fearing more bridges. Just before night set in we met a man and stopped to inquire. He said there were no more bridges, nor houses either, till we reached Margaree; that we had five miles to go yet, and the road was good. But he did not tell us that there was a broad, swiftly flowing river running parallel with it for a mile or so, nor that the road was fenced on either side and ditched too.

Presently every ray of daylight disappeared, swallowed up in the gloom. Oh, how densely dark it was! Added to the cloudy sky was a thick fog that rolled in from the ocean, not far distant. We could not see the light-colored stripes in our lap robe, much less the horse. I do not remember to have ever been out in such a dark night. When we had gone about half the distance the rain commenced to descend in sweeping torrents, right in our faces. Presently we heard the rush and roar of a river above that of the rain. It kept getting nearer and nearer, until it seemed to be immediately in front of us. We knew we were going towards the coast again, and wondered if we had gone astray in the darkness, and were going right into the ocean. There was nothing for us to do but keep on going as long as there was a road. The situation was terrifying! Would we ever see daylight again? The road was built up in the center, and as the blinding rain caused the horse to sway a little from the beaten track, and the buggy would cant to one side, we did not know but the next step would plunge us into the seething waters; for we had discerned, ere long, that the river was running parallel with the road. How long and tedious that three hours' drive in utter darkness! I wondered if there was anyone on the island who would care enough about hearing the gospel to compensate for all we were enduring to take it to them.

Gradually the rush and roar of the river grew fainter. We knew by that that it was getting farther away, and breathed easier, and that if we were spared from a collision with some other belated team we would probably get to our destination sometime. It seemed to me that it must be nearly midnight, and we began to entertain grave fears lest the inhabitants of Margaree had put out lights and gone to bed, and we had passed through the town without knowing it, when we saw a

light in the distance. What new life and hope a ray of light produces to benighted eyes, as well as souls. The force of the rain was over, and the fog was lifting a little. We had sent a message on ahead, and the people were daily expecting us, so we were soon made comfortable, and the terrors of the past two hours and more vanished like a dream. We had arrived in good time too, for the morning revealed an abundance of snow in the mountains and on some of the lowlands.

Our stay must necessarily be short, for winter came early on that island, and it usually came to stay. It set in in good earnest the year before on the fifth of October, the day we arrived. It was not unusual for the people to have to dig their way out of the snow in the morning when they opened the door. So while Joseph made every exertion to impart all the gospel light he could in the allotted time, I bent my energies to earn means to defray expenses back to Rawdon, and the Lord blessed my efforts. And he blessed the gospel efforts, too, at least the speaker in presenting it. I always remembered those sermons on Cape Breton as being the most powerful of Elder Burton's preaching, and yet none obeyed the message brought to them. Two of Mr. Burton's cousins made the statement that they would obey it if we were going to remain a length of time, or if they could hope to be visited by elders occasionally; but knowing what persecution they would have to endure in their isolated condition, they had not the courage to breast the opposition single-handed. For while many were much interested, those whose iron heel could be felt by the poor were waging war against it.

Before leaving the island we heard a strong testimony to the truth of the restored gospel related by an elderly man who manifested a deep interest in our faith and doctrine. It was as follows:

"When I was a young man I was doing some teaming between here and the village of —— (another seaport), and upon this occasion was driving homeward in the night, notwithstanding it was a long, lonely drive. It was getting along towards midnight when I overtook an old man and asked him to get in and ride. He did so. I inquired if he had come from the village back yonder, and if he had heard the new preacher. Then he commenced to talk. He said all the churches were wrong, and showed by the Scriptures where they were wrong, and expounded the Scripture in a

manner that I had never heard before. He seemed perfectly familiar with it all; and he also said that the same gospel that was preached in the days of the apostles would soon¹ be preached on the earth again. Also that the same church that Christ left would be restored again, with apostles, prophets, and all its gifts and blessings; and that I should live to hear it preached on this island. "And when you hear it" said he, "you may know it is true; but the people will not receive it, they will be very angry instead, and turn and fight it." And," added the narrator, "I had forgotten the whole circumstance for years, till I heard you preach; then it all came back to me, and I am satisfied this is what he had reference to. He rode with me some time, expounding the Scriptures from beginning to end in astonishing clearness and rapidity. Then he said, 'I have rode far enough now, and will get out.'

"I stopped the horses and let him get out without thinking of where we were until after I had started again. I did not even look to see which way he went. When alone again, I began to wonder who it could be that was such an able preacher and yet not known. There were not so many people in those villages in those days that a stranger could come and go unknown to the people. He was not in the garb of a minister, nor did he claim to be one. And again, where was he going on foot at that time of night, and on that road? It was not one that diverged into different ways; but was the one road through an uninhabited region of country, and the only road between the two settlements. If he were going to the village ahead, why did he wish to get out while so far from it? He was no nearer any habitation when he alighted than when first overtaken. The more I thought over the circumstance, the more strange and unnatural it appeared. And as I recalled what he had said, it dawned upon my mind that he spoke with more than man's wisdom and knowledge.

¹Possibly the narrator did not give the exact words in this sentence spoken by the stranger; for the restored gospel had then been on the earth some twelve or fourteen years.—
WRITER.



BEATRICE WITHERSPOON AT THE AGE OF FORTY.

With husband and youngest daughter, Addie. Taken in Australia.

Then," said he, "I began to get scared and gave the horses the whip and drove fast the remainder of the way."

Our friend spoke with all confidence in regard to the truth of the work, yet did not seem to realize that it was his duty to obey it.

By the above testimony, it seems that our trip to Cape Breton was planned for, a long time before we were aware of it; that it was one of the "times before appointed."

While on this island I had been so successful in selling "systems" that the receipts of the same, together with a five-dollar gold piece given Mr. Burton by his cousin, gave us sufficient to afford to take the steamer at the straits—horse, buggy, and all—for Pictou, which clipped off two or three day's travel by land, and taking a more direct route back, we reached Rawdon early in November, if I remember rightly, without encountering another storm. When within a few hours' drive of Rawdon, a sense of relief came over us. We had accomplished that long-anticipated journey without accident or being stormbound anywhere, though it was late in the season. All had gone well with us. And as we talked the matter over we congratulated ourselves on being permitted to obtain sufficient on the trip to come back a little more comfortably, and independently, too, than we went; that one could breathe so much more healthily to drive up to a house and ask for accommodations and pay for them, than to be cringing under the knowledge that we must impose ourselves on the people, because we had nothing to pay with, I remarked that I felt several inches taller than while going.

"I wonder," said Mr. Burton, "how much we are out, financially, by the trip." He had noted in his diary when we left Rawdon that he had seven dollars in cash, and taking out his purse found it now contained just seven dollars.

CHAPTER 14

NOW that we had visited all the places mapped out in our minds before leaving California, and many others besides, we felt that the burden of our work in that mission was accomplished. Some of the seed sown had fallen on good ground and resulted in the building up of two branches of the church; one in South Rawdon and one in Delhaven. The latter consisted entirely of members of my father's family; one brother, three brothers-in-law, four sisters, two sisters-in-law, and one niece; one of those sisters-in-law was Brother George's wife. Others have been added to the branch, but none except those belonging to the family tree. It seems indeed that it was to my kinsfolks we were sent. All who had heard up to that time believed, except my father. Mother was not baptized at that time, because father was so bitterly opposed. Brother George had gone to his long home before the branch was organized; but not until some had been baptized and he knew the work would be established. It had been his most earnest prayer and the desire of his heart to see the latter-day work established in that country and other members of the family obey the fullness of the gospel. And when disease had made him weak and weary, he asked not to be restored to health and live, but in the words of Simeon of old, when he beheld the Lord's Christ, he said, "'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,' for mine eyes have seen thy work accepted in this land." And closing his eyes, immediately the happy spirit took its flight, while he yet sat in his armchair, so peacefully that those near him knew it not. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

We were in South Rawdon at the time of his death, November, 1883, and did not return to Delhaven till Christmas time. The winter was a very busy one for both husband and me. Our minds were made up to return to California in the coming spring. We wished to leave in time to attend conference at Stewartsville, Missouri, on our way. Many dollars must be added to the price of our horse and buggy to pay our fare as far as conference; and much depended on my personal exertions, which were made in faith, expecting the Lord to bless my efforts to that end; and I was not disappointed. I often think of a conversation with Grandma Northover. She

did not belong to the church, but was friendly. She was speaking of our going away. I told her the day was set for our departure, which was not many weeks hence, and that we then had only twelve dollars towards our passage money.

"And how are you going to get the rest?"

"I do not know exactly how, but I am working and praying, and I believe the Lord will bring it to pass some way, though it takes a great deal of faith to believe it in this country in the spring of the year."

"I should think so!" said she; "and if you accomplish it this time and get off when you want to, I guess you will never undertake such a thing again."

"Oh, yes I will, grandma, the very next time it is necessary; for the Lord will be just as able and willing to help me out another time, as this; don't you think so?"

"I suppose he is; but I would not like to try it."

The first conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints ever held in Novia Scotia convened in South Rawdon, in the latter part of the winter of which I am now speaking, 1884. Brother Holmes, from Lockhartville, and Brother and Sister J. W. Layton from Parrsboro were in attendance; and best of all, the Holy Spirit was with us. And were it not for the sad news of the death of our beloved brother-in-law, Leander Sanford, and the knowledge that dear Sister Sophia was at home sad and lonely, our joy for the time being would have been full.

We were with Sophia a few days, shortly after her husband was taken sick, and desired much to visit her again after his death; but were warned by the Lord in a dream not to return to that place again at that time. And we had reason to believe it was wisdom to heed the warning.

Brother Leander had not been baptized; was about ready to be when taken sick, and his mind was firmly made up to do so as soon as he got well. But though his life was not spared, he passed away very happy in the knowledge that Christ was his Savior. He desired to pass away rather than live and renew the conflict with the world. Felt confident that he would be further instructed on the other side of the river, and accomplish there what he had failed to attain to here. Prior to our advent among them he had not thought much about religion; but from that first day's talk, spoken of in the previous chapter, he had defended the latter-day work,

and received and cared for us at the cost of the friendship of many of his relatives. Sophia's health was quite delicate from heart and lung trouble, when her husband died; shortly after which she commenced to fail rapidly, and soon followed her husband to the spirit world, leaving three children, Flossie, Ada, and Albert, without mother or father.

On our return homeward, we tarried a week with the Boston Branch, which time was very pleasantly spent with those live Saints. One day was spent at Sister Mary Whiton's. Sister Susan was with us also. Joseph was not present with us. We each were in a mood for bearing testimony, and the time was spent in relating our experience in the gospel, or our evidences of the power of God being contained therein.

My sister Lucinda, who then lived in Providence, Rhode Island, came to Boston to meet us, and hear for herself some of the new religion that had caused most of the family to forsake almost everything else. I enjoyed her visit very much, and in our private conversation took much pleasure in explaining our faith to her. She found no fault with the doctrine; it all seemed to be so harmonious; and she believed she had learned more about the Scriptures in those talks, together with the two sermons she heard, than in all her life before.

After our visit in Boston, Lucinda accompanied us to Providence again. There we bade each other a last good-by for this world. She, too, has crossed the dark river to the mystic shore.

During the time that had elapsed since our last visit at Delhaven, my father and mother had taken up their residence with my brother Harris, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and we embraced the opportunity of spending one more day with them. That was the last time I saw father. He was very friendly and accompanied us to the station. And while the cars bear us rapidly towards the West, I will indulge in a retrospect. I like to remember that last visit with him; he was as pleasant, cordial, and kind as if there did not exist the difference in our religious belief which had placed a gulf between us while in Nova Scotia. He never accepted the faith, but previous to his death had ceased to contend against it. They had returned to Nova Scotia again, and were visiting with relatives in Hantsport at the time of his death. While there he had expressed himself to his sister in this

wise: "I shall not say anything more against the church that the children have joined. John and Ida have been so good to me I have concluded to let them alone concerning their religion. They have just as good a right to their belief as we have to ours; and it certainly has not made them less good."

On the day previous to his departing this life, he was heard to say that he never felt so happy in his life. He attended two services in the Baptist church and rather than remain away from the house of worship, he attended a third in the Methodist church. Forgetting all difference in denominational views, he worshiped sincerely with them. He was a stranger in that congregation, and to the minister also; but was noticed by him, who after meeting made inquiry to know who it was, saying: "If there were such things nowadays as people being translated, I would say that man would go to heaven before morning. He had the most heavenly expression in his countenance I ever beheld."

Father was as well as usual when he retired. During the night mother heard him give a short cough, accompanied by a stifled groan. And when he did not answer her inquiry if there was anything the matter, she got up and made a light as quickly as possible, but he was gone.

It gratifies me to pay this tribute to my father's memory. From the time he united with the Baptist Church in early manhood, he had lived a conscientious, consistent, Christian life; scrupulously honest in all his dealings; never used profane or obscene language; neither used tobacco in any form, nor intoxicating drinks, and maintained the power of mind over mind, to rear his sons in like manner. He manifested such a disgust for both the drink and anyone who was addicted to the habit of using it, that from earliest childhood we all looked upon such indulgences as disgraceful, at least beneath any man who wished to be regarded as a gentleman; and for a woman to thus indulge, she must be lost to all sense of self-respect. (And to this day my faith in the integrity of a man, as well as my esteem for him, is greatly damaged if I know him to indulge even occasionally in a glass of spirituous liquors, wine, ale, or lager beer.)

Father regarded dancing and novel reading in much the same light; consequently such doings were not tolerated in his family, and we were doubtless thereby saved from many

a snare. It is true he, for a time, strongly opposed the latter-day work; but had we dealt with him according to his disposition, and let the truth force itself upon him he might not have resented it. May God deal more gently with him.

On looking back, I can see that the time of our going to Nova Scotia was opportune. Had it been but one year later, we would not have found the family unbroken, as it was our privilege to at the time of our going. My youngest brother, Albert was the only one of the family we did not meet at that time; he was on a foreign sea voyage. He, too, has passed over the dark river. Thus one by one the members of our household have left this stage of action. Father, with four, is on the other side. Mother is still with the six that remain.

Our next halt was at Stewartsville, Missouri, to attend General Conference. At this conference my husband was appointed to the South Sea Islands mission, in connection with Brother T. W. Smith. The latter to go to the Society Islands, and Mr. Burton to Australia. This appointment, coming when it did, was a great trial to me, although the thought was not altogether new to us. For some years both my husband and I had been under the impression that the time would come when he would be sent to Australia. I saw it twice in a dream, and that I accompanied him; and also that the occasion was fraught with much anxiety and perplexity. We would sometimes talk the matter over, with a view to preparing ourselves for such an event. But there were so many barriers that seemed insurmountable, I was wont to take refuge in the argument, that while he was an elder only, it would not be required of him to take a foreign mission; and thus kept putting it away in the future, for Australia seemed to me, in those days to be a very, very long way off.

After turning our faces homeward, from Nova Scotia, my thoughts were so occupied with home and the children, and the enjoyment of settling down again for awhile, that even the delay for conference was a trifle tedious. Therefore, when the appointment was made known to me, it was like a shock of a ship that had come in contact with a rock and suddenly brought to a quivering standstill for a few moments; and then came the reaction of tears of sorrow and disappointment, followed by a calm indifference for a few days, in which interval the possibility of our going to Australia seemed very vague, indefinite, among the things that were most unlikely to

occur. But that, too, was a reaction; and soon the conflict commenced between conflicting duties; that to my husband on the one side, and our children on the other. Which of those was I to separate myself from?

It was a hard position to choose between, and it seemed at times as if my heart was being drawn asunder. I could not bear the thought of such a long separation from my husband. The light of earthly life would be gone, and my darkness would overshadow the young lives of the children, and they, too, would be made unhappy. On the other hand, parental duty, as well as love, forbade the thought of leaving the children, especially the girls; they were just the age when they most needed a mother's care, and were already very weary of being separated from us. The second year of our stay in Nova Scotia had not passed so pleasantly with them as the first; they had had some sickness and much loneliness. I hoped after we got home my duty would be made plainer. How tedious to me were the many delays we encountered on our trip homeward. Every day that kept me away from them was a loss; and when at length we arrived, what a joyful meeting it was! The three children with their Aunt Libbie and new uncle, Will Rockwell, had gathered home a few weeks before our arrival to set things in order to receive us.

We kept the knowledge of the appointment from them for awhile, that their joy might be full. But they soon discovered that there was something troubling me, so I told them of the appointment.

"Oh, mother!" they said, "you promised us you would not leave us again."

"Neither will I," I answered. Yet could not see my way clear either way.

There was not sufficient money in the treasury when the appointment was made to pay even one passage, for which I was very thankful, as it gave us the benefit of a few months' deliberation. But as time moved around we were forced to decide on some course. My husband's conclusions were that I should accompany him, and that we take our two daughters and leave the son, he being of age and not depending upon us for support. And apart from this he had a *personal* reason for not going. To do this we must needs sell our home and use a portion to pay their passage and other expenses.

This would involve the sacrifice of home, besides the trial of separating the family. But it was the only way open to us, unless he went alone or gave up the mission; and such a thought as that, I am sure, never entered his head or heart either.

At first the above proposition seemed to be a gleam of light on our path, but the clouds of difficulty soon gathered about it. On the one hand, the thought of us all going away and leaving Frank to battle with the world alone, with no home to go to when weary or sick, no father to counsel him, no mother to guard him by her love and care, no sisters to cheer him with their companionship, wrung my heart. It seemed so like turning him adrift in the world. And I inwardly questioned much as to whether it was right to take him from those safeguards against temptation and the snares of the Adversary. Suppose to divert loneliness—for he was keenly sensitive to the situation—he should mingle with those who would stealthily draw him into paths of vice; and oh, what a dreadful thought it would be, if in our zeal to save others we neglected and lost our own!

And again, was it right for us to sell our little home? Money in hand soon slipped away; and if we were spared to fulfill our mission and return again, what then? I knew the elder's family was provided for while he was in active service. But our experience in obtaining a home had been fraught with much difficulty and many privations, and could we reasonably expect the future would be any different from the past?

I do not think it was a lack of faith in the promise: "But seek ye first to build up the kingdom of God, and to establish his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." I have unbounded faith in God to provide for temporal as well as spiritual needs, if we have used wisely what has already been given. But I believe he requires his people to exercise wisdom; and when they do not, they usually have to suffer the consequence. So if we had a home, and unwisely let it slip from us, could we reasonably expect God to provide us with another? Such thoughts as these continually revolved in my mind, hedging up the way on all sides.

Oh, how I prayed for the Lord to lead me right, and not permit me to make a grave error; and at the same time, without knowing it, I was refusing to be led. The buyer had

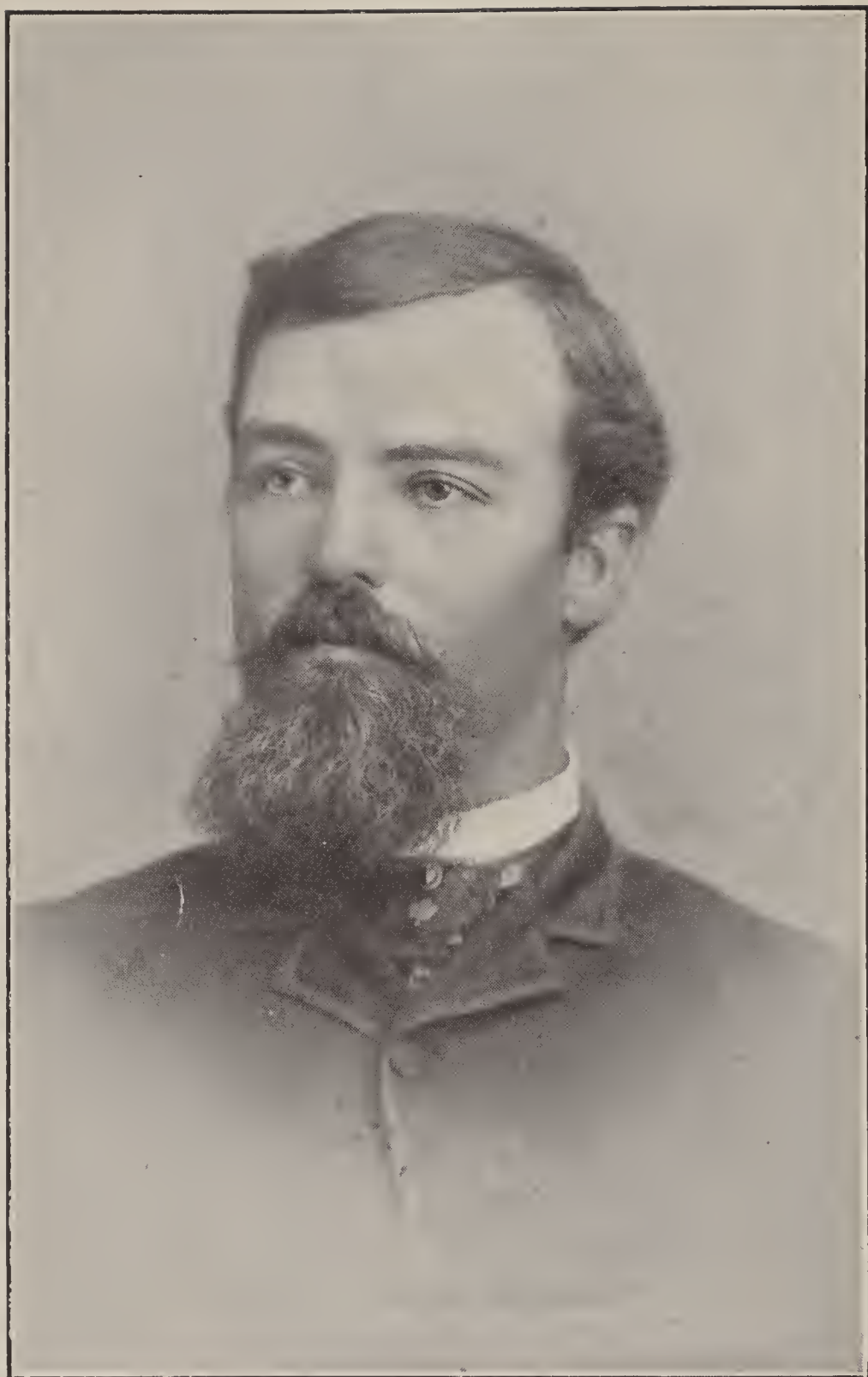
come twice since the first verbal agreement to get my free consent to the sale; but after a few words, I broke down each time. I could not say yes, and dared not say no, lest that, too, would be wrong; so remained harassed and undecided, sometimes almost persuading myself to think it was not the Lord's will that we should go. How I wished I could see by faith; but my faith was dormant. I was left to my own strength, and that was weakness. During the daytime I tried to be cheerful in the presence of the children; but when night came on, a gloom would settle over me. Night after night my pillow was bathed in tears, especially if I was alone and did not seek to suppress my feelings. The outward circumstances may not warrant such exercise of feeling. But it has been wisely said: "What is a trial to one is no trial at all to another." There is sometimes a peculiar element mixed up with the outward cause that makes some trials, which look small to others, particularly trying. We see the Savior, for instance, wrestling in prayer, and in great heaviness sweating drops of blood, just prior to his crucifixion; praying the Father, "If it be possible, let this cup pass." We might ask, Why this great exhibition of feeling, when hundreds of martyrs have calmly met a more cruel death? Hundreds, too, have met death calmly who scarcely had a hope beyond the grave, while he had power to lay down his life, and power to take it again. And if it was because he must meet and conquer the Adversary in his own dominion that caused the great anguish, one might think that the faith he had in his Father should have been sufficient to give him a knowledge that he would conquer and return victorious; for mark his prayer: "Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was"; and again, that his disciples might be with him in his glory. But the powers of darkness were waging their war against him, and the Father had withdrawn his strengthening influence, and he was left to himself to bear the trial in his natural strength, and decide by the exercise of his own agency whether he would "drink of the cup" or not. And here we can discern a little of the *human* nature. He was fully intent on doing his Father's will, but could it not be done as acceptably in some easier way? is visible in the request, "If thou be willing, remove this cup from me."

One memorable night, being alone, I was sorrowing and

weeping in mental anguish, and fairly clutched the bedclothes for support, as though I should sink if I did not hold to something; and cried out in my distress, "O God, help me!" Then subsiding a little, murmured, "What is there that can compensate for all this trouble?" When the voiceless words came to me in startling clearness: "Eternal life." And at the same time I felt a presence, as one does when he knows just where another is sitting, though the room is dark and he can not see him. So I felt that the Lord was there; not in the brightness of his glory, nor the power of him might, but as a father; and seemed to be looking calmly on me in my petty sorrow, just as a gentle but unswerving parent while dealing with a rebellious child, quietly waiting for it to sob out its grief and passion, and accept the proffered terms of reconciliation. And I learned that night what many another child has learned, and what very many have yet to learn, that no amount of tears or prayers will induce the Father to swerve one iota from the already given terms.

"Eternal life?" my thoughts echoed; and oh, how dark my soul must have been, for I really felt for a moment that that was little enough. But, repenting of my ingratitude, I said, "Yes, it is a great deal; but hundreds will receive that also, who are never called upon to make any sacrifice. They can live at home with their children and their friends, have every comfort around them, and to give a few dollars now and then seems to be all that is required of them. They know nothing of the trial of faith which those are subject to who have often to pray in reality, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'" And yet they were good Saints and would be saved in the kingdom of God; while to do my duty I must give up all, and suffer so much in consequence, and have to endure so many things that were galling to my nature. Why was there such a difference? Then came the silent answer from him who was present with me: "That is their portion to enjoy in this life; have you no joys which they have not? Are you seeking nothing more than salvation?"

"What have I that they have not?" My mind was for the moment dwelling on temporal comforts, and the question seemed absurd. But quick as thought memory swept back a little. I saw and heard what I had once before; a dear, good sister sat in her comfortable chair, in her pretty little home, surrounded with many luxuries. I had been relating



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a night vision, in which the Lord Jesus appeared and talked with me. She thought my blessings greater than hers, and said: "If we are all the Lord's children, why does not he serve us all alike? Why can not I have a testimony like that?"

Ah, sister! I thought, you would not like to be in my place now. To this the spirit answer was, "All things are bought with a price." I could only groan, "Lord, help me to bear the price."

And again, "These light afflictions work a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"Light afflictions?" I repeated; and a "weight of glory." What indeed must be the glory that is called a "weight," when those afflictions which are termed "light," are all one can bear? The promise was away beyond me. I could not grapple with it. In truth, I had been sustaining such a mental weight for the past few months, and was then in such heaviness of spirit that the word *weight* tired rather than soothed or buoyed me up. The quotation being the words of the Apostle Paul, my thoughts turned upon him and his suffering for the gospel's sake, and also the other apostles, and many others in all ages of the world, as well as those of our own day, till my own appeared as but a drop in a bucket; and yet that little was hard for me to endure.

Ah, thought I, how very necessary must be the preaching of the gospel. Hundreds must suffer; families be broken up; husbands and wives, parents and children separated, perhaps never more to be really united; and still the work must go on. No compromise was offered because of these gloomy conditions. I heard only my own words with greater emphasis, "*Must go on.*"

But is all this trouble necessary? Is not one soul as precious as another? Why need we go away off among strangers who know nothing of us, and in whom we have no interest, when thousands are perishing in our own land? Why not remain and save souls here? O, Father! can we not do thy will as acceptably to remain and be spared this great trial of parting with our home and friends, and separating the children? And this brought back the thought of leaving my boy so long, and all my grief burst forth afresh. When that subsided a little, and the "still small voice" could be heard, it was: "Where would you have been had not Christ left his

Father's glory and come to this world to seek and save those who knew him not?"

I must have been partly in vision, for it was so real to me that, while talking, I was standing with my back to the bed, opposite the personage from whom came those responses. Only when I wept did I realize my real position. Then I seemed to see the "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." It was as though he came from the upper part of the room, and so very near in front of me that I gazed on the form at first with bated breath, being myself for a moment. But as he passed along without looking this way or that, the walls of the room disappeared, and a broad stretch of country opened to view. I watched him as he traveled wearily to and fro upon the earth, homeless, and with a sad and heavy countenance, indicating mental suffering; and the words rang in my ears: "All who follow him must suffer in like manner."

"Lord, give me strength, and I will follow. But oh, my son! my only son! How hard it is to leave him alone, knowing he will suffer so much from loneliness."

"I freely gave my Son to suffer and to die."

"Forgive me, Father; I will do right." But I wondered why, in this my need, I did not receive that power and influence of the Spirit that would be so comforting. It seemed to me the Father was still there, just beyond the window, sitting in a light-colored armchair, such as I had not in the house, but not offering any further help; and I learned from some influence that to follow Christ I must decide in my own strength as he did. My thoughts turned to the garden of Gethsemane; and in fancy, or vision, I again saw the "Man of Sorrows" wrestling in prayer, and I thought I knew better than before the cause of his great suffering, a portion at least being the struggle between duty and inclination, with all that it involved on both sides, made as poignant as the powers of darkness were capable of making it.

And as I gazed upon him, I recognized in my night of bitterness of soul, the footprints, however faint, of his night of mental anguish, and felt that to follow Christ was more of a reality than I had heretofore been aware of. And I felt comforted in the knowledge that I was in very deed following my Lord and Master. And the promise is, "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him." All night my cry

had been, "Let the cup pass," but when I arose in the morning, after a few hours sleep, it was with the solemn feeling of, "Thy will be done." I had passed the Gethsemane of my missionary life, and arose strengthened, and no longer withheld my consent to the sale of the place. Then preparations commenced in earnest.

When our intention of taking the two girls was made known, we had a visit from Captain Howland's eldest son, Joseph, with the request that we leave our daughter Dora in his care. He had not intended such an early marriage; but if she could not be left as Dora Burton, it must be as Mrs. Howland. Consequently hasty preparations must be made for a wedding, which served as a pleasant diversion, seeing Dora was so content to be thus left. It was something of a comfort to us all to know that there would be one of the family that Frank could see once in awhile. And when Frank sought our consent to his engagement to Miss Annie Betts, we were pleased to know that he would not be altogether alone, but would have some one to live for, and think of, and visit occasionally, although he contemplated living alone yet two years or more.

Dora was married on the first day of October, 1884, in the church at early lamplight. The church had been beautifully decorated for the occasion, and was crowded to its utmost capacity. The bridal party of six looked their best; there were no jars or blunders, all was harmonious and moved along as smoothly as a silver bell; yet the marriage service was so solemn there were few dry eyes in the house.

Dora had chosen her father to perform the ceremony; at the close of which he, too, broke down entirely, buried his face in his hands and wept like a child. It is hard to sever those parental ties and give our children away. After a lively scene of handshaking all around, and hearty congratulations and social chatting, a small party of about thirty accompanied us home, where the wedding feast was served and the evening spent in a pleasant, social manner.

Our new son and daughter remained with us one week,—bright, happy week!—after which Dora went to her new home, leaving Addie almost heartbroken.

A short time previous to our departure we were at Laguna Canyon having a few good-by meetings. All who were present will remember them. At or near the close of one

evening meeting some one had been administered to. When Brother Mills had taken his hands off the person's head, he walked directly over to where I was, and placing his hands upon my head, said: "Dear sister, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I seal thee up to eternal life," after which he spoke several minutes, freely and feelingly, in both prayer and prophecy.

Was that first sentence simply a form of words? To me it was far more. It was as though a holy unction had been poured over my head, and coursed through my whole body, and I felt to be on a higher plane and in a clearer light than ever before. Everyone who has been baptized in faith, for the remission of sins, knows how clear and light and good he felt when he came out of the water. I did. But here was a greater change even than that which was produced by baptism; a spiritual strength stronger than the ties of nature, and which buoyed me up at the parting hour, so that I could bid a cheerful good-by to my almost heartbroken son and sorrowing friends. True, my own tears flowed with theirs; but it was because of their sorrow more than my own.

We had previously received word from the bishop that he expected to have the money on hand for us to take passage on the November boat but since there was some uncertainty about it, we were not to go to the city until notified.

Possession of the place had been given up, and we were spending the remaining days at Brother and Sister Betts's. The boat was to sail on Saturday, the 24th, and the time was so nearly expired that we began to be fearful lest we should be delayed another month; and the children were becoming very hopeful that we would be thus delayed. And yet no word came till one day only remained to decide the question. How vividly that day lingers in memory. The morning was one of autumn's best. Frank and Addie, with Sister Betts's young people, were off to Santa Ana, to the post office, about five miles distant, early in the day, in quest of a letter from the bishop. They came back in high glee. "No letter from the East," said Frank. "This one is only from San Francisco, and to-morrow it will be too late. Good, good! We will have you with us another month."

His father tore the envelope from the letter, while we all stood on the front steps, where we had met the children, and read: "The money has just arrived from the East. The

steamer sails on Saturday at noon. Hope you will be able to reach the city in time to join her, etc. Bishop's agent, T. J. Andrews."

How quickly the smiles faded from each face, and tears welled up in the children's eyes. A hush fell over the mirthfulness of all. When the letter was read, all turned and walked in the house in solemn silence, like as though we were entering the presence of the dead. It was a sad day. We were to leave at five o'clock in the morning, consequently each one was as busy as could be, yet few words were spoken. But when evening came and all preparations had been completed, and nothing further to engross the mind, it was sadder yet. Each was too busy with his own thoughts for conversation. The young people went to the organ to have a good-by sing; but the "good-by" was uppermost, and choked the voices too much for singing. Frank sat by my side holding my hand in one of his, while the other covered his eyes.

Several of the Saints who lived near came in during the evening, and nearly all joined in a season of heartfelt prayer at the close of the evening.

When the company had dispersed, our chairs were drawn up in close connection to have a few comforting words with each other before our parting, seeing there would be no time for such in the morning. Joseph was the chief speaker. A review of God's care and loving-kindness over his children in all ages of the world, and especially in our own experience, inspiring faith and trust in him for the time to come, with all its vicissitudes, pointing out the path that was sure to lead to happiness, and incur the pleasure and blessings of God. After which we retired for a few hours.

It was still in the short hours of the night when Sister Betts's light footsteps could be heard in the kitchen, preparing and putting up lunch for us to take on the cars, as well as making breakfast.

As we drove to Santa Ana station, enveloped in darkness and cold, drizzly fog, each knew that our last opportunity for speaking with each other—at least for years—was slipping away. Each knew that when such privilege was not ours how much we would have to say; and yet we allowed it to pass unoccupied. Streaks of daylight were appearing in the east when we reached the station, where the trainmen were beginning to muster.

I will pass over that half hour in the car before the train pulled out of the station. Semidarkness and somber gloom of atmosphere always add to depression of spirits. The daylight came in good time to impart a ray of cheerfulness after the good-bys had been said. As for ourselves, there was one more bright spot to look forward to, while the cars bore us away from those left behind, that of seeing Dora again, even for a few minutes. A telegram had been sent to her to meet us at the station in Los Angeles at a given time. They wished to have as long a visit as they could in the short time allotted, therefore aimed to meet the train at Florence and ride into town with us, which would of course be a pleasant surprise. Captain and Mrs. Howland—who never made two bites of a cherry—were in company, bearing generous offerings to the missionary family. All had some token of thoughtful kindness, hoping if possible to soothe in some measure the harrowed feelings at the parting hour, or at least cause pleasant thoughts in the days to come. But unfortunately the train time had changed that morning to one half hour earlier; and instead of being in plenty of time, as they anticipated, they reached Florence just as the train was starting out again. Not willing to give up without another effort, Captain Howland put his horses in the stables and took out a fresh pair, and drove them at their utmost speed to Los Angeles, and got in sight of the station just in time to see the train pull out. We did not get sight of them at all. It was a sad disappointment; more depressing to the spirits than to have met and parted again, and more especially because we knew not the cause of their nonappearance; yet my own sorrow and disappointment were not so hard to bear as to witness Addie's. Foreign lands had no charms for her, and the great deep that rolled between had its terrors.

The ride to San Francisco was not such as would divert the mind from its own gloominess. We were on an emigrant train; and the clouds of smoke, the dust and cinders, and our traveling companions also were quite in keeping with our feelings.

The steamer did not sail at her appointed time, was delayed—waiting for the English mail—till Monday noon, which time was very pleasantly spent by us with friends in San Francisco and Oakland.

After the first week at sea, in which we encountered some



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very heavy weather, the voyage to Australia was a very pleasant one. There were some very agreeable passengers on board, with whom we made acquaintance.

All enjoyed the call at Honolulu, and wished it could have been longer. The ship entered the harbor at four o'clock in the morning. Only the outline of the island was discernible; but the large pier was all alive with natives with abundance of the products of the island; also women with their wares of shells and other curiosities, all displayed by numerous flaming, glaring torches. The white clothes of the dressed-up men of the island looked very white, cool, and pretty. The sun was peeping over the high hills as we steamed away from the island, which looked lovely, nestling in its foliage of green. A smooth sea and very warm weather was the order of each day for the next two weeks, and then another call at Auckland.

CHAPTER 15

WE arrived in Auckland on a Sunday afternoon. How joyous all were at the sight of land again, and how pretty the green mountains and bluff projections looked to our sea-satiated eyes. Being Sunday, the pier was packed with people to see the steamer come in, besides those who came to greet friends. I have heard of an assembly of people being all aglow, but never saw it so well represented before. Red hats, red feathers, red ribbons, and red dresses were in the majority among the female portion. The ship was detained only a few hours, but long enough to land some of our most lively and social passengers, and we all missed them. The remainder of the voyage was dull and gloomy. Heavy weather set in at once, and stayed with us until within a day of Sydney.

The sight of Sydney heads was hailed with still greater joy than that of Auckland; by some, because they were getting home, and with others because they were getting into port. And what a beautiful port it was! I believe Sydney harbor is only rivaled in natural beauty by one other in the world—that of Buenos Aires. Beauty and variety greeted the eye at every turn, as we steamed slowly up the great harbor, some ten miles in length. We three forgot we were foreigners and strangers, so delighted were we to get to our far-off destination, and entered into the joys of those who were meeting loved ones, many of whom came part way down the harbor in boats, so eager were they to get a peep at the long absent faces, and wave handkerchiefs as a silent welcome home. Nor was there anything to remind us that it was the month of December. The bright sunshine and balmy air; the light, fluffy dresses, white hats, laces, and parasols, all bespoke a picnic on a lovely June morning. But when the ship was moored, the gangway put down, and people began to rush on board and exchange greetings and escort their own on shore, the reaction came, and we realized that we were in a strange land.

There were none to greet us or give us a welcome to their shores, nor did we know where to go. That June morning was December with us before noon. Our not being met was largely due to the ship having arrived two hours before

schedule time. After waiting till most of the passengers had left the ship, Mr. Burton went on shore to see if he could find anyone to whom we were going, or learn Brother Ellis's address. And as Addie and I sat there after even the officers had gone ashore, and the cabs and busses had left the dock, I assure you we felt more forlorn and homesick than we wish to again.

Presently we saw a young man coming towards the gangway with the haste and expression of one who had a purpose, and we readily supposed we were the objects of his search, as was soon proven. The young man was Mr. (and afterwards Brother) Morris. Sister Ellis soon followed, and conducted us by way of tram to her house. That first day in Australia will ever be remembered as a sadly homesick day to all three of us. Addie and I were pioneers to that country, in the sense of accompanying the missionary husband and father, and encountered some experiences that are common to pioneers of any department.

Our arrival was on Saturday, and Saturday evening in the colony brings Paddy's market always; and Paddy's market brings out the crowd. And since there are sights worth seeing, Brother Ellis proposed that we should go, and escorted us thither. The wind blew fearfully, nearly sweeping us off our feet at the street crossings, and causing the dust to eddy around our faces and eyes in a most uncomfortable manner. When we got into the heart of the city we fairly had to elbow our way along, jostled to one side and then the other, and crowded back, and for a minute or so lost sight of Brother Ellis altogether. All Sydney must have been on the sidewalks. And if Vanity Fair is found anywhere, it is at Paddy's market. And oh, my! those who know how shaky a person feels the first day on terra firma, after a long sea voyage, can imagine how tired I was. Addie with her young company rode one way. When we got back to Brother Ellis's I had been on my feet the entire evening without once alighting on a place to sit down and rest.

But much of the recuperating power of youth was mine in those days, and the next day, Sunday, found us rested, refreshed, and ready for another long walk, and a more tedious process also of standing still for an hour or more. There being no building at our disposal where the crowd could come to us and hear the gospel if they wished to (and they

did not wish to if they could), therefore we went to the crowd, down on the "Domain," and held preaching services in the open air, where all Sydney seemed to have gathered. Besides ourselves and the Salvation Army, one or two other religious enterprises were holding forth at different places on the same grounds; also a political lecture was being delivered—the latter drew the largest crowd, of course. After services, while walking over the grounds, we were delighted to see the familiar faces of some of our fellow-passengers, who were booked for Victoria and had not yet sailed.

We had gone to Australia with the intention of keeping house, and caring for ourselves as much as possible; and not wishing to do any unpacking of trunks till we were located, Joseph and I, with Sister Ellis as guide, started forth on Monday in search of rooms, furnished or unfurnished, and returned unsuccessful. But we had not been everywhere, and next day sallied forth again. Eventually the object of our search was realized in one wing of a hardware and plumbing establishment, located at Glebe Point. It was a tumble-down looking affair within, where rats held full sway. But the accommodating young landlord assured us that a little carpenter work by way of patching up the floor, and restoring one or two lost doorsills, also the application of broom, scrubbing brush, and some new paper, would work wonders in appearance,—all of which he promised to have done as quickly as possible. There were three small rooms in front, which opened by way of glass doors out on a balcony, which balcony had a close railing about three feet high. Altogether the location was quite desirable, for a time at least, while we wanted to be amused by seeing the stir and bustle of the city, to keep us from thinking about home.

Our next move was a visit to a secondhand furniture store, where a few of the most necessary articles of furniture were selected. All haste was made to get our rooms arranged before the holidays set in, for then all business was suspended for a week. The day before Christmas was a busy day for us all, but everything was completed by four o'clock. We took supper at Sister Ellis's, and spent our Christmas Eve "doing the town," in search of small stores enough to last during the coming week; and although among English-speaking people, it was not easy to make our wants known, they or we had

such queer names for things. But having eyes to see we could point out the articles desired, even if we could not call them by the name by which they were known with them. We enjoyed the new experience, together with sights and scenes, and returned with arms laden with parcels, and feeling quite Christmas-like. And as we thus entered our new home it seemed pleasant, cozy, and restful. The very atmosphere within gave back the echo of home at every step. The large street lamp that stood in the center of a triangular piece of ground in front of the building where the roads forked reflected sufficient light in all three of the rooms to see our way about without stumbling, which gave us a cheerful reception. We enjoyed our Christmas breakfast of ham and eggs, our first meal in our foreign home, and also appreciated the privilege of settling down for awhile at least by ourselves.

According to invitation we took dinner at Brother Ellis's, after which they took us for a ferryboat excursion across the harbor, where we wandered around over the picnic grounds, sometimes in shady groves and sometimes in the beating sun. The day was spent very pleasantly and would have been very enjoyable had it not been Christmas; but it was so unlike the Christmas that one year before I had looked forward to, that it brought many sad thoughts and feelings. I could not keep back the unwelcome thoughts that our family was permanently broken up. There would be no more stockings hung up by our chimney on the glad Christmas Eve; no more joyous Christmas mornings with children scampering about in night clothes and going into ecstasies over the contents of those stockings, however meager. I realized, and sadly too, that very many present opportunities had been regarded slightly, not making the most of them, but always bespeaking better things, and more enjoyment in the future. And thus time passed away. The present, with all its attendant difficulties, was all that was ever granted us, and with us, as with many another, the future that we looked forward to had come and slipped into the past unrecognized, because it did not bring with it the circumstances we anticipated, and the opportunities of what was the present flown for ever. And there came a hungry longing that has been with me many times since, to gather the children about me for a few years longer. With such feelings as these, how different our home seemed on our return, from what it did

the evening before. The homelike coziness had fled—it all looked foreign and lonesome.

The Saints of Australia had made a generous contribution for us before our arrival. Yet, according to information received, it seemed necessary that I should do something towards our support. I had prepared for this before leaving San Francisco, and invested in a new supply of “dress cutting systems.” I therefore equipped myself and started forth to see what I could do in the way of agency business, and tramped about the city several days without being rewarded by a single sale, and in many places not allowed to enter the house. That was not the way business was done in that country. Then I began to wonder if I could not do dressmaking. I was sure I could make a well-fitting waist, but there was the draping and finishing that I knew very little about, except after my own style; and if I should fail to please some fastidious lady in an expensive dress, I was liable to have it thrown on my hands, and I would have the whole to pay for. Again, there was another consideration. I could not do dressmaking without a sewing machine, and I could not buy a machine unless I did dressmaking enough to pay for it. Our location and rooms were very favorable for the business, there being one small room on the first floor which opened right on the sidewalk. This room had two large windows that would admit abundance of light when the green blinds were thrown open, and also a gas jet for evenings. But it would need lots of fixing up to make a first-class dressmaker’s shop, and I hesitated to expend the money for such fixings lest I should not get it back again. While thinking over these perplexing questions in the solitude of the night, an influence said as plainly as words could, Go ahead with what you have been thinking of doing; it will be all right. And that influence carried such conviction with it that all my doubts and fears fled away.

Next morning a very businesslike air pervaded our establishment, and many business calculations were made. We went and talked the matter over with Sister Ellis, who was much in favor of the scheme, and advised by all means to have a sign painted and put up, saying we could do nothing without a sign; and laughingly suggested various captivating mottoes therefor, in French style, with a “Madam” attached; but none seemed to suit. “Madam” was too dignified a phrase

to fit me; I knew I could not carry it gracefully, and suggested reproducing what was already on the "systems," namely, "New York Eclipse Dress Cutting System," which met with general approbation. Forthwith Joseph went to the sign painter's and had several yards of white calico smeared over with those large black letters. Thence to the Chinaman and ordered a cutting table. Again to a furniture store and selected a sewing machine on the very easy terms of two shillings and sixpence per week.

Sister Ellis let me have such things as I needed from her store at cost. In a few days we had a very attractive room, with bright carpet on the floor, and a large mirror placed between curtains that hung to the floor, which cleverly concealed a badly defaced door. Extensive fashion plates from the *London Journal* were tacked to the wall where they could not fail to be seen. In one window was exhibited the system itself, a string of measuring lines, and a box of tracing wheels, also a pen-printed notice to the public that dress-making would be done to order, and politely inviting people to call. Our conspicuous sign decorated a large portion of the railing around the balcony and was gazed at by the public.

When all preparations were completed, Addie and I waited with blended hopes and fears a whole week before anyone came to leave orders. But after the first dress was made we had plenty of work for both hands and brain. The styles were different from those of America, and I undertook to make a dress from whichever figure was selected, from either book or plate, with no other guide than my "system." And many a sleepless hour was spent in studying out in my own mind how to accomplish the many difficult tasks that I did not hesitate to assume. Often I would work and worry over a difficult matter for hours without getting it right, and at a late hour lay it aside in despair. After retiring I would fall asleep for awhile, then wake, and of course the first distinct object that loomed up before my mental vision would be that dreadful dress. Then I would see so plainly where the mistake was, and what was necessary to be done. It may seem ridiculous to some to suggest the thought that the Lord, or the Spirit, ever taught anyone how to do dressmaking. But I prayed to be so taught, not forgetting that it was according to the instruction of what I believed to be the good Spirit

that I had undertaken the enterprise. I also considered it was helping in the missionary work, and a necessity for the time being. And this much I know, my understanding and judgment in that line were quickened, so that I saw ways of doing my work that I knew not of before, and was enabled by perseverance to surmount every obstacle.

Mr. Burton soon left us and went to Wallsend to look after the work in that vicinity. To say we were lonesome when evening came, scarcely conveys all that is couched in the words. Had we been of a timid nature we might have become gray-headed in a single night. The place was haunted with the largest rats I ever saw, and their noise at nights was like men tramping about. The sultry weather made it necessary to have our bedroom doors open, and those rats had a mania for bringing old bones from some where and piling them up on the mat in front of Addie's bed. But the quarrelsome loafers around the dramshop just across the way were more of a terror to us in the day time than the rats were in the night.

There were no Saints except Brother and Sister Ellis, their daughter Lizzie, and Brother Morris who lived near enough to drop in occasionally, and so the time wore heavily until Mr. Burton's return. More so, because through some misunderstanding in regard to our address we failed to get any letters from America until three months after our arrival. They had remained in the city post office unknown to us, and from thence were sent to the dead letter office. Being by that time so famished for news from the dear ones left behind, and also to see some familiar face, even if it were only that of the officers of the steamship, upon hearing that the *Australia* was coming up the harbor, we all went down to greet her coming, she being the one we had gone to Australia in. How like home everything looked on board the ship. We had become the best acquainted with the chief engineer on our voyage out; being at his table, we therefore had more claim on his attention than of the other officers. He seemed very much pleased to see us again, and upon asking if we were pleasantly situated, I replied, "Quite pleasantly, but not *nice*."

"You might have been *nice*," he replied, "if I had succeeded in finding you before the ship sailed the last time. When my wife made up her mind to go to America with me, my first

thought was to find you folks if I could, and get you to come and live in our house to take care of things; it should not have cost you a cent, and you could have had the use of all that was there. And when I could not find anyone who knew of you, I advertised in two papers, but failed to find you."

We were quite surprised at this manifestation of confidence, deeming it quite unusual that a business man would have trusted so much on so short an acquaintance, and thanked him for the same.

"Well," said he, "I had just that confidence in you folks that I should not have hesitated to trust my house and all there was in it to your care, believing that everything would be as well cared for as if we were there ourselves, and would rather have done so than to have shut it up."

We learned that he had a beautiful residence.

It was while Mr. Burton was at Newcastle and Wallsend, about six months later, that the war spirit which had been brewing between England and Russia assumed a more threatening attitude. The daily papers teemed with the war scare. Preparations were being rapidly made for self-defense in both city and harbor. And as the cablegrams from the mother country became more and more exciting, people drew their moneys from the banks until there was almost a panic in seeking safety. And there we two poor souls were all alone, not knowing more than a dozen people in that great city, and the residence of only one family. How we wished the husband and father would return! For should war be declared, there would be no egress nor ingress to the harbor, and there was no overland route at that time. It may well be imagined that fervent petitions ascended daily to the Father, that the war cloud would be averted. Fuel was added to the flame, so to speak, when a ship came in from sea reporting having seen, in the nighttime, "two mysterious crafts, supposed at once to be Russian cruisers; one appeared to be giving chase for awhile, then went in another direction." Consequently all Sydney expected war would be declared within twenty-four hours, and so said the papers.

We were then in receipt of a letter from Joseph, telling us to come to Newcastle on the Saturday night boat, and he would meet us Sunday morning at Wallsend. We were going in company with Brother Morris, but that was Thursday, and a great deal might take place before Saturday evening. How

ferverently we wished to be out of Sydney! But we were not there on our own business, consequently I felt a greater claim on the Master's care, more of a right—if such could be—to “lean hard,” and did so. In a few minutes after reading the above news of the day, I felt as if I must go at once and talk with the Father about it, and so I retired to my room. From the moment I closed the door I felt to be in divine presence. There was no eloquent prayer, or wrestling and pleading with the Lord, but just a quiet talk, as though I was indeed in the presence of a loving Father, who was not only able to succor in every time of need, but also willing. And all my disquiet was soothed by these words, “There shall be no war.” I arose comforted, and more than comforted. I felt highly favored to be in possession of the most important news that could be conveyed to Sydney at that hour, and that from the true headquarters. How I would have liked to soothe many another aching heart, or at least, terrified brain. But who would believe “our report”? No! such was not given to be proclaimed; they must bide their time. As for us, our slumbers were not disturbed by the fears of being surprised by an armed host. But being so lonely, we were glad indeed when with a bang we drew the great door to behind us at nine o'clock in the evening, the hollow sound of which fairly made us shudder to think of the dismalness that was shut up within, and made our way with valises in hand, to the tram station across the street, and were soon moving along towards King Street, where we were to join Brother Morris, and thence to the pier and boarded the steamer, which left at eleven o'clock at night. I believe we had a rough passage,—was told so in the morning,—but knew very little about it in the night. We were in the ladies' cabin, where the stewardess attended to the sick ones, Addie included, so I allowed myself to sleep.

The Saints of Wallsend and vicinity received us with open arms and open hearts also. We had only intended to make a visit with them, but they insisted on our locating in their midst, to which we cheerfully agreed. To be once more in a country place, where one could inflate the lungs with something like cool air, at least outdoor air, away from the noise and clatter of the city, the shrill quavering whistle of the tram conductor, and from the gaze of the cabman whose stand was at the lamp-post in front of our doors and who al-

ways sat with his face towards us, was a pleasing thought. Here we had the advantages of social companionship of the Saints, of whom there was a nice group of young people, and some of them fine singers. We also had better advantages for gospel work. Therefore it was arranged that Mr. Burton should return to Sydney the following week and bring our household goods. We were located for a time in one part of Brother and Sister Haworth's house, and were most kindly treated by them, and by all the Saints of Wallsend, Newcastle and Hamilton. After awhile we rented a cottage nearer the town of Wallsend, and continued the work of dressmaking, but not to rush so with it as we did in Sydney; we did it simply for profitable entertainment when not occupied in what pertained to missionary work.

Addie found a sister indeed, in young Sister Alice Gregory, and they took much comfort in each other's society. Allie was a real live Saint, and a good girl. She now is a good woman. Sometimes the husband and father was with us, and sometimes he was in Forster, Nambucca, or Victoria. The last-named place he visited last. A good interest was soon awakened in Hastings, and he decided to remain in Victoria six months at least, and by invitation of the Saints of Queensferry, we packed and stored our furniture in one room of Amrom Lewis's house and went to Victoria also, dividing our time between Hastings,—where a branch of the church was soon built up,—Queensferry, the "Mills," and Mount Eden. At all these places we were indeed kindly cared for.

At the "Mills" we fairly suffered in consequence of Brother and Sister Flemming's good will and generosity. Sister Flemming had no children, and took us under her wing in a very motherly way, and seemed never better pleased than when we were eating something; and there was such an abundance of mulberries, cherries, blackberries, currants, gooseberries, plums, peaches, and nice apples; and there being no market for the berries nor the cherries, and it seemed such a pity to see them go to waste, and that too, where there was cream to be used without stint, that we exerted ourselves to take care of all we could. Besides these, there was plenty of milk, butter, and eggs, green corn, green peas, and new potatoes. The memory of the quantities of all these

things that we "took care of," is "painfully pleasing" out here in these canned food regions.¹

I remember a little piece of pleasantry I had with Sister McIntosh at one time, when we had just returned from the "Mills," having Sister Flemming with us.

"Well," said Sister McIntosh, "how have you enjoyed your visit at the 'Mills'?"

"Very much, indeed!" I answered; "but oh"—and suiting the tone and the visage to the words—"I *suffered dreadfully* up there."

"Ah! indeed!" exclaimed she, with wide open eyes of motherly anxiety, while Sister Flemming gave looks of surprise as if it were news to her, "what seemed to be the matter?"

"I don't know just *what*; I think there were many causes, but the result was a distressing *fullness* all the time." And not being able to look sufficiently serious any longer, she began to understand, and her anxiety gave place to merriment, in which we all joined.

It seemed always to be fruit season at Sister Flemming's; and at Mount Eden, too, though not such a variety. At Queensferry we were treated generously to the fruit of Brother Stewart's well-filled dry goods store.

Now for a glance at the other side, by way of illustrating the principle of giving "a cup of cold water." We were at Brother Jones's at Hastings. It was near four p. m., and we were about ready to go to Somerville, where Mr. Burton had an appointment for the evening, and we proposed remaining for a day or two. I felt very faint and hungry, and wished fervently that I had a home of my own, where I could go to the cupboard and get something to eat. Something must have whispered it to Brother Jones, for he turned to his wife and said, "Mary Ann,"—I think that was her name,—"can't you give them a cup of cocoa and some bread and butter before they go?"

"Yes," she replied, "if they would care to have it."

Both looked to me for a reply. I said, "I did not like the thought of causing Sister Jones the extra trouble, but really, I know of nothing that I would appreciate more at the pres-

¹The islands where we were while writing.

ent time." I will here say that the memory of that cup of cocoa and the gratitude I experienced when receiving it are among the things that will remain when many other and greater gifts have passed into forgetfulness. This reminds me of another instance, that is not altogether foreign to missionary life, when we were almost strangers in Hastings, had been there two weeks, perhaps, Brother Jones and his son Evan being the only Latter Day Saints in that vicinity, we were located at his house. The afternoon of which I now write, I had been out talking latter-day doctrine or gospel to a lady who had become very much interested in the preaching, and had talked almost incessantly for four hours.

Reader, did you ever talk Latter Day Saint doctrine till you felt as empty as a gourd? Well, that is the way I felt. And as I took a short cut across the green to Brother Jones's house, the pangs of hunger seized upon me in a way that made my face blanch. I thought I should sink to the ground. I looked toward the one restaurant the village afforded, and wished I dared to go and order a square meal and pay for it, and eat it as if it belonged to me. But that would have made a village talk, and reflected upon the kindness of Brother Jones and his wife. Yet I feared we were imposing upon their kindness, since the wife was not a member of the church. But the gospel work demanded that we should remain still longer, and there was nowhere else to go; so there was nothing else to do but put my feelings of reluctance aside, and with as much cheerfulness as I could assume, walk into the house again as though I had a right. I had not been in the house many minutes when Brother Jones, looking earnestly at me, said in a fatherly sort of way, "Are you *hungry*?" I did not like to say I was, nor could I truthfully say I was not; so I simply said, "Why do you ask me that?"

"Because," said he, "you look hungry."

"Well, if I am, I won't be very long, for I see Sister Jones is getting supper, and it smells good." She was frying some little fishes that were much like trout. He then said something to his wife in an undertone, and judging by the well-rounded up platter of those fine little fishes, brown and crisp, he may have suggested the probable size of my appetite. Good, faithful Brother Jones! His life was that of a Saint indeed, and his rest must be glorious.

Some time after returning to New South Wales, we went to North Forster, now Tuncurry. I shall never forget the feelings of peace and restful, quiet happiness I experienced when we were located at the home of Brother and Sister Wright. Such an air of order, cleanliness, and comfort pervaded everywhere, both indoors and out. We had come from a coal mining town, where the grime of coal dust, smoke, and cinders was the order of the day. We had been living in a small house with another family, which though kind on the part of the people of the house, both parties were cramped for room, and had to do our cooking and eating all together. And again, in getting to Forster, we had been three days on a small schooner, tumbled about in a rough sea, lying on the floor, or in bunks without mattresses, and all three so seasick that neither could wait on the other but very little. And to be transported to that large, airy, clean, pleasant front room upstairs, not only cozy and comfortable, but elegant in its furniture, with a small rocker just suited to my idea of sitting, was like getting from earth to heaven. I remained there so long after getting cleaned up, that Sister Wright came up to see if there was anything wanting—as though there could be, or ever was anything wanting in that house, especially in regard to the missionaries. And Brother Wright came to bring up one of our valises, and both asked why I did not come down. I told them I was so comfortable, and the sights and scenery from the window were so pleasant, novel, and interesting, that I did not feel inclined to leave it.

“You will have plenty of time to enjoy the scenery, and there are more rocking-chairs in the house,” said Brother Wright, “come on downstairs and get something to eat.”

What happy hours, days, and weeks I spent in that room where, from the gothic window, there was such a variety to entertain the eye!

At the water's edge, only a few rods from the house, were the two busy sawmills, and lots of busy workmen; also a few houses to be seen, though the bulk of the village was back of the house. Then there were the sunbathed waters of the river, perhaps a quarter of a mile wide, beyond which could be seen a portion of the settlement of South Forster, and dark, high hills in the background. And out at the mouth of the river were the untiring breakers, that rolled in over the bar. Small schooners came and went frequently, and it was the most interesting of all, even ex-

citing to watch the tugboat go out over the rollers and bring in the vessels, or take them out after having loaded near the mills. There was busy life to be seen everywhere, and no opportunity for one to become dull or lonesome. Addie had a single room to herself, which included one of the three gothic windows. There, as elsewhere, she took a share in the work the same as of the family, for Sister Wright's family was large, and there was plenty of work to do, but it was so systematically done, and so many conveniences for the doing, that it took from it the part that makes work drudgery.

To say we were kindly treated by all in the village, and especially by Brother and Sister Wright, scarcely conveys all I desire to express. More than once Sister Wright came to our room with her arm full of goods from the store for me to make up for ourselves. Brother Wright was doing a flourishing business and had many men in his employ, whose families about constituted the village. All loved and honored him. And to know that an elder of the church he belonged to was going to preach, was sufficient to secure a congregation. Brother and Sister Wright were the only members in Forster when we went there, but others soon became interested, and came in behalf of themselves.

I love to think over the many pleasant visits with the good people of the village, giving them the benefit of what experience I had in the latter-day work; yes, and how I often ran in to Sister Colvin's and got some of her experience in sewing work, she being the dressmaker. But the latter-day work, the restored gospel, was uppermost in the minds of all, and one after another requested baptism, until an interesting branch of the church was built up, embracing nearly the entire village. Upon one Sunday, twenty-four candidates were baptized before Elder Burton came up out of the water.

After the branch was organized, the Sunday school was remodeled. It had hitherto been a union school, I believe. Those who represented different faiths became united in the one faith, and the school became a union school indeed, after the order of the Latter Day Saints; the most interesting Sunday school of its size I ever attended. And our mothers' prayer meetings were sources of spiritual enjoyment to all.

All these things did not take place during our first visit at Forster; we were there three times.

CHAPTER 16

FROM Forster we went to Argents Hill, eight miles beyond Nambucca, into a hill country indeed, where we found more good souls, and enjoyed a lengthy visit with them. We made our home at Sister Argent's, but were at Sister Ballard's a good share of the time, and visited with all the Saints, even Brother and Sister Buckman, who lived six miles up the creek. We had dreaded the going on account of the heat, there being no other way to go but to walk. The day was eventually appointed, Joseph and I—Addie declining the undertaking—going as far as Sister Ballard's the evening before, which took two miles from the next day's walk.

The day bid fair to be exceedingly warm. I arrayed myself in a light brown linen suit, the coolest I had, and we started forth comparatively early, but oh, how the sun poured down on us! There was no real road to this place. We followed a trail, which took us through a piece of woods. What a relief it was to be sheltered from the heat of the sun! We were nearly famishing for a drink of water, but no cool spring was found. As we journeyed on, the woods became more dense, and the heat oppressive. There was not a breath of air stirring, and the mosquitoes were "a circumstance." How they sang for joy with such abundant prospects for a good meal. There were a whole picnic of them in waiting, and we were made twice glad by getting out of the woods again. We were then at the deepest crossing of the river, where a large eucalyptus tree had very obligingly fallen across it, forming a natural bridge; its circumference afforded a width of perhaps three feet or more upon which to walk. It had evidently fallen at a time of freshet, when the dirt was washed from the roots with the caving of the bank, for a great portion of the gnarled and twisted roots had toppled over from the huge disk-like body, and extended several feet along one side of the trunk, at one place forming a complete rustic chair, partly overhanging the water, yet so that one's feet would rest comfortably on the side of the fallen tree. There were other resting places on this mass of dry, bleached crags, but none so perfect as this one. As we passed from the river bank on the natural bridge, the light zephyr that fanned our red-hot faces was received with as

deep an "oh!" of welcome as was the shadow of the woods, and we stood for a moment facing the breeze, reinflating our lungs with the slightly cool air.

Knowing before we started that we would present a limp appearance on our arrival, I had put a white shirt for Mr. Burton, together with clean handkerchiefs and neck fixings for us both, also my crochet work, in a large handkerchief. This bundle Joseph had slipped upon his arm and carried his coat on the same arm, so as to have one hand free to fight the mosquitoes. He let his coat drop at his feet, and sank down in the rustic chair with a manifest degree of appreciation. I still stood with a large parasol over my head and a small knit shawl in one hand, drinking in the cool air and talking of how lovely and cooling the water looked, with its clean, pebbly bottom, and said, "How I would like to go into it." It had become proverbial with the Saints of Argents Hill, that I got whatever I wished for, but it was not remembered at that moment. Seeing Joseph was enjoying his resting place so well, I said, "Well, if you are going to sit there, I may as well sit as stand," and suiting the act to the words, I tilted myself sideways on another rustic seat in that network of crags just back of Joseph, and as I did so, there came a *crash*, a swift passage downward, a *splash*, and I had my wish. When the crash came I suppose I must have closed my eyes, for I do not remember to have seen anything, but was sensible of the upper portion of my body settling back too far to be plumb, and of making an effort to thrust it forward. Doubtless it was owing to that effort and keeping hold of the parasol that caused me to alight on my feet, just as squarely as a cat would have done. The water, however, was up to my waist. Joseph's feet were resting on the edge of the prostrate tree, and when his chair dropped from under him, he dropped in the same posture, the toes of his shoes scraping down around the side of the round bridge. He, too, made a lurch forward, and his hands were in the place his feet had just left; but there was nothing to hold to, and he simply drew marks with his finger nails as he slid downward. And that was the position he was in when I had brushed the splashes of water from my eyes sufficiently to see. I was standing just a little back of him, and for a second or two I gazed at him without speaking; for I thought it was I only, that had fallen, and then wondered how he could sit

there without going to the bottom. Presently the whole unlucky affair dawned on my mind, and I said, "Why, we are all wet!" That was the first he knew but what I was under water, since he had heard neither word nor motion, and was thinking, as he afterward said, of what a dreadful thing it would be if I should drown before he could render assistance. When I spoke he looked over his shoulder and seeing that I was standing there all right, asked if I could help him, as his feet were caught fast in something under the log, and he could not recover them. I saw he was gradually settling, and that the water would be over his head if he went to the bottom. I quickly drew in the umbrella that I still unconsciously held over my head, and laid it on top of the water, that being the only place there was to lay it. Just then Joseph said he was all clear. But that umbrella lost no time in going to the bottom, and I dipped water in my ears diving for it, then failed to get it until I fished it up with a stick.

To some the situation might have been very annoying, but to us it took the ludicrous form; and we laughed merrily at our ridiculous plight of going visiting with our clothes clinging to us in that style; and more than all, it seemed such an awkward affair that children of our age should tumble into the river. I was about to say, "What a good thing it was that I brought some dry clothes along," when I saw the bundle still pending to Joseph's arm and the water streaming from it, which provoked a fresh peal of laughter as I tried to say, "Why didn't you leave those clean clothes on the bridge?" "I did not know I was coming here, or I should have left myself on the bridge," was his reply.

Our plunge bath cooled us off nicely, and knowing the river abounded with leeches, we made haste to get out, which did not look to be a very easy matter. The water was too deep in the middle of the stream for me to wade to the other side. The river bank on the side we were was too high for us to think of climbing; besides, there was such a network of old crags and driftwood of all kinds, that we could not get to it; but by going as near as we could, and making a step of Joseph's hand, together with much clinging and climbing, I at length regained the top, with much merriment, having dropped back once into the water again. Joseph waded across. After wringing what water I could from the bottom of my clothes, as I stood in them, I took off the linen

overskirt, wrung it and shook the wrinkles out, laid it smoothly over a green rod Joseph had cut for the purpose, and with it hung over my shoulder to dry, I started on again, leaving Joseph a little in the rear to wring his stockings, and draw the three leeches from his ankles, which was no easy matter before they had gotten their fill. The linen overskirt soon dried, and I put it on again, to look as presentable as possible under the circumstances.

We were late, of course, and as soon as we got in sight of the house, saw the sister standing in the door looking for us. I had thought our adventure would be a very amusing surprise; but as soon as we were near enough to converse, her first words were, "There, you have fallen into the river, just as I feared! I have been worrying all the morning, for I felt as if you were going to fall into the river."

Now I did not mind giving them a real surprise, but at once resented the idea of her thinking we were not capable of taking care of ourselves, despite the fact that we had not done so. Yet she had not thought of the accident taking place at that particular crossing, there being several where the water was quite shallow, at one of which the poles were inclined to roll when stepped on, and she had sometimes been tripped by them and thrown on her side.

The day was so warm we thought our clothes would soon dry as we wore them, but the good sister insisted on us donning their Sunday suits. The clothes did not exactly fit; there was too much of them in some ways, and in other ways not enough. But this was not a city, where there was likely to be callers, we thought, but the day was an unlucky one; we had not the nicely cooked chicken more than half eaten, when in walked Brother Ballard and his youngest son, Robert, a young man. It seemed that Sister Ballard also had bodings of ill befalling us, not that she expected us to take a plunge bath; but of our possibly taking a wrong trail, since there were several, and if not getting lost in the "bush," might have a very long tramp and suffer from thirst. And since Brother Ballard was going somewhat in that direction, she urged him to go a couple of miles out of his way to see if we had arrived at our destination. Our adventure was fun for Rob. But Brother Buckman could not believe we had fallen in at that place, though our description answered to it. He affirmed that we could not have done so without

breaking our necks or some of our limbs on the rocks and old crags so thickly strewn on the lower side where we went in; and even if we had escaped those accidents, we could not have gotten out again; and he thought we must have come by some other way where there was a big tree across the river. So when the eventide came, and the clothes had been dried, pressed, and replaced, he and Joseph walked together to the historic place, that he might be fully satisfied. I had noted at the time that we had alighted in the only place where there was not some encumbrances, and it seemed wonderful that the debris which went with us had not entangled or tripped us.

As they were returning by another way, Brother Buckman pointed out some begonia, commonly called gungiboy, that grew at the edge of the stream, and seeing Joseph had not become acquainted with its fiery nature, he dug up a piece and told Joseph to touch it with his tongue, and see how hot it was. He did so rather more liberally than the brother intended, and found it burned worse than a live coal, and his tongue soon began to swell. As the brother had to wander about some for his cows, Joseph thought best to leave him and go directly to the house. He was soon suffering intense agony; his tongue had swollen clear out of his mouth, and the saliva was dropping from it like one with hydrophobia. He said he believed it was going to cause his death, so made his way to the main traveled trail, where he would more easily be found, and laid down on the ground, fairly writhing with pain. But the fire abated after awhile, and by the time he got to the house, he could get his tongue in his mouth again. The brother had not thought of the effect being so severe.

When we got back to Brother Ballard's the next evening, there being a large family of young people, and Joseph related in glowing terms all the circumstances of our adventure, the house rang with peals of laughter (it seems as if I can see Sister Ballard now shaking all over); and for a week or more, to say anything about our visit to Brother Buckman's was food for merriment.

There was no mercantile establishment in that region nearer than Nambucca, a small town eight miles distant. The men and women often went shopping, but always on riding horses, which on the return trip might well have been

called pack horses. Now I was very fond of riding on horseback, and as we were in need of renewing our supply of stationery, both husband and I thought it would be a nice change for us to take a ride out to town, and select for ourselves. The Saints were quite willing to furnish us horses; and since no one likes to ride a stupid-looking horse, I chose the nicest looking one; she was gentle, but spirited and somewhat nervous. It was a lovely morning that we started off for our long ride; but since our road consisted of a succession of long steep hills, we only once broke into a canter, the horses being trained to fast walking. We arrived all right and made our few purchases, and returned to our horses again, but mine did not stand quietly for me to get into the saddle. Joseph seeing he would have to hold her by the head, went back in the store to get a box for me to step up on. Having no box, the storekeeper handed him a new wood bottomed chair, and not wishing to deface the new chair, I made a very light step on it, and sprang for the saddle; but the filly had stepped sideways from me before I grasped the horns of the saddle, the chair tipped forward and I tumbled. In the struggle the chair back was broken out—nobody knows how—then I landed on my side on the ground, striking the corner of the stone stoop, which cut the flesh open to the bone from the corner of the left eye up into the brow, and I lay motionless while a small purple stream trickled down the side of the stoop. I was not altogether unconscious, but was so badly hurt that it took from me all power of speech or motion, and I remained so until I had been raised up and a folded towel, wet in ice cold water, was pressed over the wound to check the profuse bleeding. This caused such dreadful pain, it was responded to by a deep groan, and consciousness and power of motion returned.

In less than an hour after having applied a strip of court-plaster, we started back again. I confess I felt rather shaky in the saddle, but there was no other way of getting back. My face began to swell badly and get very black about the eye. With difficulty we reached Sister McKay's, about half way to Argents Hill. I could go no farther. The hurt eye was closed up entirely, and so completely swollen over, one could scarcely discern where the eye was. We let Addie know where we were and what had happened, and remained at

Sister McKay's two days. It was a week or more before that eye was again open, and I began to think the blackness was never going away. It was evident that the fore part of the skull was cracked. I wear the scar yet, but it is so exactly in line with the brow that it is scarcely noticeable.

Yet we have many pleasant memories of our visit among those gigantic hills. There was no rush and hurry of work in those good old-fashioned homes, nor was there any time spent in idleness, neither were we idle among them. Missionary work has many branches; like the religion we endeavored to teach, it can not be disconnected with everyday life. And speaking for myself, I endeavored to do "the duty that lay nearest," whether of a spiritual or a temporal nature, and was blessed in all. There were plenty of young girls, and all wanted a dress cut by that "system"; and the new dresses seemed to get themselves made as if by magic.¹

Sister Agnes Ballard will not forget how the terrible pain in her face and teeth would give way when the missionary's wife called upon the Lord in her behalf. And doubtless Sister Argent remembers too—if still living—the many pleasant and profitable hours we used to have with the *Herald*. And thus the allotted time for our stay passed away all too quickly, and the sad hour of parting came. It was unusually sad, because of our never expecting to return; and many were the tokens of love bestowed upon us at the parting hour.

Most of the last year of our stay in Australia was spent in Victoria. We kept house in Hastings, but were often at Queensferry and adjacent places. We organized a Sunday school in Hastings, and in due time treated the children to a Christmas tree, the first one I think that had ever been in Hastings, and really it was worth looking at, but whether it was worth all it cost, I know not. In Hastings the Lord, in his condescending goodness, blessed the efforts put forth by the writer, in behalf of both the sick and the afflicted. Sister Anderson was sadly afflicted with rheumatism of the sciatic nerve. She was both treated and tortured a length of time at Melbourne hospital, not being able to leave her

¹While the girls kept our mouths cooled with the most delicious lemonade I ever drank from fresh lemons right from the trees.

bed. At length she was told by the physicians that they could do nothing to help her, that her case was hopeless, and that she would never be any better. By her urgent request she was taken from the hospital to her home to die, as she thought. We visited at her house often, that is, called and talked with her. She had been administered to several times, and prayed for by many; and had so far recovered, while investigating the claims of the gospel, that she was able to go to meeting several times and to walk to her baptism, but not without limping and the help of a walking stick. But the walk was too far for her strength. The bone of her leg had become softened through the disease and the use of mercury in the treatment, that she again became bedridden, suffering constantly. The pain resisted all efforts to dispel it.

One day while I was sitting with her she asked me to pray for her. I did so, and felt that we ought not to be discouraged if the Lord did not heal immediately; that we should continue our efforts in faith, and he would heal gradually, if we did not slacken in our diligence. And I made such known to her, and also agreed to come to her every morning at seven o'clock—we lived quite near—and pray for her. And for six weeks I went every morning at the appointed hour, sometimes through pouring rain and sometimes almost mirroring in mud. She gradually got better, and at length concluded she was about all right. People who knew her at the hospital could scarcely believe their own eyes when they saw her tripping along the street, looking so rosy and well again. And she was plied with questions by those who had relatives still suffering in the hospital, to know who was the physician, and what was the medicine or process of treatment by which she was made well, adding that money was no object if they could secure the same. But when she would give her answer that it required no money, that God was the physician, belief in and obedience to the gospel was the medicine, and faith and prayers the process of treatment, they turned away sorrowful. I believe the healing was permanent. I have heard from her several times as being actively engaged keeping a boarding house, but never have heard of the affliction returning.

During the time of Sister Anderson's recovery, I was called upon in behalf of one who was not a member of the church, a Mrs. Davis, who was very sick with what they

called bronchitis. The doctor lived at a distance, and only came when sent for. He had been to see her the day I speak of, and had given very little hopes of her recovery—said she might live with very careful nursing. These people were not particularly favorable to the latter-day work, but were intimate friends of Brother and Sister Rennie, and it was through their influence that I was sent for, Sister Rennie having been healed only a few days before. They would not think of sending for the elders of our church, but were willing that a missionary woman should come in and pray with the sick. So Sister Rennie came in her buggy to take me to her house. When she made known her request, I turned to Joseph and asked if I had better go. "Yes," he said, "if you feel like it." Kneeling by the bed, holding one of her hands, I prayed for her, and after doing what I could to make her comfortable for the night, she said she felt much better. This was on a Saturday about dark. Perceiving the daughters were not accustomed to nursing, I went to see her early Sunday morning, taking a dish of tasty gruel. Found her much better. On Monday she began to sit up, and on Thursday of the same week, was out of doors again. This did not cause them to accept the gospel, but made a very friendly feeling towards us personally.

I assure you, my readers, I shrink at times from bearing these testimonies. It seems too great a blessing for one so erring as I, to even be the "clay" by which others are healed, or the instrument through which others receive such blessings. I feel entirely unworthy of such favor, and fully realize that all the honor, the power, and the glory belong to God; that of myself I am nothing, but bear these testimonies that others may have faith in God. My very nothingness serves in this connection to encourage other imperfect ones to have faith in God and in prayer. Were it so that God's rich blessings were bestowed alone upon the great ones, and those high in authority, the weak ones and the simple would have little encouragement to "covet earnestly the best gifts," and might well think the All-Father was partial in his dealings with his children.

But to return to my narrative. Some three months prior to our breaking up housekeeping preparatory to returning to America, we were joined by Brother and Sister T. W. Smith, who came from the Society Islands, and abode with

us while we remained in Hastings. It was during the conference which convened in Hastings shortly after their arrival that Mr. Burton was ordained to the office of seventy. Before Brother Smith laid his hands on Joseph's head he prayed in his simple, matter-of-fact way when desiring some special favor, that the Lord would permit an angel to be present and assist in the ordination, since there was no man present holding the proper authority to lay on hands with him. During the ordination Brother Smith spoke with much liberty and feeling, and evidently by the spirit of prophecy. Among other statements was, that he—Joseph—was about to return to his native land, but would not remain there long. He would again cross the ocean, and that he would yet do a greater work than that which he had done.

While eating supper at our house that evening, Brother Smith laid his knife and fork on his plate, and looking at Joseph, said, "You had some experience during your ordination that you are keeping back; now I want to know what it was." Then Joseph testified to having distinctly felt at that time two pairs of hands on his head.

After conference came the sad breaking up and parting with many who had become very dear to us in Hastings, Queensferry, and Geelong. In the last-named place Joseph had been the first to introduce the gospel, and had raised up a promising little branch of church workers. We went to New South Wales to make our good-by visits there also; most of which time was spent in North Forster, where we had some of the best meetings of our mission. The Sunday before the last one spent in Forster was one long to be remembered by many. Mr. Burton took the opportunity of preaching his farewell sermon to the people of Forster, for the next Sunday would be during conference. This notice having been given out the previous Sunday, a large congregation assembled, friends as well as members. His sermon was like a summing up of gospel truths as taught in this latter-day dispensation, and showing the scripture evidence of those truths. His discourse led him to speak of how the gospel won its way eighteen hundred years ago, and of the marvelous outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, and justified God in that those who witnessed those things and believed not were without excuse. I had felt the unmistakable evidence of the presence of the Spirit as soon as we

entered the house, and as the preacher spoke of the Holy Spirit descending like a mighty rushing wind, filling the whole house and those who were therein, it carried me in Spirit to the scene, and so vividly, too, that for the moment it was as though I was really present with them, and became so filled with the Spirit that I was about to rise to my feet and give utterance to it; but remembering it was a preaching meeting, I sought to reason myself quiet, by saying, It is not wisdom that I should speak, and thus interrupt the servant of God while preaching the gospel, for the Spirit is with him; but before I was aware of it, I was on my feet giving utterance to the surging power within. Never did the gift of tongues rest upon me in greater force, neither had I ever spoken with greater assurance, though I knew not the words. Mr. Burton stood silently while they were being spoken, and then gave the interpretation, a part of which was: "The same gospel that Peter preached on the day of Pentecost is now being preached in your midst by one having the same authority to make the same promise that Peter made to the people on that day, and the same Spirit that was poured out upon the people on that day is this day made manifest in your hearing; therefore, those who hear the word and witness this manifestation, will be as much without excuse in the day of judgment, as were those on the day of Pentecost who saw, and heard, and believed not."

After having given the interpretation, the preacher said, "That is the point I intended to have made, but the Spirit has testified to it in my stead, and in even stronger terms perhaps than I would have used." Then he continued his discourse, not so much perhaps in reasoning from the past as evidence of the truth of the present work, as in showing the complete harmony which existed between the latter-day gospel and that in the days of the apostles; and endeavored to fasten upon the minds of the congregation—not more than half of which were Saints—the great importance and the glory of the latter-day work. Both the tongue and the interpretation made a solemn impression on the people, and they listened as if spellbound during the remainder of the service. As for me, I felt as if a coal of fire had been taken from the altar and laid on my heart; and the flame kindled thereby continued to ascend and spread with its pleasant yet distinct burning sensation during the entire day, and lingered

until the third day of the week. I was not satisfied at the close of the morning meeting.

It did not seem to me that the operation of the Spirit was fully accomplished for that time, but was suspended for a little, and was therefore reluctant to leave the house. I desired rather to remain in divine presence, to be in a position for the Spirit's power to abide with us longer, since no other meeting was anticipated for that day or evening, on account of dark nights, and upon that occasion both foggy and rainy. Many of the congregation of the morning had come across the river in boats, and those in wagons came quite a distance down the river, over roads that were not intended for night traveling. I knew all this, but took the liberty, at the close of the meeting, to ask the branch president—Brother Wright—privately, if we could not have a prayer meeting that evening. He spoke of those disadvantages, but I plead that we might have one among ourselves, even if none others came; so he consented, and gave notice before the people dispersed.

We usually returned to Brother Wright's after meeting with a good appetite, and a joyousness that begat a desire to be, and communicate with each other; but this day it was different with me at least, for though I felt indescribably happy, I had no desire for either hearing or taking part in conversation. Words seemed out of harmony with the better enjoyment of the silent influence of the Spirit within. Neither had I any desire to eat, but felt as if I had already partaken of food. This was so real, I said within myself, "Is this the bread that cometh down from heaven?" and was a little surprised at the immediate and distinct answer, "Yes, if you will receive it as such." And now I wonder why I did not understand those words and abide without other food, and thus give opportunity for the Spirit to have its perfect work. It seems always to be my failing not to make the most of present opportunities, and so it was at this time; I preferred to remain without eating, but when dinner was called I went with the rest, more to avoid being questioned than aught else; and though I partook lightly, was sensible of a loss spiritually in doing so.

When it began to be meeting time, Brother Wright said to me, "This is your meeting, remember; I am not responsible for it." Neither was he very sanguine about the propriety

of attempting to have a meeting on such a night. "Not mine," I replied. "I simply suggested it; you made the appointment. But I am willing to take the blame if we do not have a good meeting." The house was filled. Those who came in wagons to the morning meeting remained, and those who had to come in boats came before dark, bringing others with them; having heard of the strange happenings of the morning, all were eager to attend. I heard some of the women saying, "I shall be dreadfully frightened to go back again in the boat; but I could not think of missing the meeting." They were not members of the church either.

The gift of tongues was not manifest in the evening, but the power of the Spirit was no less visible in the English language, and seemed to accompany in varied measure all who spoke. The meeting was enjoyed by all more than ordinarily,—no time lost, no hesitation; but prompt, brief, faithful testimonies were borne by the Saints. During this meeting, towards the latter part of it, a new experience came to me, such as I never had before, neither have I since. It was that of speaking the mind of another, thus, "There is one present, a stranger to us, but who has attended meetings here several times, and in his heart believes the gospel, but no one suspects it of him, and if he is true to the promptings and feelings of his heart, he will acknowledge the same." I was not talking at random, trusting to its fitting some one. It had all been shown to me, and only knew his countenance by the revealments of the Spirit, and up to the time I spoke I had never seen him. As soon as I sat down, a stranger to nearly all, who was sitting down by the door, arose, and taking a few steps up the aisle, said, "I am the man! I have chanced to be in this neighborhood several evenings when there was meeting. I came in quietly and unobserved after meeting began, sat down by the door as much out of sight as I could, and slipped out again when the preaching was over, but what I heard convinced me that it was true. Yes, I believe the gospel. I have not, up to this time, said anything of my convictions to anyone; but since the secrets of my heart have been revealed, I will confess that I not only believe, but am ready to be baptized. But I desire first to make these things known to my wife, so that she may accompany me if she will."

And thus ended that extraordinary day in North Forster.

Our prayer meetings were always good in Forster; there seemed to be more of the Spirit's power made manifest than in other places; but this one was accounted by all present to have been the best.

The stranger and his wife were baptized the following week. And now let me add, that while I have been rehearsing in thought the experience and spiritual manifestations of that memorable day, it has all been confirmed to me by the same warm heart-throbbing as then, only in less degree. Will the Spirit bear witness to others in like manner?

During the following week the Saints from various localities gathered to Forster for conference, among them the recently arrived missionaries from America, Elders Wight and Butterworth, also Brother and Sister T. W. Smith from Victoria, and all enjoyed the conference, shortly after which came the sad parting. In fact, we at Sister Wright's had been more sad than joyous for a week or more, in anticipation of that coming hour, until the Saints commenced to gather and our time and thoughts were occupied with conference. I scarcely knew which I most desired, to go home or to remain. Had I been asked the question two and a half years before, that is, after being in Australia about one year, I would have had no hesitation in saying, "home." But I had lived down my homesickness and had become warmly attached to the people of Australia, and it was very much like leaving my own people. And again, since reinforcements in the missionary cause had come and the work would move on more rapidly, I desired to witness the ingathering of souls, both in new fields and where the gospel seed had been sown. But alas, Mr. Burton had not been sufficiently sparing of his vocal powers while sowing the good seed; had overtaxed them, preaching at a high pitch of voice on the street corners in the keen night air, then contracted a heavy cold, which for a time deprived him of the power of speaking audibly. And though he had recovered it sufficiently to talk moderately, we deemed it necessary, if he would have more years of usefulness in the ministry, to return to California, where there was a more even climate.

It was on a dull, cloudy, windy morning, before the light of day had dispersed the gloom, that a tearful band marched solemnly from Brother Wright's house to the wharf, where a miniature passenger boat was bobbing about on the slightly

disturbed waters, which indicated a rough sea outside the bar, and took the parting hand at the water's edge. Doubly sad was this parting for Brother and Sister Wright and family, because their son Sidney was going in company with us to America. By the time our little ship was ready to pull away from the wharf, daylight was making inroads through the morning fog, and before we rounded the point, we had a clear view of the quiet little village of Forster and the comfortable, hospitable home of Brother and Sister Wright, just as the sun was gilding it o'er. Our baby steamer ran along nicely while in the lee of Forster point; but as the day advanced, the wind and sea increased, causing both anxiety and discomfort. There were other passengers besides ourselves. But passengers were simply an auxiliary to this ship; her real business was in fish; and since baskets of fish were in every available place, there was very little need of having a cook on board, so far as the passengers were concerned. The day wore slowly away, the little ship being tossed and pounded by the waves. Oh, how glad we were to get into Newcastle harbor just as the shadows of evening were gathering about!

A flying visit with Sister Ann Webster of Newcastle, and Brother and Sister Broadway and others of Hamilton, with Sister Merriett of Warrata, and the Saints at Wallsend, and then we took the overland—a train route scarcely completed—to Sydney; where in a few days we took passage on the fine American steamship, *Alameda*, for San Francisco.

I have but briefly sketched the events of our three and a half years' mission in Australia. Space would not admit of my mentioning the names of all who did us kindness. But none are forgotten; all were kind and generous according to their means, and we still pray that God will bless them. Some have already passed on to their reward. When Brother Steward was called from this life to the better life beyond, the gospel work in Victoria lost a stanch and ready supporter, and the missionaries a pleasant and cheerful home and genial brother. His last days of intense suffering witnessed an exhibition of faith, patience, and endurance such as few possess.

Our home-coming was in the month of August. The weather was beautiful all the voyage. We made the usual calls at Auckland and Honolulu. Having a little more time at Auck-

land than on the outward voyage, we embraced the opportunity to visit the crater of an old volcano on Mount Eden. But since we had no other guide than the cabman, we did not learn much of its history; but the view of the city, or as much of it as was open to view, and the harbor as seen from our elevated perch, was beautiful.

We took our drive in the morning, and as our ship did not sail until four p. m., there was still time to look about the town.

We did not join the company of passengers who went sight-seeing in Honolulu, for our purse was empty.

After a few days' stay in San Francisco, Addie and I, with bumping hearts, boarded the train for Los Angeles. Until then, we scarcely realized that we were getting home. A twenty-four hour run would take us to Los Angeles. Brother Sidney Wright accompanied us thither. Mr. Burton remained awhile longer in the city. From some accidental delay, there was no one to meet us when we arrived at the station; not one familiar face in all that crowd that moved to and fro, and we felt as strange and lonesome as if we had been in a strange land. After waiting what seemed to us to be a very long time, Addie started out to see if she could find some one. We thought perhaps they had not received our letter and did not know we were coming; that she would go to lawyer Charlie Howland's office and learn how and where the folks were. But she had not gone far till she met Frank with a team coming for us, and returned with him. We had not expected to meet Frank at Los Angeles, nor was I prepared for the change that three years and more would make in the appearance of the face of a young man between the years of twenty-two and twenty-six, or in other words, how little of the face would appear. And when he and Addie stood in the doorway, Addie's face fairly beaming with smiles, I did not know him. I knew by Addie's face that it was some one with whom she was very much pleased to meet, and evidently expected me to be; but said within myself, as I went towards them, "It is not Joe Howland nor Charlie Howland, nor anyone that I remember, and still how much like home he looks." I extended my hand, saying, "I will shake hands with you, but I do not know who you are."

"You *don't*?" he said.

"Oh, but I *do*, though!" was the quick reply, and I buried my face in the front of his vest, and wept for joy.

The four-mile drive out to Dora's was a pleasant one, but it *did* seem as if we would never get there; we were in such a hurry to see that little two-year-old granddaughter waiting to be introduced. And when at length we did get there, all were so excited and overjoyed, I think I will let the reader imagine just what kind of a time we had, for I am sure I can not describe it. One feature, though, stands prominently out in the midst of the confusion, that was the sumptuously laden breakfast table. It was then ten o'clock, and we had not yet breakfasted, and were prepared to do justice to it all.

After a short visit with Dora, husband, and cute little Gertie, we went to Santa Ana, where, besides the friends we had left there was a Mrs. Frank Burton and another little granddaughter of five months. But after the visiting, when I had returned to Dora's, Mr. Burton still in the city and Addie at Santa Ana, there came a reaction. Dora's place and surroundings were altogether strange to me, and retired also. I had not been accustomed to living so apart from the busy world, and I was more lonesome than I had been for two or three years. I do not think, though, that it was altogether owing to the outward environment; but we had come to where there must needs be a "shackle link" in the chain of events that make up life. Our mission was over, and we had returned to our native land, but had no home to go to.

And again, when one starts forth on a mission, there is a certain strength given, an inward buoying up, a something more than ordinary. I have realized such, though only an auxiliary. If there is an extra power given for certain occasions, and the purpose is accomplished, I suppose it will be withdrawn again. In the prayer meeting in Laguna Canyon, just prior to our starting for Australia, the same elder who said, "I seal thee up to eternal life," said also, "The Lord will give his angels charge concerning thee; they shall accompany thee in thy going forth, and be round about thee both by day and by night, and thou shalt realize their presence." And from that hour there came a light, a strength, and a gladness in my heart, which, though in a measure obscured at times, was never altogether lost sight of during the mission, and sometimes seemed indeed like a presence.

Is it too much to think that in very deed the Lord did commission one of his messengers in our behalf, who though unseen, was ever present? And that personage, having faithfully performed the part of shielding, protecting, reassuring when needful; giving light and understanding when much needed; and patience, faith, and joy oftentimes, until we had reached our destination in our native land, and then that commission ended, it had flown to the bright world from whence it came? At least that is the way it appeared to me. I was conscious of a loss; the loss of a certain happifying influence, and I had to adjust myself to the changed conditions.

On Mr. Burton's return from northern California, he visited the old home, with a view of obtaining a final settlement with the purchaser, whose uncanceled notes we still held, with the exception of one and a half payments. The brother was unable to pay the notes, and wished Mr. Burton to take the place back again, and return to him his notes. The proposition suited us well. It was indeed a happy day to me when I learned that we had come in possession of the old home. The indescribable happiness that brings with it the assurance that one is being led by an unseen hand, and I was satisfied that all was well, although the title was still in dispute, but has since been settled. It seems as if that place is a destiny to us, but as yet it has not been a financial success; we have bought it four times and only sold it once. First we bought it from the squatters; then from the grant owners; then bought it back from Brother Clapp; after which we found it had been sold the year before for taxes, so we bought it again for twenty dollars. When we believed we were led to leave San Benito and go south, and that belief was confirmed on the journey by the words to Mr. Burton, "I have sent thee forth," the natural thought was that our condition would be very much improved financially, since the Lord made no mistakes in his choosing. But we have lived to learn that the leadings of the Spirit of the Lord are seldom in financial pursuits; but in the way that will be of most benefit to those who subject themselves to his direction. And the success of that move was to us in obtaining an experience in spiritual things, and of being useful in the gospel work. Had we remained in San Benito on the farm, our opportunities in this line would have been very

limited. Nor do we now know of any other locality to which we could then have moved, where there would have been the same opportunities for usefulness as sprang up around us in what was then called "Gospel Swamp," and from thence the opportunities grew. And during this time we have *lived*, and that is about all people can do at best. And further than that, what we now have is our own. I do not yet know why the assurance was given the second time of having taken a step in the right direction—when we bought the place back, for since then it has come about that my loss of health will not permit me to live in that immediate vicinity, and the Saints have nearly all left the neighborhood; but still I can trust.

At the time of regaining our place we made up our minds to begin then, while we knew the value of our possessions, to pay our tithing in a businesslike way, a tenth of all we possessed, or to be governed by the Bishop's counsel. We therefore wrote Bishop Blakeslee, stating just what we were worth, how much was clear of debt, and how much was not. His counsel was, "Your tithing is a tenth of all your property that is clear of debt; and when the debt is paid on the portion you now owe for, you will then owe tithing on that."

We wrote him again, to place the amount of tithing we now owed the church treasury on his books against us, and we would liquidate the debt as fast as we were enabled to, by the blessing of God on our efforts. It looked like a pretty large amount to be paid in such small installments as ours would necessarily have to be, taking it as we did from our living. But little by little the debt was canceled. There is a pleasant sort of dignity in making those little everyday sacrifices that we know is our duty to make in order to accomplish a higher purpose. Every time two or three dollars were sent to the Bishop, I felt as if we had taken a step onward and upward. While on this thought, I will say we have continued to observe that rule; i. e., to pay tithing on whatever we have accumulated, besides food and clothing, as fast as freed from debt, and have been blessed in doing so, not simply the sense of doing right, but the money left goes farther and does more good.

In November of the same year of our arrival from Australia, we went to San Bernardino and kept house there until the next summer.

At Christmas time I paid my first visit to the old home place. Frank and wife were living on it at the time, and had sent invitations for a family gathering for the holidays. Mr. Burton and I were from San Bernardino, Dora and her little one and Addie were from Los Angeles; but it so happened that we all met in Santa Ana, and so were all together when we drove into the yard. It seemed rather strange that neither mother nor daughters had visited the place since we left for Australia, and then that all three should go home at once, and yet how perfectly natural that it should be so. What a jubilee it was! The three small "editions" contributed largely to the joyousness of the occasion.

The following autumn, being that of 1889, Mr. Burton and I received a kind invitation from the brethren and sisters of San Benito to make them a visit and spend the winter in the vicinity. We gladly availed ourselves of the invitation, being desirous of again meeting with the Saints of the place where we first heard and obeyed the gospel; and the more readily so, because the invitation was accompanied with the price of a railroad ticket for each. That was the memorable winter of heavy rains in California, floods, and washouts. Having got to Brother Page's, there we stayed nearly the entire winter, and were most kindly cared for. Our Newport home with that of many others had become a river bed. All fruit trees were killed, and flower gardens and ornamental trees swept away, and the waters of the Santa Ana River continued to rush over it for something like two years. Of course it was deserted, as were many others in the vicinity. When the waters subsided, there remained a scene of desolation. Though the soil was improved, the place was untenable, therefore we remained in the vicinity of San Benito.

The California reunion of the following year was held in Tulare, in the month of May. There was not a large gathering, but I do not know that I ever attended a reunion where there was as much of the power and influence of the good Spirit as was enjoyed upon that occasion. It was a continual feast from beginning to end, such as the Lord is pleased to bestow upon his children when those who gather together are of one heart and one mind. There was no cause for jealousies or envying, neither was any such element with them; when one was honored all rejoiced, and all turned their hearts to God in prayer for his blessings.

The following year was, according to Mr. Burton's appointment, spent among the good Saints of Northern California, and at the close of that conference year, both Mr. Burton and I were sent as delegates from California to General Conference, where I met my aged mother, who had, since Father's death, united with the church, and who was then living with my youngest sister Ida (Mrs. J. W. Layton), in the State of Missouri. I scarcely need say that it was a great pleasure to meet my mother and sister and her household, and to know that the unpopular religion that we took to Nova Scotia, and which they there embraced, was becoming dearer to them every year, or I might say, every day. It was gratifying to know that they had come among the people of the church we represented, and had seen, heard, and learned for themselves that all we had claimed for that people was true; that we had not taken a false report to them when we testified that the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ was again restored to the earth in its fullness, and the same gifts and blessings that pertained to the gospel eighteen hundred years ago were enjoyed among the believers in this restored gospel.

After conference we returned to the coast again, Mr. Burton being in charge of the Pacific Slope Mission. Nothing of note in *our* world presents itself to memory, but in the business world of California there was a public event which affected landowners, that of large tracts of land, which for years had been known as "railroad land," going back to the Government. While this caused some to lose lands they had held and worked for years, perhaps, it gave opportunity for others who were without homes to secure them by putting up a cabin on an unclaimed section and living in it. Such opportunity came to us also, through the kindness of Brother E. J. Holt, of homesteading a quarter section if we chose to do so. And Mr. Burton chose to do so by all means, more especially because this claim was a portion of our first farm, and also because it was among the hills that were so dear to him, and had in a measure become sacred to him by his great love for them, and the happiness he had experienced wandering over them years ago, communing with nature and nature's God. But his wife—the writer—did not take the same view of the matter that he did. I recognized the kindness of Brother Holt in giving us the privilege of taking the claim,

instead of holding it himself, which he could have done. I also admired the natural beauty of the situation and the view it afforded, as well as that of the surrounding country; and loved the Saints who dwelt there, as well as some who did not claim the name of Saint. But it was so very isolated for a permanent home, with the disadvantages of being thirty miles from the railroad terminus, and thirty-seven miles from the nearest commercial town, three miles from where the few Saints met to worship, and the same distance from the post office. We had no team or conveyance of our own, and I could not bear the thought of being so dependent on our neighbors as we necessarily would have to be. True, we were always more or less dependent on some one, but had been in the habit of changing hands often. But the deepest trouble was that of settling so far from the children, two of whom already had homes for themselves in Southern California, and the other one was likely to. We could *never* have a family gathering, and it might be that neither of them would be able to visit us there, at least for years, which for the time overshadowed the anticipation of coming years. Yet I knew it was quite necessary to have a home somewhere in a less damp and foggy climate than that of our southern home. I was then suffering from a racking cough, and in much need of rest and quiet, where I could have heat or cold suited to the condition of my health, which had been sadly impaired by a severe attack of pneumonia while in San Bernardino, and from which I continued to feel the effects. I could not endure changing places of different temperature without having occasional sick spells, and finally consented to make our home there. I knew from the very suggestion what the result would be, but had to take time to bring myself to it. For however great the cross may be to me to go in a direction opposite to my inclination, when we come to a forked road in life, I never feel like taking the responsibility of refusing to do what my husband thinks is best, though I may stop and mourn over it awhile. How hard it is for our stubborn natures to do as we pray the Lord to do with us! How shortsighted is our faith! We commend ourselves to the Lord in all earnestness, to be directed in all the affairs of this life, and yet how often we rebel against walking in the way that opens to us, having a way of our own in view.

When we had selected the site for our house, we knelt together and dedicated it by prayer, that the Spirit of the Lord would be with us and the angel of peace abide in our home. Soon a little cottage went up like magic, all the brethren assisting in some way, and Joseph the master builder. We contemplated going to housekeeping immediately after Christmas. We were then making our home at Brother Page's when not traveling. In the early autumn I had suggested having a Christmas tree for the children, and Zena and I—dear Zena, who has now gone to her long rest—busied ourselves during our spare moments in making and dressing dolls, and other fancy notions. When the time came, it was decided to have the tree in Sister Page's front room. We had lots of surprises for the children. But there were two grown-up children there—Joseph and Emma—who were the most surprised of all. I can not tell you, my reader, all that was on and under that Christmas tree, for the missionaries, in the way of handy articles for housekeeping. And there were two presents for them that were not on the tree, neither under it, because there was not room to contain them. One was a young cow from Sister Janie Holt, and the other was a combination kitchen table from all the sisters combined and one who was not a sister in the church, a Mrs. Blosser, I believe it was, who first suggested the thought. And in a few days after we entered our new home, a brother brought fruit trees and set them out. Thus the kind-hearted Saints bestowed gift after gift, till we were fairly overwhelmed because of the multitude of them. And not only from the Saints of that locality, but a generous offering came also from the editor of *Autumn Leaves* because I had written a little for its pages.

Was there a cause for all those gifts being bestowed upon us other than simply the generosity of the people? I believe there is always a first cause whether hidden or revealed, for whatever takes place. In this instance, while we felt deeply grateful to the people, we recognized in it also the fulfillment of promise. We had, just prior to or about the time of our taking that place, accomplished the matter of sending to the Bishop *all* our tithes; and while I believe the promise of the Lord made through the Prophet Malachi, that he would open the windows of heaven and pour them out a blessing so that they should not be able to contain it, applies to the

church as a body, when they have paid *all* their tithes, I believe also that he blesses individuals proportionally, who through effort and sacrifice attain individually to what he encourages the church to do as a body. With us it had cost quite a sacrifice of feeling, or at least of pride, in wearing old, faded, and timeworn clothes in towns and cities, and not at all in the prevailing style, that the money might be laid aside until we could get our financial debt to the Lord paid.

As soon as the house was boarded up, the floor laid, windows put in, and doors hung, we moved in, amid lumber and shavings, to save the long walk to and from work. It is no reflection on the great kindness of Sister Page and family, where we made our home when in San Benito, nor any others with whom we stayed, to mention the happy, restful feeling we experienced when evening came, and the shavings were cleared away, and we drew our rocking-chairs comfortably near the red-hot stove, for the nights were freezing cold, and enjoyed a quiet read while trying to realize that we were in our *own home*, and were not in anybody's way. And we felt rich indeed, as though we had need of nothing.

An especial prayer meeting was appointed to be held in our house on New Year's evening, which would be our first Saturday evening at Mount Olivet; a meeting of thanksgiving and praise for the favors of the past year, and to invoke God's blessing and his Spirit to abide with us in our new home; and also with those who had so liberally contributed to our comfort. It was indeed an especial meeting. The Saints all came, regardless of cold, darkness, and mud; but within there was no darkness. We all felt that evening, as on many other occasions, that it was "good to be a Saint in latter days." It seemed indeed as though an angel might be present with us, as affirmed by one speaking by the Spirit. We always had good testimony meetings at San Benito; but after that New Year's evening, the Saints enjoyed a social meeting just a little better, I think, when held at "Mount Olivet" than elsewhere. I think our petitions were accepted, for the genial Spirit of light abode with us, and we were blessed in our efforts to get home comforts about us. We were soon able to own a horse and buggy. But Brother Holt had never allowed us to feel the disadvantage of being without while we had none, neither that of being at a distance from the railroad station; he was ever on hand to meet us

at our home-coming, when we could occasionally spend a few weeks in our mountain retreat. To shake our clothes out of our valises, and throw off the restraint of being "guests," was restful. And then there was "Sue" and the buggy at our command, and the post office far enough away for a pleasant drive in the sweet morning air peculiar to hill country. Sisters Janie Holt and May Carmichael ever kept us supplied with fresh eggs and other good things to eat; while "Belle," our pet cow, never failed to furnish milk and cream. The little bunnies skipped about the yard, and flocks of quails came morning and evening to pick up the scattered seeds. Can anyone blame us for looking forward with pleasure to our brief holidays at "Mount Olivet"? or for letting our thoughts cross the great deep occasionally, and linger pleasantly about those green hills?

During the summer of 1894 the question of building a craft of some kind for the missionary work in the South Sea Islands was being agitated. Upon inquiry as to how it would get to the islands, I was quite relieved to learn that a man had offered to take her to her destination, should there be one built, for I feared it would come about some way that Mr. Burton would be the one to go. And it came to pass as I had feared. When the Bishop came to the coast to see about having her built, and Mr. Burton learned from him that the brother who had previously offered was too aged a man for such an undertaking, and also saw by the countenance of our good Bishop that he was burdened with anxiety about the matter, he offered to take the little ship to the missionaries in the islands. As soon as he made this known to me I resolved to accompany him, to both render service and share whatever his fate might be. I knew enough about the sea to know it would not be a desirable trip, and that the heat was as much to be dreaded as the sea. Joseph had informed me that the little ship would be of schooner rig. I knew of course she would be small. But when I went to see her while being built—in a shed—I found I had not gotten my ideas down very near the miniature dimensions, and confess to having felt the strength all ooze from my body at the thought of crossing the ocean, even the Pacific, at that late season of the year, in such a tiny craft. Nevertheless, my resolve to go was not shaken. But had she been built for any purpose other than for the furtherance of the gospel

work and the comfort of the missionaries engaged therein, the undertaking would have seemed madness. But as it was, I felt that we had a right to expect special protection from the Lord; and knowing we would have the daily prayers of very many of the church, we could go the more cheerfully forward. I told our daughter Addie I was rather pleased than otherwise that an opportunity had offered, wherein I could manifest to the Lord that I was willing to trust him in more than the ordinary events of life. We had been made the recipients of so many extra favors, it seemed but my reasonable service. It is said that sailors are superstitious. Perhaps in my seafaring life I imbibed something of that nature, for when the *Evanelia* fell from her launchings ways and stuck on the bank with just her bows in the water (a little event that I was careful not to make known to my people), it was to me an ill omen. It did not overshadow my faith, but suggested the possibility of a necessity for more being called into action.

While the *Evanelia* was being built, the sisters of the San Francisco Branch were busy making quilts, sheets, pillow cases, and providing many other things for the comfort of those on the trip out, and the missionaries already there, as well as those who should follow.

Besides those small things, Bishop Kelley generally supplied all that was needful for the full equipment of the little craft, so that when she left San Francisco, she was a trim and cozy little craft. Those on board were Joseph F. Burton as captain (his wife accompanying him), Brother Jephtha Scott as mate, Brother and Sister Hubert Case were going as missionaries. They had never seen the ocean before, but Brother Case accepted the position and duties of "hand before the mast" in the mate's watch. A strange young man by the name of William McGrath, who had never been on the ocean before, was hand in the captain's watch. A Brother Niemann, an able seaman and good cook, went as cook and general helper.

The *Evanelia* was schooner rig, thirty-seven feet length of keel, fifteen feet beam, six feet depth, and eighteen tons register. She was launched September 13, 1894, and dedicated Sunday, September 23, but was not ready for sea until October 18, on which day we towed out of San Francisco over the "bar," and started on our long voyage, but with a head

wind, and during the first night about two a. m. she was nearly thrown on her beam ends by being struck by a heavy squall of wind. It was in the mate's watch. The night was clear and fine when the captain retired, so he permitted himself to go fast asleep. When the squall struck he sprang out of bed, ran up the steps of the companionway and called out the command to "keep her off," then with one foot on the floor and one on the wall—so greatly was she tilted down—he got into his clothes as quickly as possible. Sail was speedily taken in, but there was no lull after the squall, it was a gale of wind, and blowing right on shore. The captain saw that with his best efforts the little craft could not be kept from drifting ashore or on rocks before morning, and making a calculation where the outer buoy on the bar was, he ran for it. The fog that came with the wind, was every minute becoming more dense, but fortunately he ran near enough to the buoy to see it, then squared away to cross the bar and run for the harbor again. It then began to be daylight. How the little ship labored, creaked and groaned! The grinding of the timbers gave out just such a sound as she crossed the heavy sea on the bar that was momentarily becoming worse, but thanks to the protecting hand of our God, we were brought safely over it, and all the way up through the Golden Gate and opposite San Francisco in a fog so dense that neither the shore nor any object was seen till entering the harbor of San Francisco when the fog lifted or became thin enough for the captain to see to run for the bay of Sausalito. It was two a. m. when he took the wheel, and one p. m. when he resigned it in Sausalito weary and worn with the night of labor and anxiety, of which all had a share. Things were tumbled about generally, and no one had eaten anything since supper the night before, but oh, how good to get into smooth water once more! The harbor of Sausalito was much more smooth and sheltered than that of San Francisco.

The storm raged outside for a week. Then it abated, the wind hauled, and blew off shore! a fair wind for our journey. The captain deemed it wise, however much he disliked to see a fair wind blowing away, to remain in port for one day and two nights, for the sea that would be heavy on the bar to run down some, but ah me, he had no idea how high they were,

and made the venture as also other ships who sought shelter in San Francisco harbor from the same storm that we did.

The following will be an extract from the "Voyage of the *Evanelia*" written while on the voyage.

CHAPTER 17

The Voyage of the "Evanelia" Written During the Voyage

AS a preface to my journal I will state that among the many good thoughts and things provided by the sisters for our voyage was a plan suggested to the mind of Sister Phebe Walker, of San Francisco, she that was Phebe Knight, which would give a new pleasure to every day of the voyage; viz, to secure for me as many letters from as many sisters as we intended to be days on the ocean—about thirty, put them in a box promiscuously, from which I was to take one each day without making choice, which was responded to by twenty-six sisters (though three failed to reach me). This was to me a pleasant idea, and as an acknowledgment of the kindness of both Sister Walker and those who should write, I agreed to furnish them with a journal of the voyage out to the islands, and also insert extracts, or comments, or both, from each letter. Many will be interested in the most minute details of our trip; still if you find I become too wordy in my journal for your space to admit of full publication, you are at liberty to cut it down according to your better judgment.

October 26, 1894. Yesterday morning we got under way at Sausalito and started for sea again. The captain had paid the lawful pilotage and towage out of the harbor once for this voyage, so concluded to take the little schooner out himself this time. The wind was nor'west at sea, but always draws in through the channel, so we had to make several tacks in getting out. On account of the recent prolonged storm the ocean was very turbulent, sending foaming breakers across the bar and a heavy swell far up into the harbor. We had an adventure while passing through the "Golden Gate." We were standing over towards the north shore, and just as the captain was going to put her on the other tack, the wind, which had been light all the morning, dropped away altogether, and for the first time our little ship would not mind her helm. Both the tide and the swell were setting her onto the rockbound shore, against which the sea was

beating and sending the spray far up in the air. The boat, which had been lashed across the forward part of the house for the voyage, was gotten out as quickly as possible, and the men making a line fast to the bows bent their strength to the oars and succeeded in getting her out in the channel again; but in the meantime she had drifted painfully near that relentless rocky bluff. It did seem as if there was a power at work against us, but the power *for* us was greater.

When we had gotten out beyond the heads, and the anxiety of going out without a pilot and the attendant difficulties were in the past, we began to realize that another yet awaited us in the form of two miles of foaming, combing bar to cross. The day before had been so perfectly still, and the morning so serene in the bay of Sausalito that we had no idea what it was at sea, and had hoped the bar was not breaking. Two large ships were going to sea also that morning, but they did not attempt to cross it. They towed in near the land around it, and seeing how they rolled and wallowed, though they did not reach the breakers, made me feel a dread of encountering them in our little craft. And I knew that there would be only one result, that of sending us to the bottom if one of those watery mountains should pour itself upon our deck. We were not yet at our crossing and the wind being cold, I went to the cabin again where Sister Case was endeavoring to keep from being seasick. Our little boat had so many high hills to go up and down, it was trying on the equilibrium of the brain and stomach.

While dreading the bar, and breathing a fervent prayer to God to preserve us from the breaking sea, the prediction made by Brother J. C. Clapp at the close of his dedicatorial address came to me, bringing renewed strength and faith. "She shall mount the highest waves and ride over them in perfect safety. No harm shall befall her." "Now is her time," thought I, "for she probably will not encounter any higher waves than these," and with a calm assurance I went on deck, saying within myself, "We will wait and see the salvation of God."

On gaining the deck, the captain, whose face was a shade or two whiter than usual, said cheerily:

"You should have stayed below, then you would not see how bad it is."

"I came," I replied, "because I *wanted* to see just how bad it is."

We were then just going on, and a long line of high rollers were marching toward us, gathering height and strength as they came. Nearer and nearer they approached, shutting everything from view except the topsail yards of the ships ahead, and when the green wall began to press menacingly against the side of the *Evanelia*, she, without disturbing her level, glided up to the very top and over the other side where the smooth water was, while the sea went breaking and foaming behind us, and another line was breaking a little distance ahead of us. To be in that mite of a vessel riding over those towering waves, seeing others combing and breaking in every direction, sending their seething foam clear across the prairie-like plain—between the lines of rollers—to be caught up by the next onward marching of giants and thrown still farther toward the harbor, was a sight beyond description, so majestic, so grand, we were filled with awe and admiration, without feeling a fear; even Sister Case, sick as she felt, came to the deck that she might not miss the awe-inspiring sight.

As our little ship met and went over the first one, so she did over all, going over them sideways like a duck. We could only realize the height to which we ascended by the depth to which we suddenly dropped on the other side of the wave, which fairly made our heads swim. We realized too, that the Lord was with us and stayed those waves for our sakes that they broke not over us. Our decks were as dry when we reached the outer side as when we left the harbor. To God be praise and thanks for ever.

A good, fair wind was blowing and the captain, taking his departure from the outer buoy, we started on our course "south by west," and "crossed astern of a schooner" and kept along with those two ships that were towed out, till night hid them from view.

The sea was pretty heavy and the breeze fresh all the afternoon and all night. With a close-reefed mainsail, during the night we plowed through the sea at the rate of eight and one half miles an hour. To-day the sea has been going down some, and the speed of our little ship increasing. She is now moving along at the rate of nine and one half miles an hour, making the sea boil up level with the rail at the

bows, and leaving a foaming wake in the rear, and making it hard too, to move about the cabin without holding to something. She is too short and broad to roll badly, but knocks about pretty lively boatlike, her motions are very quick. I have kept in our berth most of the time to-day to keep warm, and heretofore it has been too rough since we left to attempt to write, nor did I go to the mail box for a letter to-day. It is now nearly dark, and my husband informs me that we have reached the trade winds. I went on deck a few minutes. The sun that has been shining brightly all day is about ready to sink into the sea, and soft, fleecy clouds skirt the horizon. The sea is still pretty high, and when from their elevation one gets a view of the broad, blue expanse stretching away in every direction about us, it reminds one of a vast prairie all bespeckled with little snowdrifts. We are now one hundred and eighty miles off shore and out of the range of coast storms. All goes well on board except that Sister Case has not sufficiently recovered from her seasickness to leave her bed yet.

Saturday, 26th. Still moving along nicely; the air is a little less chilly this morning and the wind some lighter; but "whitecaps" still crown the waves. We have made one hundred and eighty miles in the last twenty-four hours. Last evening Madame *Evanelia* shipped a sea, or part of one, and the slide over the companionway was pushed back so about a bucketful came down the cabin.

This morning I received a letter from Sister Fannie Lawn, of Sacramento, who wished to do her share towards making our voyage pleasant.

Sunday, 27th. A beautiful day again. We are having a fine run down the trades, though not going so fast now as we have been. The blue waters are a little less turbulent and the air getting softer, though not "balmy" yet. All on board seem to feel the spirit of the Sabbath morning, and our hearts go out to God in thanks and gratitude for his loving care over us. This morning when all were seated around the breakfast table except the cook, who had taken the wheel, and Sister Case, who is still held in her berth by seasickness, —the captain started the dear, expressive hymn of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and all joined in singing, after which he offered a touching, heartfelt prayer, bringing tears to all eyes. Even Mr. McGrath turned quickly at the

close and hunted for something in his berth, probably for an opportunity to dry his eyes before they should be seen. He is a nice, helpful young man. I believe the Lord sent him to us, and hope his coming will prove as beneficial to him as to us, thereby leading him into the fold of Christ.

The letter I drew from my oceanic mail box this morning proved to be from Sister Annie White, one of the two sisters who came to the dock so early to see us off from San Francisco.

Monday, 28th. This day has been somewhat overcast in appearance and the breeze lighter. Since noon yesterday we have had the wind aft and sails spread out "wing and wing" and have gained a distance of one hundred and fifty miles; are now six hundred miles on our way to the islands. Pretty good for four days' sailing; still there is a long stretch of smooth, white chart between where we are and the black spots indicating where the islands are. This afternoon a tired, little gray bird lit on the mate's shoulder and picked at his cheek. It seems to have been a pet bird and probably strayed from the steamer whose light we saw night before last. Now since it has got rested it flies about the cabin, perching first in one place and then another.

This morning I drew from my oceanic mail box a letter from Sister Willett, which takes me back to the San Jose reunion and the tent in which she wrote, and I live over again that enjoyable season both spiritually and temporally. How great the goodness of God to his children, even his erring children! Yes, Sister Willett, good words are ever as "bread cast upon the waters."

Tuesday, 29th. The first sight that greeted my eyes on looking out of the cabin this morning was the captain at the wheel with the little bird that came on board yesterday perched on top of his head. After a while it darted off across the water and tried to alight, but finding nothing but water, came back again. After breakfast it made a tour in another direction and on coming back again flew around under the counter and got wet and could not rise again, so perished. Poor little birdie!

The morning post brought me a letter from Sister Douglas, so in fancy a part of the forenoon was spent with her, just as it was when I was with her. How pleasant and how cheering to thus commune with friends when so many waters

roll between us! Every day I breathe my thanks to Sister Phebe Walker for instigating such a method of constant communion with those upon the shore. May *she* never want for a friend. These letters are read to Sister Case and she enjoys them, though all are strange to her.

I think some of the sisters, in California especially, will want to know if I make myself useful in any way on board of the ship. Well, I have not learned to steer by the compass yet. It is not so easy as steering by a tugboat. On our first starting out the captain allowed me to take the wheel while we passed out through the Golden Gate and partly over the bar that was then smooth. Apart from wiping dishes, etc., I have performed the service of "taking the time" off the chronometer for the captain each time it is necessary, and at "eight bells" yesterday afternoon when it was time to "heave the log" there was one man short on deck to do it, and the mate gave me the "log glass" to turn. And to-day I have been *promoted* to "heaving the log." I know there are many of my readers who will not know what is meant by "heaving the log," unless I explain. The "log" is a small three-cornered piece of wood, slightly rounding on one of the three sides, and leaded on the rounding side—to make that part sink down in the water. Several fathoms of strong codline is made fast to this piece of wood, attached to all three corners for about half a foot when all merge into one. At certain distances on this long line—representing a mile each—are little short pieces drawn in between the twists of the line and knots tied in them numbering one for the first, two for the second, and so on up to a dozen perhaps; and half way between these pieces is just a one knot, indicating half a mile. These knotted pieces correspond in some ingenious way with the seconds of the sand glass (log glass). This line is then wound on a large "reel," perhaps two and a half feet long, made for the purpose, and runs off very freely. The whole is for the purpose of learning how fast the ship is going, which has to be ascertained every four hours to keep "dead reckoning." One man holds the reel, another "heaves the log" (throws it in the sea astern of the ship), letting the line pass loosely through his hand. When the first piece with a knot in it has passed over the rail he calls to a third who holds the "log glass," "turn!" who instantly turns the glass. As the ship goes along the

line pays out (the three-cornered piece of wood remains in the water at the same place where it was thrown), and when the sands have run out—being fourteen seconds in doing so—he who holds the glass calls, “out!” and the one who threw the log grasps and holds the line instantly. The number of pieces with knots in them that went over the rail while the sands were running out, indicates the number of miles the ship is sailing in an hour. Our last throw showed five and a half.

The sky has been much overcast to-day; no sun has appeared; winds light and sea almost smooth. Sister Case is able to lie on deck and all are well on board. On Sunday afternoon during the “dog watch” between four and six o’clock we had a prayer meeting in the cabin, but since then the weather is daily becoming more warm and pleasant, and we gather in the “cockpit” (the horseshoe-shaped place on deck abaft of the cabin) before breakfast and before supper, sing a hymn or two, read a chapter in the Bible, and have prayer by turns, which all seem to enjoy.

Wednesday, 30th. This is the most glorious morning we have had yet on the voyage. The sun is bright and the sky blue, with rifts of soft white clouds here and there. The deep blue of the canopy above is reflected in the great ocean beneath, upon whose slightly heaving bosom we are gliding along with a seven-and-a-half-knot breeze. The air is clear, sweet, and balmy, and all on board are rejoicing in the blessings of the Lord. My soul feels almost to overflow with thanksgiving and praise to our God. Sister Fannie Lawn, in order to more fully heed the admonitions contained in your letter, I have renounced my *cherished* cup of coffee in the mornings (tea, I have not drank for years); and would you, *could* you believe that that little sacrifice is in one sense the hardest for me to make? for with that pleasant beverage goes all my enjoyment and relish of the meal. In all those little sacrifices requisite in the effort to put ourselves right we are made to realize the truth of the proverb, “He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.”

Thursday, November 1. So far we have had a fine run, but not a very smooth one, at least for the past twenty-four hours. It is just one week now since we crossed the bar. Have had a steady, fair wind ever since and are nine hun-

dred and sixty miles on our journey. I hope that in three weeks from to-day we will reach Papeete.

I wonder if any of the brethren or sisters in the various branches of the church who met together last evening for their Wednesday evening prayer meeting saw a little group on the miniature deck of a very small craft far out on the ocean engaged in a similar service. We had a good meeting. Brother Scott spoke with feeling. How glad we are that the Lord put it in his heart—or that of his wife to prompt him—to offer his services for this voyage. I can not call to mind another in all the church who could fill the position so well as he. Our confidence in him is such that when it is his watch on deck and the captain comes below, we can sleep soundly, knowing that all will be well.

No, Sister Driver, I was not surprised on getting a letter from you, as I did to-day; was pleased, though. Ever since the day you brought me to Irvington from the baptism during the first reunion there, my thoughts often wander to you, or draw you to me, and I see you and hear you talk just as plainly as then.

This is Thursday afternoon, and in spirit I meet with the sisters of the prayer union, where I know we will be fervently remembered. May the Lord be with them also.

Friday, 2d. Nothing unusual has occurred to-day. We are still sailing along before a steady, fair wind, and all feel content and happy. Yesterday I missed the two large, gray gulls that have followed us and kept near the boat all the way from the shore, sometimes circling around the vessel, and sometimes alighting and sitting gracefully in the water. Evidently it was the bits that were thrown overboard and that got scattered out of the hen coop that is lashed on astern that baited them along. But how accurate their knowledge of their whereabouts! On Wednesday afternoon we passed the last obstruction in the sea that is within thousands of miles of our course till we get in the neighborhood of the Society Islands, and that rock or island, whichever it is, was seventy-five miles to leeward of us; but they must have known of its location and gone to it.

My letter this morning was from Sister A. E. Davis, of Irvington.

Saturday, 3d. This morning I deliberately finished one of the promised mittens that I had under way before going to

my mail box and am sorry that I kept myself so long from the pleasure that awaited me in a letter from Sister Phebe Walker, of San Francisco.

The *Evanelia* does indeed seem to be aware of her mission or the trust confided to her and that she intends to perform the same; for since the day she so gallantly carried us over the breaking "bar," she has not turned her head either to the right or the left, but gone "steadily forward," pushing a portion of the waves from side to side and "riding like a duck" over the rest. Very little water indeed is ever thrown on her deck; and we, too, feel that our ever watchful Father above will see us safely to our destination. We are never *all* on deck together, only at prayer time. The time, both day and night, is divided into "watches" of four hours each, except the "dog watch," which is from four to eight o'clock p. m., in which each have a two-hour watch, for doubtless all are aware that some one must be in charge of the deck and the wheel both day and night, and that such duty is not left to the option of *any* one. Brother Case is in the captain's watch, and Mr. McGrath is in the mate's, and this is their order; beginning for example at eight o'clock last night, the captain and Brother Case were on deck from eight o'clock till twelve; while the other watch was sleeping. They have two hours each at the wheel, and the man not at the wheel keeps a lookout and is ready for any services that may be needed about deck and relighting lamps that may go out. At twelve o'clock they struck "eight bells" and called out the mate's watch. As soon as they got on deck and at their respective posts the captain and his man came below and slept till four o'clock in the morning, then they were called out again and the mate and his men came below and "turned in" till seven bells, being half past seven in the morning; then all hands get ready for breakfast and have prayers, and breakfast at eight o'clock, which is "eight bells," at which time the captain's watch is again relieved and the mate takes charge of the deck until twelve at noon. So the captain and Brother Case being up eight hours last night are now taking their forenoon's siesta, ready to take their watch on deck this afternoon. If there were no two-hour watch the same two men would have to be on deck eight hours every night, but the "dog watch" makes it come alternately. The captain has to lose half an hour in both his forenoon and after-

noon watch; in the forenoon to watch the sun and get his latitude, and in the afternoon to figure up the day's work. Brother Niemann is in the captain's watch also, and on the first few nights on the coast, before Brother Case "learned the ropes," he too was on deck more or less nights; but now that Brother Case and Mr. McGrath have learned to be good helmsmen, and sailormen, too, he devotes most of his time to his work in the galley. This voyage is quite a new experience in Joseph's life as captain, for as such he never before had to stand any regular watch on deck. Only in storms or making the land would he be on deck in the nighttime, and then not to steer, but simply to give orders to others.

Sunday, 4th. A very, very warm day. I enjoyed a chat with or from Sister Essie Cockerton this morning. Have been wishing to draw that one ever since we left. But I see you designed that we should be out a number of days before I should read it. You will find your question as to how I spend my time already answered, with the exception of one item, which is the almost daily work of taking our clothes out of the lockers on deck to dry, and ever changing them about to keep from getting wet. All vessels leak some, but this one leaks a little too much for her size, and the water washes up in the air chambers and leaks through into the lockers and sometimes she throws it clear over the stringers into the berths, wetting the sleepers and the bedding, causing much discomfort.

Monday, 5th. A stiff breeze to-day and sea more rough than yesterday. I indulged the hope that long before this we would have been in smoother water. Sister Case was able to take part in our sacrament meeting yesterday afternoon, but is not so well to-day,—is quite feverish. And Brother Scott, the mate, has a bad cold and does not feel at all well, did not eat anything this morning. The captain was quite sick Saturday afternoon and the fore part of the night had quite a high fever for a few hours; but thanks be to God he soon got better, and was able to take his place at the wheel at midnight. I did not permit myself to dwell on the thought of what the consequence would be if he should have a sick spell, but my mind seemed to be girded up doubly strong with the inward affirmation that "*he must get well*"; necessity demanded it. We trust also that Brother Scott may

speedily recover, for we have no men to spare without over-taxing the rest.

Our experience on this voyage is peculiar. There seems to be a constant demand for the exercise of faith against what appears to be an opposing power. But perhaps it is only the hand of the Lord in disguise. I acknowledge that a feeling of dreariness is creeping over me this afternoon. The wind is blowing hard, sea heavy, sky threatening, barometer falling, and the crew not well. We are nearing the doldrums, and possibly the mercury in my "makeup" has reached that point in advance of the ship. We have sailed one hundred and sixty miles in the last twenty-four hours, and those who have seen the *Evanelia* will know that about all we women folks could do was to keep ourselves from tumbling about. I sketched down my journal with a pencil, and copy under more favorable circumstances. I think the captain likes the looks of his ship best when all sail is spread, for he does not seem to be in any hurry to take them in. My letter to-day was from Sister Cockerton, a kind letter just like herself. I suppose she is very happy now in her new home as Sister Putney.

Tuesday, 6th. A clear sky this morning, consequently a very warm morning; too hot for staying on deck. It is cooler in the cabin in the daytime than on deck, notwithstanding there is a fire in the stove in the galley all the fore part of the day, and the door open between it and the cabin all the time. It was not so rough this morning but what my mail could be delivered, and I had the pleasure of reading a letter from Sister Lulu Morrison, of Oakland. Thanks for the inclosed flowers; they looked as fresh and bright as if put there only yesterday. We have now been thirteen days at sea and are about half way to the islands. It seems as though the farther south we go the rougher it gets. The sea is about as heavy to-day as on the coast. The sky that was so bright this morning has become overcast; the glass is falling, with every appearance of rain. At the present rate of sailing we will be in the latitude of the doldrums at midnight. The doldrums is where the trade winds cross each other, or at least the nor'east and southeast trades meet, which of course causes squalls, calms, and heavy rainstorms. Sometimes a ship is baffled about a week or more before getting steady winds. We have been favored with a strong,

steady, fair wind all the way, and most of the day the sun is obscured, thus keeping the decks cool, which is good for both the men at the wheel and the provisions. But we have all lost appetite, and the cook is becoming disgusted with putting food on the table only to take it off again.

Wednesday, 7th. We are now fairly in the doldrums—ran out of the northeast trades at midnight, since which time the wind has been light and baffling. Rained heavily all the forenoon, a goodly portion of it coming in the cabin; for we would almost smother if shut in tight. This afternoon there has not been any wind at all and our little ship is tilting over the swell that rolls beneath her like a board across the top rail of a fence; but neither the rain nor the calm hindered me from receiving a nice, friendly letter from a far-off sister.

I had a little scare all to myself last evening. But it was only for a few minutes though. I thought the boat had sprung a leak. From the first time I saw this boat, I have never regarded the voyage to the islands a "pleasure trip," as some did, but to the contrary my mind was ever impressed that perils awaited us. Always in my dreams we were in some perilous position where there seemed to be no escape, but we always did escape just at the last. I had seen, too, how we started once and were driven back on account of heavy weather, so I started on this voyage as one walking up to a fiery furnace, for perils are sometimes more to be dreaded than death. I dreamed a few nights ago of saying to some one, "How I wish I could feel clear and confident that we would go smoothly and peacefully all the way!" She said, "You can not feel that way because it is not going to be that way," then I saw some one was sick and I thought the boat sprung a leak at the bows. In the morning Sister Case was quite sick, weak, and feverish; but I did not tell anyone my dream. The captain had responsibility enough on his mind and did not want to make anyone else apprehensive. All day Sister Case was quite sick and the mate was far from well. The weather kept getting heavier and I felt a depression that prayer did not relieve, though I prayed much. In the evening I went to the galley and saw that there was much water on the floor, and asked the cook where it came from. He said he did not know, that it came in forward somewhere, and when I saw that it accumulated faster

than he could bail and sop it up, I was alarmed, for with all her knocking about this had not occurred before. I thought it was the fulfillment of my dream. The captain came and discovered that it was coming in through a broad open seam in what is called "the skin," just abaft the water tank, and evidently came from the hold; but how it became clogged up there in the bows, is not known. The mate came down with hammer and chisel and cut a hole in the floor and let it run in the hold again where it could be pumped out. So my scare was soon over and I was glad to know that the dream was up.

Thursday, 8th.—Last evening the moon dispersed the clouds somewhat and by midnight our little ship after her twenty-four hour rest, started off on her course again in the south-east trades. Our portion of the doldrums—if over—was very light. 'Tis rainy to-day, and although we seem to be in the southern trades we still have wind and rain squalls. While I write she is stivering along beneath the pressure of one. Now we breathe easier. The captain bought a nice four-dollar-and-a-half rubber coat before we left San Francisco to protect him against the rain, but the second time it got wet the sleeves fell out of it and the seams began to-open.

Just two weeks to-day since we left San Francisco Bay; are something over half way to the islands. Have not been able to get our position to-day or yesterday on account of the sun being obscured all day. As the afternoon wears on the weather appears threatening. Heavy squalls all around, though we only get a very little of them. A few days before we left the northeast trades, when the captain reckoned up the day's work he found that we were some fifty miles to leeward of where she should have been by the course they had been steering. He knew that they had to keep her off considerable all the twenty-four hours to ease her over the sea that was running high, still it would not have made anything like that difference, and he allowed that there must be a strong current setting westward. But since the effect of the current was not afterward felt north of the equator, I am inclined to regard it as an especial interposition of Him who has watchcare over us; for if we were fifty miles to windward of where we are now, we would have those squalls much heavier.

Friday, 9th. Instead of a storm yesterday afternoon a

calm fell upon us. Our little ship swayed leisurely on the heaving bosom of the ocean, while the clouds hung heavy and low. A ray of sunlight shot through a crevice in the clouds just before it sank into the ocean, and by the "bow" that was then seen in the sky we know that there shall again be "seedtime and harvest."

When we left San Francisco I regretted much that we had been detained there till the dark of the moon, thinking that we would feel the need of it most while on the coast; but the few nights we were on the coast were clear and starlight, and we have the light of the moon now in the worst part of our journey. It usually disperses the clouds by night, though they make up again in the daytime.

I was pleased to get your letter to-day, Sister Letitia. Had been wondering if Neptune would bring me one from you. We are, as you thought we would be, "far from land, with only waves and sky in sight" and "sailing smoothly" but not "swiftly" along. We went swiftly a little while about noon to-day; had an eight-knot squall right behind us. The captain did not disturb the sails, but he kept the wheel going. We have not had any stormy weather yet, nor do we anticipate anything more than a little rain perhaps. All would be content and happy on board if only Sister Case were well. She is getting better, though is, of course, much reduced. She has kept a brave heart through it all, not uttering a word of complaint or repining. I judge she will be a good missionary, and she has a kind and attentive husband.

Saturday, 10th. This is a thoroughly rainy day, as was also a part of yesterday. Our cabin is not exactly cozy in rainy weather. The slide over the companionway has to be shoved back to admit air. And that lets the rain in of course. Besides there is no place to dry wet clothing. What is taken off wet has to stay wet till a sunny day comes to dry it; nor are there very many places to hang any, so it has to be left in little piles on the floor, also shoes and rubbers. Still no one has complained; we welcomed the rain; it made the air cool and furnished a more plentiful supply of water. We can now afford to wash out our cup towels. How did we catch the water? By means of a canvas spout rigged under the main boom.

The slight discomfort experienced because of the rainy weather causes us to think of what Sister Smith and those

with her had to endure while in an open boat five days and nights in rain and sun, and how the missionaries will appreciate the comforts of this little ship. We have ceased to regard the *Evanelia* as a "boat." True, while in San Francisco Bay among those great ships, steamers, and ferryboats, she looked rather insignificant—a mere speck on the ocean; but being so long by ourselves and seeing nothing on the ocean larger than a gull, our bark that has borne us so nobly over the billows has in our estimation assumed almost colossal proportions,—a very monarch of the sea. And the cabin that at first seemed so small, and ourselves so cramped for room, has by comparison with the galley and two small, closely packed storerooms fore and aft, become in our estimation large, roomy, and airy. Such is the nature of this human, to adapt itself to its environments.

We have not made very much on our journey in the past three days, but have done far better than many another one has in the doldrums. Last night the men witnessed what assured us of our heavenly Father's special care over us. There was a terrible squall at a little distance away; they heard the roar of the wind and saw how it lashed the sea to a foam, but it did not touch us. I think, by the overcast sky, heavy swell, and often heavy sea we have felt, that there have been heavy storms on the Pacific this winter. If so, we have been shielded from all. Thanks be to our heavenly Father. And now since the evidence given us last night of his care over us, we feel doubly secure, and the gloomy visions have left.

The heavy rain this morning did not prevent the *Evanelia's* mail from being distributed, and it was my privilege to hear from Sister Ethel Burgess, of San Jose. I see that it was intended that I should have selected that one on the 23d of October, but I had failed to see the request on the envelope. Why the 23d of October? Was that your birthday, sister? If so, I wish you many happy returns, and am glad that there *was* a 23d of October, as many others also are, and will yet be.

Sunday, 11th. (Written on Monday.)—The clouds settled towards the horizon Saturday night, black and heavy, showing heavy rain squalls all about us. A dense bank just ahead of us. The rain reached us about seven in the evening; the wind blew strong and increased as the night wore on, the sea

also tossing, pitching, and pressing our little ship in an uncomfortable manner. At twelve o'clock at night the call was made, "All hands on deck and shorten sail." After which we ran easier and I went to sleep. Sunday morning was clear and bright, wind blowing fresh and sea still running high. The captain feels sure there was a heavy gale of wind not far from us. I am quite ready to believe it. We were hauled by the wind all day, it being the first head wind we have had. The *Evanelia* waddled rather than sailed wearily along, being almost stopped at times by the heavy head sea. She looked tired and discouraged. Brother Case gave us a short sermon in the afternoon, and we partook of some of Sister Anthony's fruit cake for supper in the evening. I had the privilege also on Sunday of reading a letter from my aged friend, Sister Nightingale, written at the reunion, and was an appropriate Sunday letter. I have often thought when in her company, What a lesson to us younger ones is her constant cheerfulness under the trial of poor health and much sorrow! I fervently say, God bless her, and help me to imitate her example in my life! Ah, the thought comes to me thus: "Such lives can not be imitated! But if the same spirit of love, meekness, and submission dwells in you, it will produce the same fruits."

Monday, 12th. This is a glorious morning. The flying fish are flitting about, skimming the waves in little flocks, trying to keep out of the way of the springing dolphin that feeds upon them. Sometimes in the nighttime in their eagerness to escape their pursuers they fly on board, then the result is that they jump from the dolphin into the frying pan. The sea is quite smooth this morning with a clear sunny sky and consequently very warm. But 'tis good to get a day to dry up things. Every available spot on deck is strewn with clothes and bedding. A person who has not been in those warm, damp regions can scarcely imagine how hard it is to keep clothing, shoes, and books from being spoiled by mildew, and steel and iron by rust. It is a constant fight.

I was favored this morning with a short letter from Sister Rhoda Lawn, which wafted me quite near home, while thinking over some of the many pleasant visits Brother Burton and I have had at her hospitable home.

Tuesday, 13th. The wind hauled fair last night and we sailed along finely and had a nice cool night which added to

the comfort of sleeping. This morning was beautiful, almost clear at sunrise, and the ocean a beautiful, deep blue; and although the sun has been hot all day, the air is delightfully cool. I go on deck awhile in the early morning before the sun heat gets too strong, and again in the evening. I can not stand the heat after nine in the morning. Hope it will keep cloudy and cool for the men's sakes who have to stand at the wheel without an awning. Their cheeks and noses are almost blistered now. I was real pleased with having a little chat to-day with a new friend, Sister Forest, of Alameda, and will say, Sister Forest, that when the box you sent was delivered to me, and I saw it was marked "on the water," I put my curiosity aside and waited till we got three days at sea before opening it. Many thanks for the same. It was a real "Christmas box." We enjoy the cocoa very much.

Wednesday, 14th. This morning and last night, too, was rainy, but it is clear and fine now; are by the wind again, still it is not exactly a head wind; but she does not sail so fast "by the wind" as any other way. These last seven days have been somewhat tedious, not having made much more distance than we did in forty-eight hours in the northwest trades; but we content ourselves with the thought that the Lord knows we are here and where we want to go, and since we have and do continually commend ourselves to him to direct our ways, it must be for some wise purpose that we are detained. We are not at all uncomfortable, but still have a childlike eagerness to be pushing on to our destination as speedily as possible. The weather is beautifully cool for only three degrees north of the equator, but the water in our tanks is quite warm.

For variety to-day I made four apple pies and a plate of codfish balls. We had split pea soup, fricasseed chicken, and apple pie for dinner. Our chickens did not get drowned, as the reporter said in the San Francisco paper, neither was the coop floating about the deck, one very good reason being that there is no clear space on deck large enough for a chicken coop to move about in. Letters are getting low in the *Evanelia* mail box, so I do not have my mail delivered till afternoon, thinking thereby to make them last a little longer.

Thursday, 15th. A very rough night last night, also to-day; the worst we have had. Still by the wind. A very heavy

sea, that is occasionally breaking over her, and we get a portion of it in the cabin. I do hope it will go down some before night. We do not doubt but the Lord is with us, nor that we will reach our destination in safety. I know the Lord loves and cares for all his people, but he does not always preserve them from peril nor make all their paths smooth, either morally or spiritually. We pray the Father to speak peace to the waves and grant us favorable breezes; nevertheless, his will be done; for he surely knows best. And our coming is in his service and that of the church, not seeking our own. Perhaps in this I ought to except myself, since I can not claim any commission other than the right of a wife to go where her husband goes when he so desires. Surely that is not displeasing in the sight of heaven.

Sister Lizzie, I do not think it is right to take to myself all the credit that you and the sisters generally have given me in coming in the boat, as though I had been called upon to do so. My coming was altogether upon our own responsibility. It *was*, I will admit, something of a cross in one sense; but since my husband was coming I wished to stand by him, and it would have been a cross to have remained behind. And I am not sure but what I had my own happiness in view as much as that of anyone else. When my husband told me I had better accompany him I naturally shrank from the trip, but my first thought was, "How it would cheer and gladden the heart of Sister Devore to see and converse with a sister from America," not then knowing there would be another sister in the company; and again it would be worth much to me to see the native Saints in their earnest manner of worship, even if I could not understand them; and again I would like to see the place and experience a little of the climate and of what the missionaries had to endure; and if by sign or word I could strengthen and encourage those there in the work, it would be a hearty pleasure; and I regard all together as privileges that few in the church are permitted to enjoy. And I know that "all things" are "bought with a price," and to have them I must pay the price. Neither do I expect to sail to them on a placid sea.

Friday, 16th. To-day is our thirty-fourth wedding anniversary. The sun shines brightly, but the wind blows fresh and the sea is no better than yesterday—perhaps a little worse. It subsided some last night but came up again this

morning. There is not so much water coming on board to-day, but I think she knocks about more. It is hard on Sister Case for she feels sick most of the time when it is real rough. We have made a good run, though, in the last twenty-four hours, and that compensates in a measure for what we have to endure. "Drive on and get there," is our motto now, for we have about given up hope of having a placid sea and enjoyable breezes. The captain saw a school of porpoises yesterday. We have seen lots of dolphins and flying fish; no sharks yet. Brother Case saw a whale "blow" in the early part of the voyage.

Saturday, 17th. The sun rose clear this morning for the first time with us on this voyage. The day is bright and nice, though not cloudless. (On account of the great evaporation from the ocean, especially morning and evening, the sunrise and sunset are almost always obscured.) The wind and sea are both going down, and the weather beautiful. We may now consider ourselves away from home for we have sailed off of the chart on which is the coast of California, and on the one of the South Sea Islands. Will cross the equator sometime to-night if the wind holds good. Are now twelve hundred miles from Tahiti.

A calamity threatens us. On account of the dampness and heat, I suppose, the little mirror attached to the sextant (one of the navigating instruments), and by which the sun is reflected to the horizon, by the aid of which the captain gets the ship's position each day, has become blurred and spotted as if steam had gotten between the glass and the quicksilver. This blur has crept over half of it now. The captain says if it goes all over we will not be able to find ourselves. But if we do not have too much adverse wind I know he could take her there pretty straight; though we might be a little longer reaching the desired port. Christopher Columbus came to America without having the land located on a chart, and the same power that guided him could and would direct us also.

It was my privilege to have a letter to-day from Sister Rood of Stockton, the which was replete with original pleasantries and comparative quotations of "heading" from the daily press. Since I am, as you said, "self-appointed post-mistress, mail carrier, and delivery clerk," I have had my mail delivered at midday of late; so your letter was re-

ceived fifteen minutes before twelve on Saturday, November 17, latitude 53 degrees, longitude 138 degrees, and 54 minutes.

Sunday, 18th. The sun rose clear this morning and the whole day has been beautiful. A good, stiff breeze and quite a sea during the fore part of the day, but it subsided as the day wore on. The boat has run along very smoothly; that is, did not toss the water over but very little. There have been few days indeed that the waves have not been foam-crested. The weather is so delightfully cool it is a continual source of wonderment to us. Nothing short of miraculous care over us, we believe.

We hoped to have met the packet *Galilee* on her way from Papeete to San Francisco that left Papeete the 12th instant, but if we do not to-day, probably will not. We had a good sermon in the afternoon by Brother Burton, and testimony afterwards; being the first time we could have meeting on deck for over two weeks.

I have drawn the last letter from my oceanic mail box. It was from Sister Nora Gibbs, and while reading I was in fancy wafted back to the reunion with its many pleasant scenes and seasons of instruction, together with our short but pleasant acquaintance. Those letters have been a source of interest and pleasure to me, and I hope none will attribute my making mention of them to any motive save it is that of a reasonable desire to express our sense of gratitude to those who have interested themselves to make our voyage pleasant by filling in the moments with kind words, wishes, and prayers for our preservation on the sea, pleasant visit, and speedy return. I heartily say, *God bless them all*, and be with them as a present helper in every time of need! I would like to have drawn one from our children, aged mother, and sisters in the flesh. But they did not know of the enterprise soon enough to add theirs. Sister Forest's letter contained some beautiful lines. Hope she will pardon the liberty I take in sending them for publication:

“On the waters dark and drear,
Jesus, Savior, thou art near,
With our ship where'er it roam,
As with loving friends at home.

“Thou hast walked the heaving wave;
Thou art mighty still to save;
With one gentle word of peace
Thou can’st bid the tempest cease.

“Safely from the boist’rous main
Bring us back to port again.
In our haven we shall be,
Jesus, if we have but thee.

“Only by thy power and love
Fit us for the port above.
Still the deadly storms within,
Gusts of passion, waves of sin.

“So when breaks the glorious dawn
Of the resurrection morn,
When the night of toil is o’er
We shall see thee on the shore.”

Monday, 19th. Another beautiful day and nice breeze. This will probably be our last week on this voyage. The captain thinks to reach our destination by next Sunday, since the trade winds are usually pretty steady. The time has not seemed long or wearisome, still we feel the need of more exercise. There is no place to walk on deck, and we could not walk if there were. Her motion is such that what little moving about we do is more of a dive, a halt, and a plunge than a walk.

Tuesday, 20th. We are basking in all the glories of this south sea climate. The air clear and so deliciously cool, yet soft and balmy. It fills our veins with gladsomeness. Or is it because each day brings us now nearer those islands about which our thoughts have hovered so long? All goes well on board and everybody is happy. Mr. McGrath is whittling out a second edition of the *Evangelia*, and proposes to present it to the Herald Office. He seems interested in our books. Reads considerable. The morning I left off drinking coffee, he did also, and now does not drink either tea or coffee. He drank both when he came on board. It comes hard on Brother Niemann, the cook, there being no tea or coffee drinkers on board. He makes the coffeepot full all the same,

and having no help, I suppose he feels it his duty to drink it all during the day sometime, nor does such "duty seem a task."

Wednesday, 21st. This has been a day of surpassing loveliness. We are gliding along before a pleasant five-knot fair wind, being rocked as gently as in a cradle. The heaving of the ocean throws up a white crest on the deep blue waves, but it is not an angry foam. We are some hundreds of miles south of the equator, and are going nearer the sun all the time, still the air is cool and comfortable, far more so than in the middle of the day in San Francisco when we left, still the sun has been shining brightly all day. I can scarcely imagine that winter has come upon America, and to-day they are busy preparing their Thanksgiving turkeys. We have one solitary fowl in the coop designated for our Thanksgiving dinner. How we should like to have eaten dinner with the Saints at Tahiti. We will in all probability eat our next Thursday's dinner there. We are now opposite the Marquesas group of islands, but can not see them. They are one hundred and ten miles to windward of us.

Thursday, 22d. No change in wind or weather. Our self-appointed Thanksgiving Day dawned brightly upon us, and all feel thankful and happy, looking forward with eager anticipations of soon reaching our destination. We enjoyed our dinner of chicken and plum pudding, and had a very enjoyable meeting between five and six o'clock.

Sister Case was on deck in the afternoon and took part in the meeting, and sat at the table and ate supper with us for the first time since we left San Francisco. The ocean is becoming so smooth now we hope she will not be sick any more.

I must confess, Sister Douglass, that for the first time since we have been at sea I utterly forgot until late in the afternoon that it was our "fast day," and feasted instead.

Friday, 23d. We are still enjoying the glory of the south sea trades and of this even climate. Sails have been spread wing and wing now for about forty-eight hours. A little stronger breeze to-day than yesterday, and we hope it will continue. We used the water rather too extravagantly while it was raining and now it is getting low in the tank, but hope and trust we shall reach the islands before we have need of more. Sister Case sat at the table with us again

this morning and is now on deck. We have been "trotting down hill on a smooth road" for the past three days; that is, wind, sea, and current have all been in our favor. But the wind is growing lighter all the time.

Saturday, 24th. "Lying on our oars." Since nine o'clock last evening we have been in almost a dead calm. But that does not mean that the boat is still. Oh, no! There is not even a steady motion. She rolls and pitches all together. The gaffs swing from side to side with a jerk, shaking the sails, rattling the blocks, and making the booms creak tiresomely. There have been squalls all around us. We have got a little shower of rain, but no wind, nor was the captain able to get our position to-day, for no sun shone out through the clouds. To-morrow will be the day we expected to have made land, but it is still in the distance. We hope for clear weather before reaching it. There is a little strip of the mirror left clear yet.

Sunday, 25th. The calm lasted till eight o'clock this morning, then a light breeze sprang up. It is as much ahead as can possibly be, but we are thankful for any kind. Nothing is so tedious to the mariner as a calm.

Well, my journal! It is nearly a week since I have been able to put a hand to you because of the pain in my side and consequent weakness. Never mind, though, I have kept a scratch record all the same. On Monday, the 26th, we were winged out before a nice fair wind, and on Tuesday we had a fair wind with a vengeance, and as the captain says, we had to "stand by to never mind"; that is, to never mind how one is thrown about. The ton of coal and two tanks of water that were in the bows of the schooner are about exhausted, which makes quite a difference in her trim, and also a difference in her motion in a sea. She does not behave so well as at first. The captain thought possibly we might make those islands before night that we have to pass between, Rairoa and Tikehau, but did not make them *before* night, and being so low they were not discernible in the night and in the mist of darkness that settled about the horizon, so at eight o'clock our little ship was hove to, to wait for daylight, and we could not help expressing the regret of not being four hours farther along, then we could have run all night. But what can't be cured must be endured, so Sister Case and I at least, sought forgetfulness in sleep, feeling that even this

loss had the "small gain" of an easier motion to the ship after our day of bumping about.

We had been running about two hours in the morning when my husband called me at six o'clock, Wednesday morning, the 28th, to see the land. It was a refreshing sight. Not a great blue mountain in the distance, but real living land. A sandy beach, tall coconut and tamarind trees, pineapple shrubbery, and green verdure. Our morning worship on deck with such a view in sight was rendered more heartfelt; song, "Shout the tidings of salvation"; Brother Case offered prayer, after which all joined Brother Burton in his favorite hymn of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

At nine a. m. we were nearly out of sight of them. A fine or bright morning, but a strong wind that increased till about four p. m., and of all the heavy sea and rough days and nights we have had, this one between the South Sea Islands was the worst. It seemed to us in the cabin as if giant calkers were at work all around her and even underneath, the way the sea pounded her from side to side, and ducked under her about midship, apparently lifting her nearly clear of the water, then down she would go again into the trough of the sea with such suddenness and force as would knock one off of his feet. I did not get seasick, but the sudden changes in motion would really make my brain reel so for a moment that I would lose track of her motion, whether she was pitching backward or forward or rolling. But at those unsteady periods one was usually reassured by a crash of water on deck and sheets of it coming down through the ventilation crevices left under the skylight. Several small holes were bored in the floor so it soon escaped, but not without first performing the uncomfortable mission of drenching whatever chanced to be where it fell. She was put under close reefs at noon but shook them out again at four o'clock; still she continued to labor pretty heavy, and all night the wind and waves raged and the poor little ship battled against them so vigorously that sound sleep could not be obtained by me, at least. Not that I was afraid, for I did not feel afraid at all.

Thursday, the 21st, was not smooth by any means, but we pressed onward with the hope of reaching Tahiti before night, the wind and sea getting more comfortable all the time. About noon we saw the dim outlines of the island in the distance. As we neared it I for one felt to look upon it

without the ecstatic feeling that I anticipated when first thinking of taking the trip. Our arrival, coming ashore, and meeting Sister Devore, bringing with us as we did so many tokens of love from her friends in the home land, was the bright spot in the distance which loomed up with a halo about it. But the "enchantment" that distance often "lends to the view" had of late been fading away, and I could not feel that such greeting was anywhere near, and almost began to feel lonesome, thinking possibly they might be away. Still the coconut trees were a welcome sight. The stars and stripes were unfurled at the masthead, but the sun was sinking, and after getting within six miles from the Papeete pass,—between the coral reefs,—seeing the smoke ascending from where the natives were cooking their evening meal, also the lighthouses lit up, we had to put back to sea again for the night, for there was no pilot boat in sight. It was something of a disappointment, but we all would rather enter the harbor in the daylight.

At early dawn we were in sight of the lighthouse point, and kept standing nearer and nearer the pass, and got nearly to the entrance of the pass before a pilot boat came out. One of the brethren was in the boat, but we did not know it at the time. The breeze dropped away and the natives towed her into the harbor. As we glided leisurely along we enjoyed seeing some large buildings, various kinds of trees, some with bright flowers on them, a few vessels that were in the harbor, with them the *City of Papeete* that left San Francisco a week later than we did, and also men and women moving about in light, cool-looking attire. We came to anchor near the shore where the heat was intense.

We had learned from the pilot that Brother and Sister Devore were on another island, so Sister Case and I felt no special interest in going ashore, nor did we make any preparations for it, but contented ourselves with our disappointment and with gazing at new sights ashore. The horses that trotted along the road were much smaller than most of our California horses, and the vehicles were a combination of American and Australian style. Was surprised to see two natives shoot past on bicycles. I had noticed a white man with two or three natives standing in a shady place watching us very intently, but did not suppose he had any special interest in us. I had not thought that possibly Brother

Gilbert might be here. When he saw that we did not land, he and the brethren came on board and told us that the sisters had gathered at his house with fruit and were waiting to receive us, so we made ready and went ashore. The ground acted as if it were dizzy, and we stumbled along as if we had lost the heels off our shoes. We both were so weak we could scarcely walk and had to hold to our husband's arms for support, which was a strange sight to the natives—their husbands walk several yards ahead of them. Just before we reached Brother Gilbert's, two sisters ran out in the street in front of us, bowed themselves, and shook hands very friendly. Their manner of obeisance is rather peculiar, and more easily imitated than written.

At Brother Gilbert's we met a very kind reception. The room was lined three tiers deep with the native sisters and a few little children; most of the children, though, were on the veranda. We passed around, one following the other and shaking hands with all. When we were seated in the chairs that had previously been arranged for us, the natives sat down too, some few on chairs, but the most sank naturally down on the floor tailor fashion. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was sung in English, after which Brother Burton offered prayer. Then we requested the natives to sing; their accent and "prolongs" are very peculiar. By this time some of the brethren had slid in and taken their positions on the floor, all barefoot, male and female. One of the men, "Pai," sang with his whole body and beat time with his toes. Fruit was passed around, and the rest of the time till noon was pleasantly spent in eating fruit, singing, and making very unsatisfactory efforts to talk with each other. Brother Gilbert interpreted for us, but he could not interpret for more than one at a time. At noon he motioned for them to withdraw while he got some dinner. The native men cooked our supper. The men do all the cooking in this country. At first they cooked for us, but now that we live ashore altogether and do not eat when they do, we do our own cooking on an oil stove; that is, we boil rice and fry ham, bananas, and feis; but at night the natives boil or fry us some fresh fish. They are good, clean cooks, and a very kind-hearted people. I like all the dishes they have made and brought to us except roasted feis; I like them fried. Friday evening was their testimony meeting night and all

enjoyed the meeting. They sing a good deal in their testimony meetings. It (the singing) was both interesting and amusing until we became a little familiar with their manner.

On Sunday the first meeting was at seven a. m. Metuaore preached. Seemed to have good liberty and a good degree of the Spirit. Most all the Saints of this branch live quite near the church, and all went home after meeting, and gathered at ten again, and Brother Gilbert preached in the native tongue, after which there was Sunday school, a very interesting school if one can judge by the appearance. After Sunday school all proceeded to the brink of the ocean and Brother Gilbert baptized a native man and wife, and the young man that came out with us, Mr. McGrath.

It all looked very beautiful, that placid tide, the clear sunshine, and the cool breeze, and the line of white breakers away out on the outer edge of the coral reefs. Baptism being over, all repaired to their homes till three in the afternoon, for it was only noon when the baptism was over. We got lunch and had opportunity to rest and read.

At three p. m. was sacrament and testimony meeting, and in the evening Brother Burton preached in English. The Reverend Mr. Henry and wife were out to meeting, also two other white people. The church is quite large and very good. A large bell hangs to a coconut tree right at the end of the church. This is promptly rung at the time for gathering. The last hymn the natives sang in the sacrament meeting was, "O think of the friends over there." They had sung it twice before, and after meeting was out, I went and took hold of one of the sisters' hands and sang the chorus in their language with her.

The Saints here have moved the house that Brother Smith occupied down near the church, and have fitted it up for Brother and Sister Case; a nice, roomy, comfortable house. We, Joseph and I, are domiciled in Brother Devore's house, right close to Brother Gilbert's. We all go there to cook and eat, but sleep, write, and receive visitors in here. The little melodeon that stood silent all the voyage has been made to talk since it came ashore, and is a great attraction to the natives. They could scarcely contain themselves the first time Sister Alice played and sang. They crowded in the house, filled up the windows, and packed on the veranda.

Brother Gilbert has school in the church on Tuesday eve-

nings, and this week has had what they term "the school of the prophets" in his house every forenoon. Brother and Sister Case, Brother Burton, and Brother McGrath are his scholars. He is teaching them the language, and says they are very apt scholars.

The sisters have their Prayer Union on Thursday afternoon. Sister Case and I met with them. There were something over two dozen at the meeting, but it is given to testimony instead of prayer. A large majority have their Bibles with them and in speaking they refer to them, reading passages. It looked very interesting and I should like to have understood them. They requested me before we met to lead their meeting and have Brother Gilbert come and interpret, but I preferred to witness their meeting conducted in their style, and see now that they would not have understood about the subjects or memory texts.

After the Thursday meeting the sisters of this branch and some from another island, and some who were not members at all, came to the house and said they had a present for all who had come in the boat, and wished to have Brethren Scott, Niemann, and McGrath sent for. One of the brethren went down to send them up and stay by the boat in their stead, during which time they collected in Brother Devore's house where we are, and got seated. The house and veranda were well filled, and the brethren looked in at the windows, all sitting on the floor, of course. A document was presented by Haua to Brother Gilbert to read, on which was a long list of names, twenty-nine in all, of those who had contributed towards the gift, which was a nice bamboo hat for each of us. Sister Case's and mine had a band and cluster of flowers, made by the natives, of the finest bamboo, pure white, and looks much like blown glass. After the presentation and due acknowledgments were made and responded to, the "Evanelia" (verses composed by Brother Forscutt) was sung, Sister Case accompanying with her little melodeon. Then the natives sang a piece or two and dispersed, all feeling very joyous and happy. They sing a number of our hymns, also "God be with you till we meet again." They seem to try to avoid showing any partiality. Last evening Tatehau came in with one of the expensive hats like they had given Brother Case the day after our arrival, and insisted on Joseph taking it.

I like the place very much. One does not feel uncomfortably warm when dressed for the climate—if he does not exert himself too much. It is much cooler than in San Benito or San Bernardino. It is here, like at home; once in awhile they have a rift of a few hot days, and sometimes some real cool ones. We came in on one of the hot waves. Since the first few days it has been comfortably cool. The nights are not so hot as in the Middle and Eastern States. The water is soft as rain water and good tasting, but quite warm. It is brought from the mountains and gets warm while coming. The soil down on the flat here is gravelly, and salt grass just like California, and the ground all about here, so near the ocean, is just perforated with holes such as the squirrels make in California, but they are made by large crabs instead of squirrels. The mountain soil is of a very deep red, and grows the most delicious, sweet, juicy oranges I ever tasted. Fruits of all kinds that grow here are scarce and expensive now just in this season. But we get plenty to eat, and have eaten it pretty freely, for we will not be here long. Yesterday we all took a long walk in the afternoon. It was cool and cloudy after a good shower of rain at noon. Oh, but it does rain here when once started! I do like a climate where there are one or two showers of rain a week. During our walk we saw great trees of mangoes and breadfruit and some others that we did not know the names of, besides coconuts and bananas, that the roads are lined with on both sides wherever you go. The oleanders and castor-beans looked quite natural. Some of the umbrella trees were a perfect mat of large red flowers and looked very pretty. The breadfruit trees grow as large as our California live oaks, and the leaf a deep green like it, but shaped more like the sycamore, not exactly though, and is much larger. Most of the streets are shaded by some kind of large trees that grow very high and so branchy at the top that they almost form a canopy overhead—do join each other in many places. Some of those are the tamarind and locust trees. The natives here all wear light and cool clothing. They seem to have entirely abandoned the costume of our first parents. The “mother hubbard” is universally worn by all females, big and little, black and white. They are not so bunchy about the waist as we make them, and flow out more towards the bottom of the skirt.

The fruits that grow here are coconuts, pineapples, oranges, bananas, feis (much like a banana), mangoes, breadfruit, limes, and two other kinds; one resembles the fei, and the other a Chinese plum.

The Saints here are making great preparations for the April conference and are very anxious for us to stay. We would like to very much, indeed, but duty calls Brother Burton home. It would not be any cross for us to stay here a year; i. e., here in Tahiti, but this is the very best place in the mission and we are guests.

On Thursday of this week, which will be the 13th, the *Evanelia* will be duly under the French flag and a new captain and crew, and will start that day, with all who came here in her, and Brother Gilbert besides, for the island where Brother and Sister Devore are.

CHAPTER 18

THE officers of the French Government were not favorably disposed towards the *Evanelia* and did not want her to sail in their waters and did all that their law would permit them to do to prevent her from having the French flag. She could not be left there under the American flag; was not even allowed to lift her anchor to change position in the harbor.

Captain Burton was told in plain words to take his vessel and go back to America; but he was undaunted; he had brought the little "gospel boat" there to leave for the missionaries, and was determined to do it, if any process of law would permit him to. About six weeks of time was devoted to that end, and he accomplished his purpose.

The day after the mail packet sailed for San Francisco, the *Evanelia*, through a diligent business process, became freed from all embarrassments and ready to start on a tour to the Paumotus. We then learned that the newly arrived missionaries were not permitted to take passage on her, whereupon they were advised by the American consul that they, in company with Brother Gilbert, should appear in person before the governor and request permission to sail on the *Evanelia*, which permission was granted on condition that they neither "preach nor teach."

We designed first to visit the island of Niau where Brother and Sister Devore were when last heard from. This island is one hundred and eighty miles from Tahiti in a northeasterly direction. When we boarded the *Evanelia* Sister Case and I looked at one another in dismay at the appearance of our trim little schooner, and when we learned of the numbers of natives going with us, we involuntarily expressed a hope that we would have a quick passage. There is only sleeping accommodations in the cabin for eight, but by spreading mattresses in the few available places on deck, it was supposed that she might carry thirteen on a short trip, including the crew. But here were sixteen natives, men, women, and children, and six of us Americans, making twenty-two in all. Scarcely a spot of the *Evanelia* was visible. All round the after part the rail was first lined with sugar-cane, then hung full, inside and out, with great stalks

of feis and bananas, baskets of mangoes, limes, and bread-fruit; and all available places on deck, in the "cockpit," and a portion of the seats around it, were monopolized with boxes and baskets, some movable and some immovable. A canoe was placed between the house and the main rigging, and that also was full. Some of the women took up their quarters for the trip on the house and stuck to it well. Several of the men were destined to sit up all night for want of a place to lie down. All the native sisters of Tahiti accompanied us to the beach, and as many as could conveniently, came on board and remained during the few hours delay in the harbor.

I, beginning to feel a very confused sensation in the head by the sight of such a muddle and the noisy talking that always attends a gathering of any people, and much more so where the language only confuses instead of conveys ideas, turned to the cabin for relief of sight and sound. But, if possible, that was more crowded than the deck. Trunks, rolls of bedding, valises, baskets, and boxes—in fact, with personal property of almost every variety from a melodeon to a frying pan, and hats enough to supply a small colony. I learned that when the natives went on boats they took about all their movable possessions with them and the missionaries had to do the same. But notwithstanding the feeling that there were "too many of we" on board, we parted sorrowfully with some who were left behind; for by their many acts of kindness towards us they had endeared themselves to us, and the tears welled up to our eyes as well as of theirs as they held our hand clasped tight in both of theirs and *looked* what could not be exchanged between us in words, neither understanding the language of the other.

The fair wind that had been blowing for two days dropped away to a dead calm before we got out of the harbor. This had been seen by our friends on the shore and presently a large boat shot past us, propelled by six stalwart sons of the island, who took our bowline and towed us out beyond the reef until we struck the breeze that had sprung up outside. We all felt very grateful to them for such a favor and Brethren Burton, Gilbert, and Case waved their hats and cheered them as they pulled past us back towards the shore. Yes, there was a strong breeze, but it came from the regular tradewind point, which was right ahead, so we were obliged to start out in an opposite direction from what we intended.

When we were fairly at sea Brother Gilbert went below to see if he could bring "order out of chaos," but all that could be done was to pack things a little closer, put a few out of the way, and walk over the rest.

The sea was rough, and the wind increased, and before long the women and children, and some of the men, including the cook, were seasick. Well, for ten days we beat against wind and current, accompanied with heavy squalls of both wind and rain. When the rain squalls came up the natives would come down. Some nights it rained all night, or a large portion of the day. Then, oh, my! I felt like one among a packed coop of fowls; but fowls had the advantage of a little better ventilation. Slides and skylights had to be closed, for in those regions "it never rains but it *pours*." Those natives were all brothers and sisters in the church—except the cook—and were good people, though not the tidiest in appearance. Still that did not prevent the odor and heat of their bodies from being almost suffocatingly unpleasant. I asked Brother Gilbert if it was usual for such a crowd to go. "Crowd?" he said, "why this is only a few. I have been in boats where the house and deck would be literally packed."

But whether it rained or shone they were always up and dressed, children and all, in time to have their morning worship at the dawning of the day. If rainy, the service was held in the cabin, and I must acknowledge that we more enlightened (?) Saints were more than once awakened from our morning nap by the voice of their peculiarly plaintive sounding song that was chanted softly when in the cabin. Brother Gilbert proved himself a shepherd to the flock by cooking and caring for them when their native cook was seasick. I am sure I saw the contest going on in his mind before undertaking the task, as he sat buried in deep thought. I seemed to see the questions come to the surface; i. e., "Shall I take the position of servant to this people in a temporal as well as a spiritual sense and cook and wait on them, or let them look out for themselves as they do in their own boats? Surely there is discomfort enough to be endured here without such an addition!" But their forlorn condition appealed to his better nature, and casting from him the disinclination, he sprang up and put on a pot of beans to boil for them. And as night set in wet and quite chilly, he brought an old man, feeble with age, who had sat in the same place two days and nights,

down in the cabin, loaned him some of his own clothes so he would be clean, and let him occupy the back part of the berth that he and Brother McGrath occupied, not only that night, but until we got into port, the result of which was that both he and Brother McGrath had to take their chances elsewhere. Two nights when too wet to sleep on deck Brother McGrath had to put his mattress on the table and sleep there because there was no other place found for it. I note all these particulars that the reader may know something of the liabilities of the missionary's life, and where the trial and demand for patience comes in. It is not a trial nor a cross to teach the principles of the gospel, that are so readily received and so eagerly devoured, at least by those in the church, that it must be a real pleasure to teach them; but to be patient and pleasant and maintain the decorum of a servant of the Good Shepherd under those and like trying circumstances, is quite another side of the missionary's life.

The native captain had a certificate, but it was obtained of course under Tahitian laws; for he knew nothing about getting his latitude by the sun nor finding his position on the map, neither of "heaving the log" to ascertain his rate of speed. He, like all the rest of them, knew where the islands were and each one when he saw it; and it is a custom to sight all the islands intervening between their point of starting and destination, and thus they are sure of their whereabouts. So after ten days of contending against tryingly adverse winds which veered from time to time to the most unfavorable points, we succeeded in reaching the line of the Paumotus; and since we had to pass close by Kaukura, it was considered best to stop there and land the passengers destined for that place, also to ascertain if by any chance Brother and Sister Devore had got to that island. Brother Gilbert went ashore in the first boat for that purpose. One or two natives were already on the beach, and when the boat returned it brought the news that Brother and Sister Devore were there, and Brother Gilbert went up to the town to apprise them of our coming. This was joyful news, for we were all tired of our sea voyage, especially Sister Case, who was very seasick, though we would much liked to have visited Niau.

There is no harbor or anchoring ground at Kaukura and many others of those low islands, and the landing and get-

ting off again is sometimes quite an exciting affair. The vessel runs as near the coral reef—which surrounds all these islands—as is safe, and the passengers have to go ashore in the boat and take their chances with the breakers and surf. The day we landed the sea was smooth near the island, and the native brother who propelled the boat had no trouble in picking his way around the rocks, or going over them as the boat was borne up on the inrolling swell. And when she grounded yet some distance from the water's edge several brethren came to our assistance. These men do not mind getting their *feet* wet, but they never permit the American Saints to step in the water. So one took my two-hundred-and-twenty-seven-pound husband on his back and walked off with him as a matter of course, while our boatman, a modern giant, set me on his arm as if I had been a baby and carried me to dry land where we were met by Brother and Sister Devore and a large group of natives that had come to welcome us.

Kaukura, I believe, is not the lowest among the Paumotus and the soil is much the same as the coarse white sand of the beach, only a little better packed; but I thought it a lovely place as we all walked along 'neath the shady coconut trees. It had a clean, cool appearance and the frame houses were painted and looked clean and nice. We were conducted up the broad, white stone steps of one of the most spacious residences in the town where Brother and Sister Devore were residing during their stay at the island, on the porch of which were placed three large cane-seat rockers and a number of armchairs into which our weak party sank with grateful hearts. Then each one was provided with a large, freshly picked coconut from which we drank copiously. I never before saw such large coconuts. They must have held a quart of the palatable liquid. A bowl was set by each chair in which to deposit the coconut till we wished to drink again. The natives who had accompanied us to the house, formed a semicircle in sitting posture on the ground in front of the house, watching our every movement, and only too glad when there was an opportunity to replace a drained coconut with a full one. We only had three and a half days to stay, and one half of the three was devoted to religious services; so *my* time for gathering shells was limited, but Sister Case would have other opportunities, consequently most of those

obtained were gathered from the generous hands of the Saints.

We found an excellent spirit among the Saints on that island, and all seemed to be alive to the work. We all were treated most kindly. Of the three meetings we attended one was the sisters' Thursday afternoon meeting—not exactly a prayer union—which was, I think, in advance of any of its kind I ever attended. There were a goodly number present. Almost everyone brought her Bible and I was not a little surprised to learn how well acquainted they were with its contents. The time was promptly occupied, and each one took her leading thought from the lesson that was read at the opening of the meeting and readily turned to or quoted passages in various parts of the Scriptures in reference to or explanatory of the same subject. Nor was it studied up for the occasion, (right here I made a mistake; each sister had her own portion of Scripture studied for the occasion) for I selected the reading lesson myself, after being invited to lead the meeting. Sister Devore acted as interpreter. She made the statement at the close of the meeting that she never heard more able prayers offered up even by elders than were by three of the sisters that day, pleading for more light and knowledge concerning the gospel of salvation.

But the "good-by" meeting, held in the forenoon of the day we left the island, was the best of all. Their church is quite large and it was packed full, with several standing at the windows; and let me say here that they have no need of window glasses in those islands, nor do they have any in any of their churches that I saw, but only the cases or frames and shutters. This was a real reunion meeting—prayer and testimony. Many from two of the nearest islands came, a boat being sent for them. Everybody was happy, for the good Spirit of the Lord filled all hearts. No need to urge anyone to "occupy the time"; it was being made the most of. The gifts—tongues, interpretation, and prophecy—were exercised, and many times the whole congregation were moved to tears. Good, faithful Brother Devore wept like a child. His joy was almost more than he could contain. That meeting will ever be a bright spot on memory's walls, about which our thoughts will delight to linger. The kind-hearted Saints brought their offerings of money and shells and placed them on the table till after meeting, then were distributed accord-

ing to their intentions. The shells were mostly from the children who listened with great interest while Brother Burton told them how the children in America contributed to the boat fund, and how, *many* of them, obtained their money. The brethren plead earnestly, both in meeting and in private conversation, for us to remain at the islands long enough to visit all the branches, which pleading of course had to be answered in the negative. I must here inform the reader that Brother Burton had become sufficiently acquainted with the language to understand, and make himself understood in ordinary talk, though many connecting words were left out or not understood.

Our meeting lasted from nine till twelve, then as soon as we got a bite of dinner (eating is there considered to be of secondary importance, and gone through with more as a matter of necessity than of enjoyment), we made hasty preparations for getting on board the *Evanelia* again, which had been beating about in front of the island all the while we were ashore. It had been arranged by the missionaries that we should go up to Niau for a day or two, and Brother and Sister Case would remain there, thence we would go to Makatea for a day, and on to Papeete in time to take passage home on the *Tropic Bird*. Sister Devore was to accompany us, since she wished to visit those two last-named islands before conference. Brother McGrath was to remain in Kaukura with Brother Devore. And Brother Gilbert was to proceed as soon as opportunity offered to another island.

The day we left was not a favorable one for getting over the "reef." There had been a gale of wind the night before and the sea that was "mountains high," came tumbling in over the reef in a manner not witnessed for a number of years. When we reached the shore we looked upon it in dismay; at least we women folks did, and some of the men thought it dangerous. A captain of a trading vessel, Captain Salmons, a native of Tahiti, whose schooner was beating about outside, thought so too, and would not undertake to take us through the breakers, but offered his good, big boat for that purpose, without which we could not have gone. The wind was fair for Niau, and our time being limited, Joseph thought we had better go.

The islanders, with a "picked man" at their head, in whom we had all confidence, volunteered to get us on board. Be-



BEATRICE WITHERSPOON AT SEVENTY YEARS.

cause of the number that were going, both to our vessel and that of Captain Salmons, and all having more or less baggage, it was necessary to make two trips, so the baggage was sent first. It was no easy matter for those men to hold that large boat where she could be kept afloat against the in-rolling sea and boiling surf while she was being loaded. Six or eight men were holding on to her at each side, sometimes in water up to their necks, and being surged in towards the shore. Then again it would only be knee deep and being drawn towards the reef. At length she was loaded and manned and we watched them excitedly as they pulled towards the reef and then hastily backwards again several times, dodging the breakers, which really seemed to follow each other in more rapid succession than before.

But even the angry waters take their breathing spell, and when the recede took place the boat shot forward and crossed the reef, and sank from our view in the great hollow of the waters on the other side without even being bespattered with spray, which made us feel all the more confident when our turn should come. But the winds and waves in that quarter of the globe seem to be a living, knowing, antagonistic power, and if outwitted, so to speak, in any instance, they seek revenge. So as we all stood watching the boat, some within and some outside the stone wall that had been erected years ago on that side of the island to protect it from the sea in time of heavy gales, a heavy roller came tumbling in over the reef. We were far above the high water mark, but seeing it was coming in farther than the others had, we jumped back a step or two, then all turned and fled through the opening in the wall only just in time to keep clear of a wetting; a portion of the surf also rushing within the wall.

All the Saints on the island accompanied us to the beach, and now came the handshaking and the oft-repeated word "Ia ora na," which means to invoke blessings on the person spoken to. I began to grow weak before it was over, and felt a strong sympathy for the Presidents of the United States on inauguration days. When the last dark but friendly hand had been clasped, I hurried to the water's edge, for nearly all were in the boat, and was picked up by the kind brother who had given up his house and bed to us during our stay, and who was then our pilot, and was carried to and placed in the after part of the boat, he taking his place at the tiller. Then

for awhile the same mode of procedure was gone through with as before, of pulling back and forth while the breakers crashed and boiled over the reef sending their spray far up in the air while their foaming waters came sudsing about the boat. At length the word was given to pull forward with all speed, the pilot urging his men with every breath, but just as we went on the inner edge of the ledge an unlooked-for comber rose right in front of us. It was too late to pull back, "so," thought I, "we are in for it now," as I saw the green wall of water. But our trusty helmsman did his work well, and apart from a good shower bath there was no harm done.

As I said before, the boat belonged to the trading vessel outside, whose captain and crew were then with us, so only our pilot had to return to the shore. This we did not realize till when safely over the reef. He hurriedly shook hands with the few nearest him, and threw himself into the sea to swim ashore. For a moment he lay on his side and waved us a good-by, then disappeared among the breakers. When next the boat arose upon a sea he was discovered within the shallow waters of the lagoon, walking ashore.

Again we started for Niau, but I think we were not to go there, for in a few hours the elements arrayed themselves against us. After contending some eighteen hours it became evident that we should not have time to work up to it, and all agreed to the proposition made by Brother Burton to square away for Makatea. Brother Case made the remark that he "would like to be on board the *Evanelia* with a fair wind once more."

We had one more passenger than was designed when the program was made out, Brother McGrath thinking that the boat would return to the shore again went off in her to get a few articles belonging to Brother Gilbert and himself from the *Evanelia* and "got left," as the saying is, so he remained with Brother and Sister Case at Makatea. We landed there on Sunday about noon. The wind was blowing fresh and a good big sea on. Our boat being small it was deemed safest for only two to go ashore at a time. There is no lagoon around this island; the coral reef skirts the shore and rises so abruptly from the sea that one foot from the ledge the water has the same deep blue shade as that of the rest of the ocean, consequently must be much the same depth, and the



ELDER J. F. BURTON.

Husband of Beatrice Witherspoon.

sea rolls up on the ledge and breaks with such force as to render it very unfavorable for landing in rough weather. The native captain thought we would not be able to land that day unless we went around to the leeward of the island, but all were willing to make the effort. Brother McGrath and Sister Devore—who had less dread of the breakers than of seasickness—eagerly sought the first boat. The natives, who are almost as familiar with the surf as a fish is with water, are equal to any emergency, and with “Kihoura” for our boatman—he whom I called the modern giant—I felt all right; for if the boat upset he could seize one under each arm and swim ashore with his feet.

In going in on the ledge with the boat they keep just back of the breaking point of the sea that they go in on, until it breaks, then one or two quick, powerful strokes of the oars sends the boat flying through the surf up between two rows of men who are standing in the water waiting to grasp the boat, crew and all, and run with her to high water mark before another breaker has time to reach and break over her.

Makatea is a small island, high, long, and narrow; or, I might more properly say, it is a huge rock. A large portion at each end is bold, high, and precipitous; but for a mile or so of the center it has the appearance of having crumbled away and taken a slide nearly to the water's edge. Upon this sloping side, and much of the top also, a rich soil has formed which is covered with verdure and a thick growth of coconut trees. In some places are orange and lime trees, also guavas, custard apple, pineapples, and other fruits.

As one nears the island, the rocky part has a very peculiar appearance unlike any rocky bluff that I ever saw before, resembling dark colored pumice stone or frozen earth that the frost has thrown up and left on a gauzy looking underpinning. So this looked to be half rock and half air cells, which air cells looked to be large enough to admit of a person wending his way in among them. Such was the appearance as we neared it from the sea. I should like to have had a closer view of those parts of it. This island is very peculiar and would be a study for scientists. Jumping at a conclusion though, one would say it had been thrown up from a huge subterranean volcano in its partially molten condition and cooled too suddenly to change form. Upon the top where there is no soil it is simply indescribable. In such places there is

only a footpath, and even that had been difficult to construct since only sharp points of rock like spindles reached the surface end, and the space between had to be filled in. I shuddered at times as I glanced down from either side of the path and concluded that a fall down in those depths could scarcely be other than fatal; not because of the distance, but because of the numerous sharp points of rock that stood upright and varied in length and size, some as sharp at the point as an icicle and black like a charred stick. Those places viewed from the top were strikingly like the ruins of an immense building of many walls close together and of varied thicknesses that had taken fire all over at the same time and the fire extinguished before its work was any more than half done, leaving the ruins in a charred and blackened state. Holes in the walls in some places, both large and small; beams and uprights, scooped out in the center with the four sharp corners still remaining; stanchions burned to a spindle in some places and gouged out in others. Let the reader fancy all these irregularities and he will have a faint idea of this peculiar-looking rock. It is as hard as adamant; no such thing as scaling a piece from it. But I am anticipating.

Here again we found the native Saints assembled at one house to meet and welcome us, the floor of a large room literally packed with them. They seemed to enjoy looking at us, and we at them, and with occasional assistance from Sister Devore we could talk considerable, for all had learned a little of the language. Sister Devore had not many spare moments, I assure you. She was preparing the Sunday school exercises for the coming conference. And it almost makes my head swim to think of all she accomplished while we were there, or at least until Monday night. Besides talking, and interpreting, and attending two meetings, she selected Scripture lessons for a number of classes according to their ability and translated some of the lessons and mapped out her program. On Monday afternoon Pohemiti preached, after which she formed the whole in line ready for marching, by selecting first the standard bearers on each side, then children of equal height from three years old, and had them arranged in a gradual slope up to the full-grown persons, and the "full-grown" persons were arranged according to their size too, for some had "grown" a great deal "fuller" than others; for

it is here like Mr. Ballou said of the Hawaiians: "To be fat is considered the proper thing."

On account of Sister Devore having so much to do we could not leave there on Monday afternoon as we had intended, so the captain, who had taken the *Evanelia* to the leeward of the island, was notified to be around where we could board her early in the morning. At daylight Tuesday morning we were up and dressed, looking for our ship, but there was no ship in sight and only a very, very light breeze of wind. Our breakfast was prepared by a native brother, and consisted of baker's bread,—dark and sour,—canned fresh beef, orange leaf tea, the darkest of dark brown sugar, and a tiny tin coffee pot of very weak coffee. Had we stayed there a month or a year the breakfast would have been the same; for they make no changes. Possibly, though, there may not always have been beef. That day or more than half of it was not pleasantly spent. It was simply worn away with waiting and watching for our vessel. She came in sight around the end of the island about nine o'clock, but having to beat, and the wind light, she made slow headway, and at one p. m. was not much nearer than when we first sighted her. However, she was sending the boat ashore, so it was resolved to send a man out in a canoe to meet the boat and send back word to the captain to tack ship and go back to the lee side of the island. We would walk across, a distance of three miles, and meet the vessel on the other side.

While we made ready, the Saints were assembled together on a level green plat in the center of the village, by two strokes on a large bell that hangs to a tree opposite the "green." We joined them as soon as possible and a short but very affecting service was held. The president of the branch gave a brief address, when the natives sang, after which Pohemiti offered prayer, at the close of which Brother Burton standing with outstretched arms commended our missionaries who were to remain there to our heavenly Father's special care, and pleaded for the same care in our behalf who were again going upon the adverse waters,—and his blessings upon the Saints who had ministered so willingly to us; and after singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and shaking hands all around again, quite a party of us took up our line of march to cross the island. Five only were going on the boat, but several of the native

brethren and sisters accompanied us to see us off and carry our cumbersome valises. Brother and Sister Case were going part way with us.

I can close my eyes now and see the band of pilgrims as they appeared while climbing the mountain in single file, men with poles across their shoulders, heavily laden at each end with fowls and baskets of fruit, and women with their allotted portions to carry. The ascent is short but it is steep in places as stairs, where steps have been chipped out of the rock. At the base of the mountain a few of us stepped aside to take a peep into a cave in the side of that rock mountain, where a spring of water is said to be at the bottom. It was like standing on the lower jaw of a gigantic walrus and peering into its throat. I looked down, down into the dark depth, but did not see the bottom, neither the spring of water. We had no time to linger, for our party was getting ahead of us, so I will leave the cave for Sister Alice's more ready pen to describe.

When once on the top of the island the path across is level, with a slight decline to the brink, then the descent is far more steep than was the ascent. Step by step we went down this winding stone stairway into as pretty a coconut grove as one would wish to see. Our exit across was far too hurried for us who perhaps would never again have the opportunity of viewing such unusual scenery.

The sun, that had been shining bright and hot all the fore part of the day clouded in as soon as we started, for which we felt very grateful, still the perspiration continued to ooze from every pore, as we marched on in single file. We soon became aware that we must quicken our pace, for a rain squall was making up. Our haste, though, availed us nothing, for the rain came and wet us, and the sun came and dried us before we got across. But it did not dry the grass that grew on either side of our path, which was partly shaded by coconut trees, nor the prickly-edged leaves that had fallen from them, which kept our skirts wet nearly to our knees, notwithstanding our efforts to the contrary. But that linen dress of mine had been wet more than once. It was the same one I had on when Mr. Burton and I fell in the river while going to Brother Buckman's, in Nambucca, Australia.

When we reached the sun-bathed shore we were much disappointed in finding that the *Evanelia* was not yet in sight.

During the rain squall (which took place about the time the captain tacked ship) the wind had hauled, so our poor little ship was destined to beat her way back again. The native brethren understanding that it would be night before we got on board very thoughtfully sought about getting something for us to eat. While two of them were preparing—that is, killing and cleaning—three of the fowls that were brought along, a third brother got the native oven hot, ready to bake them, and to him we will give our attention. He scooped out a place on the ground in which he placed first some light stuff for kindling, such as coconut cloth and dry leaves, then heavier pieces—husks and coconut shells and bits of wood, until he had quite a little mound. Over these he put a thick layer of smooth stones nearly the size of an egg. He knew well how to arrange it all so that it would be sure to burn without a second effort when the light was applied, and that was the most interesting part to us to know how he was going to light it without matches. He gathered some strips of coconut cloth, some of the very gauzy kind and some thicker, took two sticks, split one and rubbed the point of the other one up and down in the center until it emitted little sparks of fire. This he let drop on the finest coconut cloth and swung it back and forth till it began to smoke, then he quickly wrapped another thicker piece about it, keeping it swinging all the while, and in a moment or two he had a blazing torch that was placed under his “pier,” and soon all was ablaze. When the fuel had burned away it left a bed of hot rocks in the hollow they had made and the earth all around it was hot also; then the chickens were rolled in coconut leaves and laid on the hot rocks and covered so thickly with leaves and sacks that no steam could escape.

In this shady coconut grove the ground was literally covered with red-legged shellfish as large as a man’s hand, crawling about in every direction carrying their shell house on their backs; great, ugly-looking fellows they were, but when touched they suddenly withdrew in their house, which was rough on the outside but within was like stained alabaster. I was too much overheated with our long walk to sit still and cool off, so walked leisurely around the beach with the hope of finding a few more shells, also to get dry in the sun before night came on. When the chickens were done and divided up, I inquired if there was any salt brought, for the

sisters had brought bread and some cold meat. Sister Devore said, "No, we don't need salt here; come with me and I will show you how we season it." She dipped her piece in the ocean, held it awhile in the sun, then dipped it again and it was salt enough. And how sweet that lunch of roast chicken and fresh baker's bread tasted! The sunlight had given place to moonlight ere we left the shore, for Brother Burton, Sister Devore, and I had waited for the second boat. Here again the boatmen had to work their way cautiously through the surf, holding to the boat as little by little they edged her along till near enough to pull out with the receding wave, then those at the sides let go, and our faithful Kihaura with giant strokes took us safely out to the smooth sea. While this process was being gone through Sister Devore would occasionally pat me on the shoulder and say, "Don't be afraid; they won't upset the boat." Here I will add that I had, on learning of the mode of getting to and from the islands, besought the Lord to remove from me that feeling of terror of the menacing waters that I have been a victim of ever since that terrible struggle in them many years ago. It was not that I feared we would lose our lives, but as Sister Tamza once said, I was only "afraid of being scared," and the Lord had granted my request so that I could truthfully answer her that I was not at all afraid.

The *Evanelia* was more than a mile off from shore and could not get any nearer, for the wind had died away altogether; there was not a ripple on the surface of the waters. As Kihaura bent to the oars on our way to the vessel, whose signal lights looked like stars in the distance, he said: "The Devil tries to make us all the trouble he can, but we will beat him." The prospects the next morning for such a victory were not very bright, I thought, when, going on deck I discovered that we had made little or no progress during the night, and that as far as the eye could reach, the ocean had that glassy, oily appearance which indicates an extended calm. Being in the line of the trade winds, we hoped for a thirty-six-hour run, seeing we would have little enough time at that to prepare for our journey home; for the coming Monday was the day for the mail packet to leave Papeete. But here again we were detained by contrary elements in the form of a great calm. As day after day passed away, during which time the sun poured down upon us most unrelentingly,

I mentally curtailed and condensed our preparations for home, at the same time trying to keep in subjection the feverish restlessness that was so hard to endure with any degree of cheerfulness; and to add to the discomfort I had to officiate as cook for us three Americans, since Brethren Gilbert, Case, and McGrath were left behind; and the heat was almost unbearable in our little cabin. We sailed a little at times, of course, but it was slow progress.

Sister Devore, who had her bed on the house beneath an awning, was enjoying a little respite from seasickness. Though not well enough to sit up, she could converse, and many hours were pleasantly spent in hearing her relate her experience. She told us how such adversity, on the waters especially, had been their constant companion, and how unavailing all their prayers for special favors in that direction had seemed to be, though they received testimonies in other ways to assure them that they were neither forgotten nor uncared for; so they had long since ceased to importune the Lord in regard to the winds or weather, but endeavored to take patiently whatever they might meet; to which I admitted to the same feeling of disinclination to make mention of it in prayer, that it seemed to me as if his Satanic majesty had a lease of those waters for a time at least; that his rights must be respected, and we must submit, and if the Lord did not preserve us *from* such adversity, he could and had taken care of us *in* it. I told her how on our way out it was shown me that it was not the Lord that was angry, but the "prince of the powers of the air; and," I added, "I gather from what you say that one can not drift along on the surface here; they must either get above or go under." "That's just it, Sister Emma," she said; "our trials were such, when we first came here, that it seemed that I should 'go under,' but by the grace of God I have got above them and have learned to submit patiently to whatever our circumstances may be, and I do not mind anything but the terrible seasickness. But now, since this boat has come, and her motions are so easy, and there is a stove, and I can have some hot drink and a cup of beef tea, I do not think I shall suffer as I have. And then," she added, "I have this soft bed to lie on [turning up the corner of one of the hair mattresses belonging to the boat] and these nice blankets to cover over me in the night or when it rains; so I feel as if I were rich."

Slowly the week wore away. On Saturday morning the island of Tahiti was in view. In the morning we thought to reach it by noon, and by noon the middle of the afternoon, and so on till four o'clock had come and gone; then we learned if we were not in the harbor in time for the captain to enter his vessel at the customhouse before five o'clock, we could not take anything ashore till Monday morning and would have to get a permit from the customhouse to land ourselves. Then it became a race with time. How we all wanted to push on the house or the main boom to make her go faster! The nervous perspiration fairly stood out on our faces at the prospects of not getting our effects on shore till Monday morning.

It was just two minutes past five when we dropped anchor in the bay. But when the captain came off the shore with our permit to land he also brought the cheering news that the mail packet had not yet arrived. It proved that the same calm that hindered us, detained her. She arrived about noon on Sunday.

And now that we wanted fine weather for getting clothes dried, the rain poured down in torrents for three successive days; but we had five days in which to make our preparations, so all was completed and on board when the packet was ready to sail. After our long sojourn in such a tiny ship, this barkentine appeared to be simply immense in her proportions, a second *Great Eastern*, and it seemed to me that her bows would reach San Francisco a long time before the man at the wheel would get there. And it was not until we got back in the neighborhood of pilot boats that I realized what a miniature ship we went out on. Those pilot boats were two thirds larger than the *Evanelia*, and yet they looked like toy boats when they sank in the hollow of the sea on the bar, which was only an ordinary sea.

I must add that our home-coming was a succession of joyful greetings. None of the Saints knew of the arrival of the *Tropic Bird* till Mr. Burton and I walked into Sister Knight's house and almost paralyzed them with joy. Word was sent to Oakland, and on Friday evening the Saints of both those branches met at Sister Knight's and gave us a grand reception. A real program for the evening was prepared, which occupied the first part of the evening, after which Brother Burton gave an address in reference to the islands and islanders, their customs and peculiarities, also exhibit-

ing the trophies we had brought home with us. Then refreshments were had and the shells sent by Sister Devore were duly distributed and most gratefully received. All hearts were attuned to the feeling of thanksgiving and were joyous and happy.

On our arrival in San Jose, the Saints there also met at the house of Brother and Sister J. C. Clapp to receive and welcome us back to our native land. The teardrops glistened in many an eye and voices trembled with grateful emotion, while the dear old hymn of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" was sung. Prayers of thanksgiving were offered up to the All-Father for his protecting care and manifest favor in the many ways it was experienced while on that errand in behalf of the church. The evening was spent in pleasant conversation, interspersed with music—vocal and instrumental. Vocal music was rendered by different individuals—in five languages besides English: Hawaiian, Tahitian, Chinese, Spanish, and German. Refreshments and fruit were served, after which Brother Burton spoke a few words in harmony with the sentiments of the evening and was responded to by Brother Clapp. After thanks had been returned to the Giver of all good gifts, the happy company dispersed.

For two years after our return from the islands, I continued to travel with my husband on his missionary tours through California. All up through the northern part by way of Lake County, Ukiah, and over the coast range of mountains to Fort Blair, Mendocino County, in a single horse buggy. It was a very interesting trip, but I will pass it by.

The mission of the *Evanelia* was short lived, yet she was the stepping-stone of our being sent to the islands as missionaries. When we left the islands, though after going in the *Evanelia*, I had no desire to return as a missionary's wife, but during the intervening two years, my thoughts and dreams often wandered back to the scenes and people of the islands.

Along in the latter part of the year 1895 and the early part of 1896, and before we had thought very seriously of its ever being a reality, it seemed to get in the air that we were soon to return, and Mr. Burton was often confronted with such questions as, "Are you going to the islands after conference?" Or, "How soon do you think of going to the

islands?" While at Upper Lake, just one year before we came out here, at the house of a Brother Fisher, Sister Fisher said to us, "You two will be sent out to the islands next year." I answered, "Why do you say that?" "Because," said she, "I know it." And in a testimony meeting in her house, Brother Fisher spoke in tongues and prophecy also, in regard to our mission in the islands. However much these things caused me to think about it, I was never sure that I was willing to go, but kept in trembling awe of it. It was in that frame of mind we went East, Mr. Burton to attend conference in Kirtland, and I to visit with my mother and sister at Independence, agreeing that neither of us would say anything to encourage the move, believing that if the Lord wanted us to go he would make it known; and for myself, nothing else would make me feel willing to go except the positive assurance that it was his will.

Near the close of conference, when the missionaries had been assigned their respective fields of labor, Mr. Burton wrote me that his appointment was to California, and that nothing had been said regarding the South Sea Islands Mission. While reading the letter I became more sure than ever before that we would go to the islands in the near future, but felt quite pleased to remain in California one more year.

In a day or so after receiving this letter, I was in Independence, spending a pleasant hour with Brother T. W. Smith's widow, and spoke of our return to California. She looked up in surprise, saying she had expected to hear that we were sent to the islands, and added, "I *know* you are going, and had felt confident that it would have been this year, and do not feel like giving it up yet." When in a few days a second letter came, stating that his appointment had been reconsidered, and that we were to go to the islands, the spirit of peace and tranquility that accompanied the reading of it, and remained with me, bore witness, that it was sanctioned by the Head of the church triumphant. But it does not follow that all will be smooth sailing or "flowery beds of ease."

Our few months stay in California was very enjoyable. The Saints seemed to vie with each other in making our good-by visits as enjoyable as could be, so also our children, as a pleasing picture to look back upon when the great ocean rolled between us. The social gatherings and pleasant incidents of the few days previous to our leaving San Francisco,

and that of the morning of our departure, were written of to the *Herald* by Brother Luff, and portrayed as vividly as words could convey. But words could not express the triumph of peace within, the perfect willingness to cheerfully go, if need be, to the ends of the earth in the Master's cause.

But notwithstanding the willingness to go there was a tinge of sadness in the thought of leaving our children for such a mission, but nothing like that of going to Australia, for now they all had homes, and interests of their own. We took passage on the mail packet, barkentine *City of Papeete*, and sailed on the morning of November 3, 1896. We had a pleasant passage, called at the Marquesas Islands, and arrived in Papeete, December 7, to the great joy of the natives. Brother and Sister Devore, also Brother Gilbert, had previously returned to America. Brother and Sister Case were still in the mission, but to our disappointment they were not in Papeete but had gone with most of the native Saints to Hikueru to the diving, and left word for us to follow as soon as we could. Therefore we did not settle ourselves in Papeete, but took passage on the first vessel that left for that island, and went where the people were. There were about five hundred natives at that island diving for pearl shells, two hundred of which were of our church from the various islands. All came en masse to the beach to meet us as the boat pulled in to the landing, and all wanted to shake hands, at least all of our people, so there we stood against a wall of people. Brother Hubert Case saw that we were making little progress towards getting from the beach, and came to the rescue, scattering them away. At first, I thought they all looked alike, but after a better acquaintance, I saw that they had their individual features, and expressions, just the same as white folks, and their individuality, too.

That entrance upon the mission was very pleasant with such pleasant companions and helpers as Brother and Sister Case, and their sweet little baby girl for a pet. It was interesting to see the little fleet of boats start off across the lake each morning to the diving place and back in the evening. Getting acquainted with the customs of the people and trying to learn their language, made it a busy time for all. From thence we four went to Kaukura in the latter part of March to be there for the April conference, and conventions. After conference, husband and I went to Papeete, where

we spent most of the time of the first mission, on account of husband's editorial work. Yet we took short trips to other islands occasionally and spent two months in Anaa.

In the following autumn, just prior to the return of Brother and Sister Case to America, we four being in Papeete, proposed to lay aside the duties and cares of missionary work for one day and take a drive to Point Venus. This point is ten miles from Papeete, towards the eastern end of the island, and projects much farther out from the mainland than any other around the island, though the point of land is very low, only a few feet above high water mark. This point is made famous by several incidents that have gone down in history. First, it was here that the great discoverer of the South Sea Islands, Captain Cook, anchored his vessel, the *Endeavour*, in the harbor of Matavai, a harbor near to the point, in the year 1769, and remained on this point of land three months, April, May and June, for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus across the sun's disk. Thence the name "Point Venus." Again it was on this very point that the first English missionary landed in March, 1797, a young man by the name of Mr. Henry (the father of Mr. Isaac Henry who translated the Doctrine and Covenants into the Tahitian language under the direction of Elder Joseph Burton, missionary in charge at that time), and it was on this point that the first coconut trees were planted on Tahitian soil, one of which remained till after we left the islands, and later, a very tall lighthouse was erected on this point that casts its brilliant light far out over the waters to guide the mariners to the port; hence we wished to pay this famous place a visit, and see the sights, Captain Cook's Monument included. So we hired a livery outfit (and in Tahiti when a two-horse carriage is hired, a driver is always included). The drive through the broad, shady avenue over level ground through the suburbs of Papeete was very enjoyable, and when going over the steep hills or around the bluffs, the view was grand. At the Point, we ascended the long, winding stairs to the top of the lighthouse and saw the great revolving lamp, then stepped out on the balcony and looked far over both land and sea. From that elevated height of two hundred feet we had a view of that one remaining coconut tree that was planted one hundred years ago (being 1897 when we saw it), and like King Saul, it

stood head and shoulders above all others, that is, it was that much taller in proportion. On coming down from one aerial flight we were conducted to what is known as, "Captain Cook's Monument."¹ It is small, evenly hewn pieces of coral rock, perhaps two feet wide, and less than a foot deep. It may have been four or five feet above ground when set; but being not very far back of the present high water mark, the washup of coral sand that takes place at every bad storm, has partly buried it in the coarse sand that surrounds it. On the face of this coral slab, near the top, and facing the ocean, is a small, smooth, copper plate embedded in the rock. If there was ever an inscription upon it, a hundred and twenty years, with its beating rains, and whirling sands have completely erased them. The natives say this monument was erected by Captain Cook while he tarried on the island watching the transit of Venus across the sun's disk.

Having seen the sights, and chatted with the natives, we returned to the missionary house.

¹Some years since we saw this monument there was a card issued from F. Holmes's picture establishment with a round monument with a globular piece on the top, set on a heavy marble block some three feet square and about half that height, inclosed in a pretty iron fence, called Captain Cook's Monument. But that is of more modern finish, and was not in existence when we visited the real monument.

CHAPTER 19

OUR MISSION to the islands was in three divisions of time; being in California from one to two years between those missions. Our first going was on the mail packet barkentine *City of Papeete*. Arrived in Papeete, December 7, 1896, stayed three years and nine months, and returned home in May, 1901, on account of Elder Burton's health failing, but through the prayers of the Saints he was healed of terrible suffering. At the conference of 1901, a petition was received from the native brethren to return him to the island mission again. In September of that same year we returned to the islands again, and labored in the mission till May 6, 1905, but returned again in one year according to the pleadings of the people—as well as the voice of the church just after the islands had been swept by the hurricane and tidal wave in 1906, and remained two years. We were not expected to make even that long a stay, but the work required it.

I do not propose to trace the events as they occurred during those years in the mission, but only to give an item here and there, as testimony in evidence of the restoration of the primitive gospel with its powers and blessings, and also that there is no foreign land to the All-Father, that he is just as near to his children in one place as in another, and that he does hear and answer prayer.

Every missionary sister had one main branch of work besides the ordinary, and mine was with the sick and afflicted, and only occasionally was one sick any length of time, yet the calls were continuous.

During those years, I realized the fulfillment of what was said in prayer and prophecy by Elder Daniel S. Mills at the reunion at Tulare in regard to a work that was to be of "great worth to the dark-skinned sisters of other nations." This was spoken two or three years before we had any thought of going to the islands, and he said, "Many shall be made to rejoice at thy hands."

Yet, let it not be thought that the case of those native women and children in their sickness was an easy task. Many times it would be like a great weight upon me; I felt the responsibility of the lives that in one sense were committed to my care,—for it was not optional on my part.



Some wondered that I did not take some of the contagious diseases—like typhoid fever and native measles. But the loving Father had given me his word that I should not be harmed.

At one time while we were in church where the leper woman who was the leading singer sat near me where her breath came against my face in a way that made a prickly, disagreeable sensation pass all over me, I became almost terrified lest I should be taking the dreadful disease. It was time in the disease that she should have been sent into seclusion, but she was such a good woman, a leader in good work also, that none wished to notify the officers of the town to come and get her. While the singing was going on, I in fancy lived out my life as a leper in the islands, a most dreadful experience even in fancy. At the close of the singing my husband who stood by my side said, "I do not know what this means, but while they were singing the Spirit said to me, 'Say this to her, that though she pass through the shadow of death, it shall not harm her.'"

I answered, "I *know* what it means." And after we came to our home and sat down I gave vent to the great joy within in praise and thanksgiving to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to the Father of all mercies for thus condescending to speak to us, and relieve me of that dreadful fear.

When our island conference of the second year drew near (it was held in Takarua), I anticipated much fatigue and privation and very little to compensate. I had made very little progress in the language on account of not being able to hear their accent, and at the conventions is where I missed it the most. Sister Case was with me the first conference but I should be alone this time, that is, no white sister or any with whom I could converse, or ask help in the work that I would have to do.

As I sat in the missionary house in Papeete thinking over those perplexities I felt deeply troubled lest I could not perform my part, when the comforting words, "The Lord will appear for you when it is needful," were spoken to me; and indeed he did, in many ways. The first Sunday was sacrament day, and by the blessing of God I was permitted to exercise the gift of tongues in greater power than usual. Oh, how rich! how deep! how grand it was! Many confessed to have felt their hearts stirred as they never had before.

Among the first to follow in testimony was Teuira, known to some of my readers. He spoke of feeling a power of the Spirit that he never had before, that gave him the strong desire to lead a better life, to see to it that his standing before God was what it should be. This man seemed not to have forgotten his resolve in the years that have followed. True, he was among those who partook of the wave of spiritualism that swept over the islands. It was not because he had become careless in religion, but because he thought it was greater light. But God has restored him to the true fold again.

In regard to speaking in tongues I may testify to an experience that was very profitable to the natives. It took place in the early part of our mission. We were filled with the spirit of the work, the writer had borne testimony in an unknown tongue several times, the natives were always greatly pleased, and enjoyed the meetings to a greater degree, yet they reasoned with Elder Burton in this way, "I do not doubt the power, or the spirit by which the tongue is spoken, but why, if the Lord gives her power to speak in another language that she does not know, can she not speak in our language?" My husband's answer to them was: "I do not know other than her gift is to speak in an unknown tongue, or language, and although she does not know your language well enough to bear testimony, she knows words, and a few sentences, and when you folks talk, she knows that you are speaking in the Tahitian language, so it would not be speaking in an unknown tongue.

Not very long after this conversation it was the writer's privilege to speak in tongues again. There was a native brother in the meeting from an island a long way south of Tahiti, and whose language was not understood by the Tahitians; he affirmed that I spoke in the language of his island. Alfred Sanford, the brother who had talked with Joseph as above mentioned, said he knew it was a Polynesian language, but he could not understand it. This was one of God's gifts to the natives, though through another, confirming their faith in the gift of tongues, as one of the gifts of the gospel in these last days, and it pleased them that the Lord would give it in one of their languages, especially Taaea, the man who affirmed that it was his language, "for," said he, "I know she does not know one word of our language."

It was some time after the above took place, that I could talk in broken Tahitian (or perhaps it was only pidgin English), however, most of them could understand but only in very ordinary talk, and Joseph interpreted for me in meetings. This evening that I refer to, he was sick and did not go to prayer meeting. I did, and wanted to speak, so thought I would try to say a little in their language perhaps plain enough for them to understand what I wanted to say, and made the effort, but found it no effort at all. I said what I wanted to smoothly, and knew what I said. The native Saints were greatly pleased. Metuaore, our native bishop, went directly to the missionary house to tell Joseph. He affirmed that it was the correct Tahitian and added, "I knew she did not speak by her own knowledge, for she could not speak that way."

To me it was a new operation of the one Spirit. One speaking in an unknown tongue can not say what he wants to, nor does he know what he says, i. e., not the words. But this instance was speaking by the Spirit and yet with the understanding. No interpreter was needed, yet all were edified and strengthened. We felt pleased indeed that the Lord was so using us as instruments in his hands to instruct that remnant of the house of Israel. Bear with me, as Paul says, if I seem to boast.

Again while contemplating with a degree of sadness my portion of the work of the conference following the one above named, I was spoken to in the same manner and told that I should have my portion. That to me was a most happy conference. I felt very happy all the time, nothing had power to perplex or annoy me, notwithstanding we were located in such a small room that there was scarcely any space on the floor that was not occupied by boxes and native baskets. There was no general feast, so I had to do our own cooking, and the heat was sweltering since we were on the side of the house where there was no breeze. The rats were savage and made great holes in our clothes at night while we slept. But it all passed off like a play day. I was able to audit the sisters' books without any trouble, and understood their talk so well that I thought I had learned the language, and even said, "I will not have any more trouble now with this language," but found when I got back to Papeete that it was only a gift for the occasion.

CHAPTER 20

IT WAS NEAR the close of our second mission to the islands that I had the most brilliant experience of my spiritual life. I have hesitated to reproduce or reiterate this experience here, for it seemed too sacred, yet is not more sacred than the experience on the day of Pentecost, and it will be an additional testimony to the power of God manifest through the gospel in these last days.

We were in Papeete. I had been feeling unusually happy that week, not a self-centered happiness; oh, no; as much brighter than that as the noonday sun is to the twilight—happy in the love of God, in my work of attending to the sick and afflicted natives. The very atmosphere seemed unusually bright and buoyant. At our prayer meeting I tried to tell the natives in their language of how happy I was, and of how the love of God filled my heart, but the words came too fast for my utterance, not being able to speak their language only to a very limited degree, when all unexpectedly the difficult work of mentally translating the English into Tahitian passed away and I found myself speaking in a smooth, beautiful language, one that was not often given me to use, yet one in which I felt calm and perfectly at home. I was standing a few steps nearer the upper end of the house than where the natives were seated, and as those beautiful words fell from the speaker's lips, there appeared to my view a small, soft, white cloud in the upper part of the unceiled house, and spread until it had formed a ceiling over the seated portion of the church, and gradually settled until it touched the heads of the natives, transforming them from their usual leaning posture to perfect uprightness, and filled them with the Spirit, as the whole house was filled and I was assured that nothing could withstand that transforming power, all must be brought in harmony with it, that is, there could not be any feeling of ill will, or opposition, all were alike made partakers of the divine Spirit. It was tasting of the powers of the world to come. As for myself, I can testify to the reality of the saying that a live coal was taken from the altar and laid on my heart, whose burning quickly created a pleasant flame that ascended upward—though inwardly even to the side of my face.

As I sat down, Elder Burton arose and gave the interpre-

tation. It was a psalm of praise to God. Then he plead with the natives to put away their evil customs and keep the law of God and he would bless them. (These words are simply the summing up of what was said.)

As Elder Burton sat down, one after another quickly arose and gave utterance to the Spirit that filled their hearts. Each was so eager for the floor that they arose one after another, and remained standing, waiting their turn to speak. Truly that meeting was a heavenly place in Christ Jesus.

I am aware that I have used an expression in giving this testimony, that will not be understood by those who have not experienced some degree at least of that burning that the Scriptures has likened unto a "live coal taken from the altar," but let me say to those who do not understand, do not affirm that there is no such thing; or that the expression in the Scriptures is altogether figurative. In all probability the ancients knew of its reality, as I, and many others have been made to realize. It is one of the powers of the Spirit of God made manifest through the gospel in these last days. John, on the banks of Jordan, said there would come one after him who would baptize with the Holy Ghost, and with *fire*. With me, that smartless burning did not pass away immediately. It gradually grew less, not until three days did it all depart.

Upon other occasions I have experienced this same burning, but not to so great an extent.

I might relate many more instances of divine favor during our nine and a half years of missionary life in the islands, but will refrain, nor is it my intention in making this biographical sketch, to give any outline of the work done in the islands, by husband or self. I had my part, was superintendent of the Sunday school association of the South Sea Islands District, and of the Religio work, made all the Book of of Mormon lessons while I was there, and the children's Sunday school lessons, helped print, and all that, but with my best efforts could not half do justice to those societies. I never ceased trying, though often felt like one tied up in a sack and was made to run in a race with others who were free; and would really cry sometimes, because I was hampered by deafness, and could not cope with my missionary sisters in teaching and explaining. But the Lord gave me my portion in other ways as has been written, and it is in-

teresting now in looking back to see how he lent his help in our difficulties, even in bearing testimony. Because it was difficult for me to speak to any extent in the Tahitian language, I was permitted to speak more frequently through the gift of tongues, and my husband could, through his gift of interpretation, interpret the unknown tongue in the Tahitian, better than he could translate my English into Tahitian by his own knowledge. Yet it is a very easy language to learn to read, even when one does not know when it applies to past, present or future, and that was the way with me. When Mr. Burton was examining the translation of the Doctrine and Covenants and proof reading before sending it to the printer I spent days in proof reading the Tahitian while he followed along in the English. Metuaore was very much afraid I was not reading rightly, and came in to hear for himself, but smilingly said, "maitairoa," (very good).

I will give one more testimony because of its worth to all who read it, then turn to some of our experiences on the sea—the islander's highway. The instance I am about to relate took place shortly before we left the islands the last time.

To be understood, it is necessary to sketch the circumstances that led up to receiving the words of the Spirit, and will say that a year or so previous Elder Burton had received word from the First Presidency to the effect that he might go to Australia again when he felt that his work was done in the islands. The Saints in Australia were urging our going. Meantime Mr. Burton's health had failed materially. It was the greatest desire in the heart of each of us to go to Australia, yet I began to see that he could not endure to travel from place to place and carry heavy grips to provide against the sudden changes of weather. And again we were cumbered with many things that we would not need in Australia. They were not things that we wanted to throw away, and to send them home by freight would cost more than they were worth, so woman like, I was constantly turning the thought in my mind, trying to see my way clear. Conference time in America was near, a brother had gone from Australia to America to attend conference, and wrote Mr. Burton that it was very probable he, Joseph and I, would go to Australia and since he was one in authority it had all the more effect. But before the letter left San

Francisco, conference convened, and the appointment was to return to America and both the appointment and the brother's letter came on the same mail boat. I do not know why we did not accept the appointment as decisive, unless it was because Joseph read the appointment first. We were so imbued with the thought of going to Australia that when the two letters came branching in opposite directions, I, at least thought that it might come about yet that we would go, and said, "I wish we could get some indications of the Spirit which way to prepare for." At the morning prayer I made request of the Lord to that effect. As soon as we arose from our knees, the words of the Spirit to me were: "Look not for the indications of the Spirit, contrary to the decision of the body when the body (the church) is lead by the same Spirit. God doth not walk in crooked paths. All the things that are in your thoughts were known to the Lord, and the church when the appointment was made; it will not be revoked."

I at once wrote it down, lest I should forget any part of it.

Need I say that the question was settled as to where we were to go? And what condescending goodness to thus set my mind at rest!

How strange that we should ever forget that our heavenly Father knows our every thought, and all our perplexities, and note how in this instance, the words, "The Lord, and the church," were used as meaning one and the same in points of decision. It showed to me at least, that when a decision is made by those whom God has called to that position, the man is but the mouthpiece. The power that is back of the chair is what speaks.

In our family worship, my husband always gave me the morning prayer. It was also our custom to kneel together in front of the lounge, and after prayer to sit for a few moments in pleasant converse before the doors were opened to whoever chose to come in, and the day's work commenced. Oh, the sweetness of those morning talks! They ever linger as bright spots on memory's walls.

One morning my prayer was something of a complaint to the Lord in behalf of one who had made much sacrifice in the days of his boyhood that his father might be the more free to prosecute his missionary work both at home and

abroad, and I thought he was being overlooked, was not receiving according to his deserts. When we had seated ourselves on the lounge, he slipped his arm about my waist and said: "While you were praying, this instruction was given to me by the Spirit: 'All do not receive their just deserts in this life. Some occupy positions that they do not merit, while others merit positions that they do not occupy. But in the millennium it will not be so; all will have their proper positions according to their real worth. Therefore be not troubled about where one occupies here, this is but a preparatory state; let the aim be to prepare for worthy positions in the future life.'"

Another oasis in the work and wear of everyday life that always presents itself to my mental view when I think of our island mission, is the Saturday afternoons. About 2 p. m. Mr. Burton would cover his typewriter, fold his papers, shut his books and pile them up snugly on a corner of his table (he had a table in the end of the room near the bookcase, that no other one used but himself); when that was made tidy, he took his Bible and devoted the rest of the day to preparations for the Sunday services.

There seemed to be something sacred in the way he took his Bible, and devoted himself to it.

Let me show you into the missionary house. You go up five steps in front to a broad porch—not screened for the flies do not bother—but a neatly finished railing about it. Enter through the glass-topped door into a large, well-lighted front room. Then there was a large bedroom, a nice little dining room and a little kitchen.

This was the first missionary house. During our absence the first time, Elder Peterson, missionary in charge at the time, made some very convenient additions, but when we returned in 1906, after the hurricane and tidal wave of January of the same year, the house was gone, and the beautiful new church too, as well as all other buildings on the water front. Another missionary house was soon built, but to me, it never held the sacred atmosphere that the first one did. The lounge was also gone, and there was no recurrence of those happy morning talks. We found the mission in a troubled condition at that time, and consequently there was more of care and anxiety. Yet the new front room fairly hummed with work when Brother and Sister Lake were not

away. There were two writing desks that Brother Lake made from goods boxes, three typewriters, the click of one or more was constantly heard, and it was there that the mimeograph printing was done. Leisure, there was none, for the missionaries, or their wives either. As Brother Lake said it was work, work, work.

CHAPTER 21

AMONG our various experiences while at the islands, was that of being lost at sea for three days. This being lost at sea has been the experience of quite a number, but never before when there was such a crowd to share the fate, and then to hear of such cases is one thing but to be one of the number is quite another.

There were seventy-five natives and one white man and his wife, besides ourselves who took passage on a very small schooner for the island to attend the annual conference at Anaa. The little craft was literally packed; every foot of the deck, the top of the house, and even the top of the galley was occupied.

When the natives travel on their boats or vessels, they do not move about the decks. They take up their position when they go on board, and there they stay with whatever they have brought on board, till the voyage is over, and their children will stay right with them; nor do they fret and cry because of such close quarters.

During the day,—on this voyage—there would be room enough made on deck for those who slept in the cabin. Five days was the usual time for sailing to Anaa, and usually the time for going to conference, which would be the latter part of March was sure to be the most stormy season of the year, because of the equinoxial gales. All was reversed this time, instead of a storm, there was almost a dead calm, and the sun poured down unmercifully. On the afternoon of the fifth day out, we got to the eastern end of the island of Tahiti, then we got the benefit of the cool south breeze that the high island had fended off. I shall not attempt to portray my sufferings from prickly heat and cramped position. One berth was all that was allotted to us (husband and I), and this had to serve for sleeping room (I had provided myself with a curtain), sitting room, and dining room—oh, yes, we had space enough in front of the berth for our provision box, and demijohn of water. These berths are right in the side of the cabin, no rooms, but each one had a round window, quite large, that opened out on the waters, and ours was on the south side, so that window was the comfort of the voyage, for the south wind is the cool wind when south of the equator.

In the daytime Joseph and all the others who slept in the cabin went on deck except the missionary's wife. The sun was too strong for me, so I passed the day as best I could, in first one cramped position and then another until the sun went down, then I was helped to the deck where all enjoyed the delicious cool air till 8 p. m.

The sixth morning out was delightfully cool, and a nice, fair wind. In the early morning we were close to a small, round island, the owner of which was on board. He gave the captain a cordial invitation to stop and get all the fruit and water-coconuts that he wanted, also the passengers to help themselves, also offered firewood, which the ship was in need of, though the passengers took their own food. There was no reef around this island and the captain ran close in and anchored. The big boat was put out and made three trips to the shore coming off loaded each time, a sack of oranges at each load. In view now of what awaited us, this replenishing of food was most fortunate. When we started again it was with a fair wind and all in expectation of being in Anaa by daylight the next morning. So of course we had our go-ashore clothes all in readiness and it would be Sunday morning, but when morning came there was no island to be seen. When no land was seen at daylight, the captain thinking he had run too far north, had headed his ship due south and run till noon, but the truth was, he was south of the island instead of north of it, and was still going south into the open sea. At noon he put his ship on the northern tack, thus running twelve hours on each tack. On Tuesday there was no change, and the thought of wandering on the open sea with such a crowd was not pleasant, but no fears were expressed lest there should be a panic. Elder Burton who was also a sea captain, persuaded the native captain—who had no nautical instruments on board by which to get a true position to sail due north, showing him by the chart that if he continued to sail by tacks, as he had been doing, he would go through the broad space between the islands, into the open sea north of all the islands without sighting any of them. Mr. Burton was pretty sure of the position of the vessel. But if he sailed due north he would be sure to see some of them, and when the sun was sinking low, and the wind was freshening, and the outlook for the night gloomy indeed, there was a wild, joyous cry of "land ho."

How the sight of that land brightened up things! It was Fakarava. The captain run toward it till he was sure of his position, then again put his ship about and ran southwest for Anaa, with the high expectation of seeing it in the morning. There were too many people on the house and galley to admit of much of a cant of the ship, so sail was shortened to make her set more level. Morning came, but that phantom island was nowhere in sight. Another dreary day wore away, until about six o'clock, then the island was sighted and about ten in the evening we were up to the landing and went ashore. What an experience it was! But how good to be on terra firma once more, though my cramped limbs refused at first to carry my body. Paumotus conferences are grand in their way. But this one at Anaa was the climax of any that we had attended. It was at that conference that the natives all sang together just once, the first and only time we ever heard them. The improvised tabernacle was large, with deep wings on each side, and heavily thatched roof over all. It was between meetings in this building that the choir of three hundred assembled. All remained standing. Equal portions were on each side of a pathway through which their leader, Tapuni, walked back and forth by turns, while beating time with his cane over his head. The swell of those three hundred as one voice, was something grand. The people not belonging to the church who lived in hearing distance came running to the place and stood and gazed in wonder, never having heard the like before. It was at this gathering that the new church at Anaa was dedicated, and the governor of the island mustered his little band of soldiers, and had them escort first the natives, leaving them on either side of the road in front of the new church, then came to where we were domiciled, and where the leaders in the priesthood had gathered, and escorted us with beating drum and flying flag up between this army of singers on each side and to the door of the church. The governor and his two attendants went into the services and afterwards made the conference a present of a wheelbarrow load of bread, and fourteen roasted pigs. Let me add that he vacated his new cottage of three rooms, and told the Saints of the island to fix it up nice for us two to occupy while we were there. And he lived in a large, niau house at the corner of the lot. A most kind act and may God bless him for it.

It was our purpose on leaving Anaa to take a cruise around among the islands. We took passage on Hotu's little schooner not much larger than the *Evanelia*. There were fifty on board. Hotu and Metuaore had business at Fakarava so we went there first. The business done they sailed a distance inside the lake and just stayed there like a lot of school children having a good time, notwithstanding they had very little indeed to eat except the coconuts they gathered on shore.

After a four-day stay in Fakarava we went to Apataki, thinking to find plenty of food to buy, but there was only one sack of flour in the place. After a few days we went to Manihi where Hotu lived, and most of those on his vessel. The other five boats who were in company with us went to their destination. We had a prolonged visit in Manihi, but it was not an idle visit. There were two meetings during the week, besides the teaching hours and four meetings on Sunday, besides the Religio and Sunday school. I stayed there while Joseph went on a few days visit to Takaroa and Takapoto. Thence we went on to Apataki where we were taken in a small boat to Kaukura, Rairoa, Tikehau, and home to Papeete in the month of July.

Fourteen were baptized, in some places Religios and Sunday schools reorganized and altogether it was a profitable trip.

I think it must have been just such a people as are found in these islands, that Jesus spent his three years of missionary life with.

Nearly all the manners and customs that characterized the people in those days (as gathered from the brief sketch left on record), are found among the island people, and the diseases also. We can readily understand how a man could be let down on his bed, through an opening in the roof of a house, the bed being a piece of pandanas matting, a thin quilt, and a hard pillow, and how easy it would be for him to "take up his bed and walk."

It would be just such a people with like curiosity, and who have no business pursuits in life, and who preeminently "take no thought for the morrow," who would continuously follow Jesus from place to place. Not only to hear his teachings, that would be the leading motive with some, but the ma-

jority would go with the crowd, even into the desert, having no care for what they would eat, or where to sleep.

And from the slight experience of being thronged, when we found ourselves in a crowd of fifteen hundred natives who had gathered at Takaroa for conference—all were pressing about us wanting to shake hands, children and all, it took two men to make an opening, and push the people back so we could get from the landing to the conference house—we can understand how the man “of weary mein,” would steal away at times and enjoy an hour or two of quiet in his favorite retreat, Mount Olivet, or by the Brook Kedron, or on the mountain of Galilee.

As missionary in charge it was expedient for Elder Burton to remain in Papeete most of the time because of his editorial and printing work, and also because boats and vessels were continuously coming from all parts of the mission. On many of these the brethren would come to see him on church business, and on others would be letters requiring an answer by return boat. So in this way he could keep in touch with the work in all parts of the mission, yet we together visited nineteen islands, some of them several times. Perils and privations were lost sight of in the joy of ministering the word of life and salvation, often attended by the power of God to the joy of the people whom we learned to love notwithstanding their peculiar customs. But however much one may love that people, the work among them is wearing to an elderly person. Mr. Burton was sixty-eight years old during his last mission. He spared not himself, and when we came home to California in 1908 it was to enter no more into missionary work, and in 1909, his work being done here, God took him.

My days are not now so dark, so sad as when first I found myself all alone in the dear, cozy home, but I will pass by those dark days, for though companionless, I still have dear children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, and many dear friends—all have cheered me in the hour of trouble. God bless them.

Notwithstanding all the favors, and blessings of the Lord to me, I am a very imperfect piece of humanity and realize I have made many mistakes in life. I have left many kind words and kind acts unsaid and undone, and have done and

said many things unkind, but trust forgiveness through the mercy of Christ Jesus because of my deep sorrow for such.

I am thankful for the health and strength still given me, and shall endeavor to improve my opportunities for the benefit of others, hoping to do some good to some.

Before concluding, I will pen one more item as a sequel to what has been written years ago. While our place in Southern California was partly under water, and we were living in northern California, the lawsuit between the two grants was settled; and the Los Bolsis Company from whom we had bought were victorious, so the rest of the "gospel swamp" land came into market. The balance of our place could be bought for ten dollars per acre and we bought it and met the demands in three payments.

When the water all subsided and the Santa Ana River that had submerged it was turned into another channel—or its former one—it left the gullies and holes all leveled up, and about three feet of sediment all over the place, making fine land. Though the surroundings were desolate, it was rented, and when we came home in 1908, the party that was on the place was determined to buy, so we sold for cash. We were delighted in the turn of affairs, for when we needed a home to settle down in that place, we had sufficient that had laid apparently worthless, to get such a home as we wanted, and have a good balance besides. The reader will see that we did not trust in vain, nor was the feeling that "all would be well" in regard to the place, a mistake.

We only lived together in our pretty new home in Colton a short time, but it furnished every comfort during my husband's last illness.

I loved the little home, and remained in it alone for four years. But when daughter Addie moved away from Colton, I had no further desire to remain, so made a change, and now live in Santa Ana. Am nearer to the children, and very pleasantly situated.

I find much to live for, and much joy in living and hope to endure faithful to

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